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# Midsummer Holiday Number

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI

AUGUST, 1903

No. 4

## A PLACE OF MARVELS

YELLOWSTONE PARK AS IT NOW IS  
(“THE GREAT NORTHWEST” SERIES)

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHIEIN

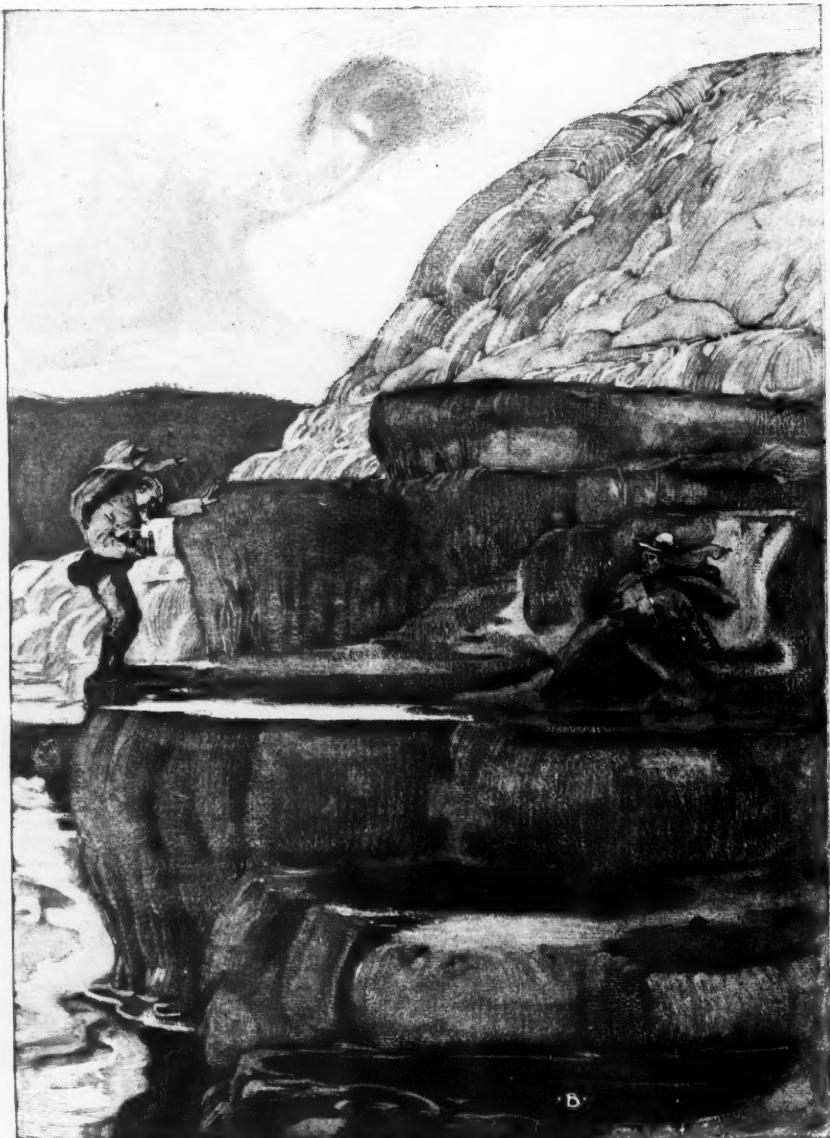


A LIEUTENANT OF THE  
ARMY GUARD

[THE account here offered of the aspects of Yellowstone Park, as it is now under government supervision, will be read with particular interest by those who remember the first magazine papers to bring the subject prominently before the public. They appeared in the early numbers of this periodical, within one and two years of the discovery of this remarkable region. Ex-Governor N. P. Langford's two papers on “The Wonders of the Yellowstone” were printed in this magazine for May and June, 1871; in the November issue of the same year Truman C. Everts described the incidents of his “Thirty-seven Days of Peril” while lost in the Yellowstone, having become separated from the Langford company; and to the February number of the following year (1872) Dr. F. V. Hayden contributed a fully illustrated paper on his adventurous visit of the previous year.—THE EDITOR.]

AT first, approaching the Park, we felt the pressure of our desire to reach the ultra-natural attractions which have made this a place of marvels for all the world—the remnant volcanoes dying out in geysers, the strangely ebullient pots of mud, the thundering earth-rents discharging clouds of sulphurous steam, and the many other evidences of a world in the process of making. But as we proceeded—we had come in by the little-traveled south entrance of the Park, through Idaho and Wyoming, along the splendid Tetons, the wildest of wild country, desert basin, and mountain pass—we seemed to forget the objective point of our journey in the natural glory of this Rocky Mountain wilderness, the every-day joy of the road, sleeping underneath

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Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

SITTING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH ON PULPIT TERRACE

the trees, bathing in the noisy streams, tramping off alone through beguiling by-paths of desert and cañon. Here the wilderness is so commanding and omnipotent that the dim, winding human trail among the rocks and sand seemed almost of yesterday's making, giving us the feeling of the intrepid discoverer. Think of coming suddenly to an opening among the trees and, all unexpectedly, beholding a fine, brawling stream tumbling down a mountain-side, or a snow-clad mountain-peak with the sun upon it, or an elk or a deer starting from the very road, pausing a moment with startled alertness, then bounding off, a flash of brown and white, through the woods!

So long we loitered among these beauties, common to all the Rocky Mountains, that we were slow in reaching the wonders of

the Park itself. Perhaps these days of adjustment to the wild and natural prepared us the better for what we were now to see.

In the morning of our second day within the Park we beheld afar off a valley rolling full of steam. It was as if a city lay hidden there, with smoke rising through the bright, cool air

from a hundred busy chimneys. For a moment, so vivid was the impression, we almost expected to hear the city noises and smell the city smells; then we felt again, not without a pleasant sense of recovery, the solemn quiet of the forest spreading illimitably before our eyes, the splendid mountain-tops, the glimpses of blue lake, the charm of the winding road.

But the populous and smoky city of the imagination was now the eager desire of the heart. Certain sulphurous odors, suggestive of volcanic activity, had come to our nostrils; we had already seen a number of smoking rivulets oozing out of the earth near the roadside and creeping down through varicolored mud to the brook, and we had dismounted to dabble our fingers in the tepid water of our first hot spring. Now we rode out of the forest, and there

before us, on the shore of Yellowstone Lake, stretched the bare volcanic formation, a glaring white in the sunshine, steam rising from a score of grotesque mud-cones and boiling pools—nature's imitation of a smoky city.

Here is a veritable miniature volcano, crater and all; a wooden sign names it a paint-pot. We stoop over and look into the steamy crater: a lake of pink mud is slowly rising within, rumbling and emitting sulphurous smells. Opening suddenly, it hurls the hot mud in air, splashing it almost into our faces, and slowly subsides with much grumbling, to repeat the operation again in a few minutes, as it has been doing these fifty thousand years and more. Not beautiful, but mysterious, curious, uncanny.

Here is a placid hot pool a dozen feet wide, set like a white-rimmed basin in the hard formation, with water so clear that one can see the marvelously colored sides extending deep into the earth—evanescent blue, cream-color, pink, red—attractive because so strange. A Chinaman has planted his laundry where he can dip up water heated by the earth's eternal fires for his wash-tubs. His clothes-line, with a brave array of new washing, cuts off a large portion of the volcanic landscape. Down at the lake-brink a number of girls are trying, with unaccustomed fishing-rods, to perform the feat, without which no visit to the Park would be quite successful, of catching a trout and cooking it, wriggling, in the hot pool behind them. Afew rods away are the lunch-stations of the transportation companies, where the regular visitors in the big coaches stop for a meal, or possibly to stay for a night on their way around





Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plates engraved by F. H. Wellington

JUPITER TERRACE

the Park. At each wonder-center such a station may be found, buzzing with visitors, every one in ecstasies over the geysers, setting up cameras, snapping buttons, filling little bottles with hot water or little boxes with pink mud, all very jolly, all expecting to be astonished, and all realizing their expectations. Indeed, a nameless exhilaration seems to affect every Park visitor, so that everything seems especially beautiful, especially marvelous—perhaps the effect of the clear, pure air, or the altitude: for we are here more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

They tell one that the Thumb—this point of Yellowstone Lake is thus described—is nothing. "Wait until you reach the Upper Geyser Basin! Wait until you hear the Black Growler at Norris! And wait, oh, wait, until you see Old Faithful in eruption!"



"OLD FAITHFUL"

And so one mounts his horse with a cheerful sense of pleasures to come, and half a day later rides into the fuming valley of the Upper Geyser Basin, the greatest of all the centers of volcanic activity. As one emerges from the forest, Old Faithful is just in the act of throwing its splendid column of hot water a hundred and fifty feet in air, the wind blowing out the top in white spray, until the geyser resembles a huge, sparkling, graceful plume set in the earth. The geyser holds its height much longer than one expects; but presently it falls away, rallies often, throws up lesser jets, and finally sinks, hissing and rumbling, into its brown cone, leaving all the rocky earth about it glistening, smoking with hot water. The little crowd of spectators on the convenient benches press the buttons of their kodaks once more, and hurry to the next geyser on the list. All this valley smokes with pools and hot rivulets flowing into the Firehole River; there are many curious, grotesque cone formations very appropriately named, each bearing its label on a white stake. And on the hill stand the big, ugly eating-house, swarming with tourists, and a store where one may buy photographs of the wonders, and souvenir spoons, which will help to convince the friends at home that no wonder has been missed.

Beyond the Upper Basin one cannot escape a veritable succession of marvels. At the Fountain there are many strange forms of geysers and hot springs, often gorgeous in coloring, surrounded by water-formed rocks in many curious and beautiful designs, and veritable caldrons of bubbling mud, and bears in the garbage-piles, and I know not how many other wonders. At Norris

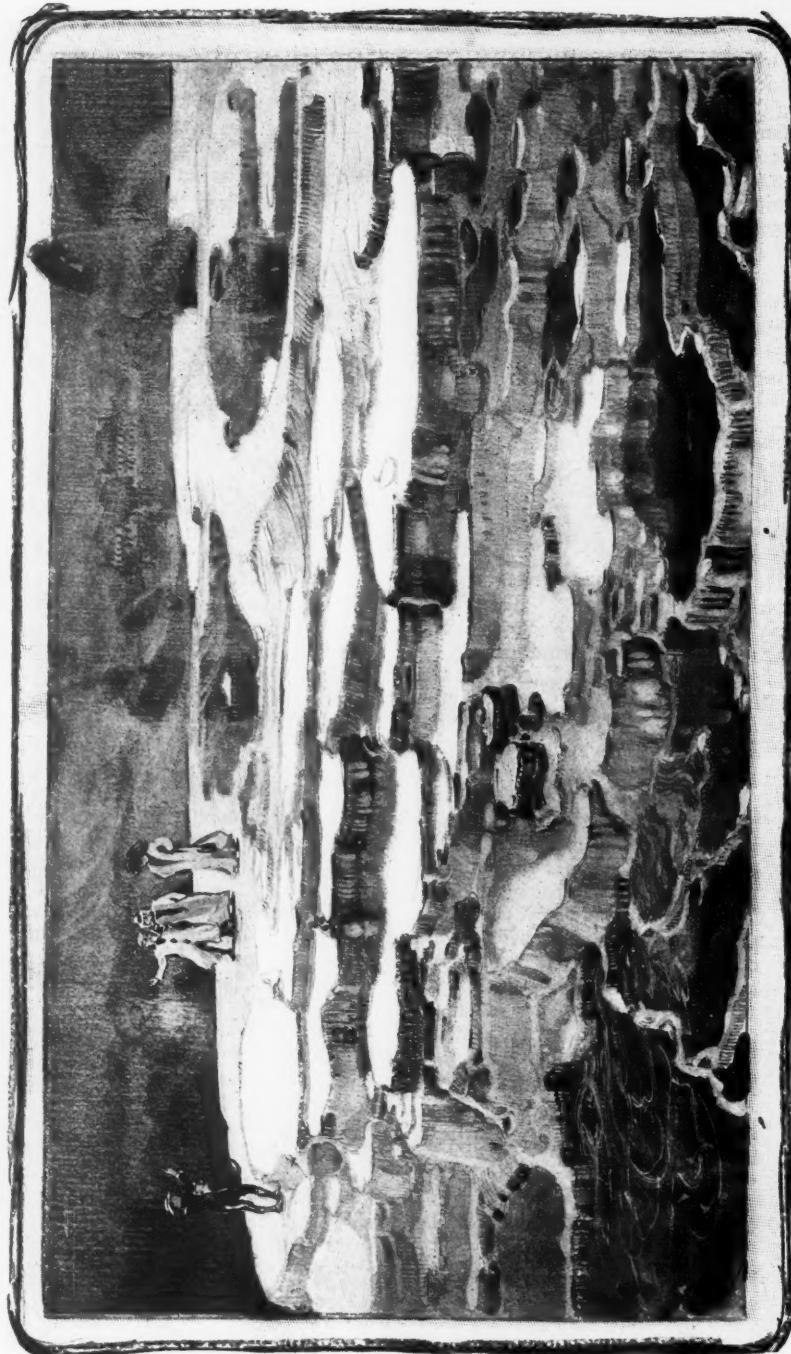


there are growling, jagged holes in the earth, belching forth huge volumes of hot steam, which, having killed and bleached all the verdure of the near mountain-side, has given the whole valley an indescribable air of desolation, as if the forces of nature had gone wrong—the very work of the devil, after whom so many of the marvels are named. Farther along one shudders under the brow of Roaring Mountain, makes a wry face while sipping water from the Apollinaris spring, wonders at the Hoodoo rocks, or admires the gorgeous-colored pulpits and terraces of the Mammoth Hot Springs.

And yet after all these things, amazing as they are, one turns again to the road and the mountains and the trees. Undue emphasis may have been laid upon the odd, spectacular, bizarre—those things, dear to the heart of the American, which are the "biggest," the "grandest," the "most wonderful," the "most beautiful" of their kind in the world. But the Park is far more than a natural hippodrome. The geysers appeal to one's sense of the mysterious: one treads on the hollow earth not without an agreeable sense of danger, thrills with the volcanic rumblings underneath, waits with tense interest for the geyser, now boiling and bubbling, to hurl its fountain of hot water into the air; one is awed by these strange evidences of a living earth, guesses and conjectures, as the scientists have been doing for centuries, and then, somehow, unaccountably weary of these exhibitions, turns to the solemn, majestic hills, to waterfall and marshy meadow, to the wonderful trail through the forest. For, after all, the charm of the Park is the charm of the deep, untouched wilderness, the joy of the open road.

Indeed, the very name





Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Halfstone plate engraved by J. W. Evans  
ON HYMEN TERRACE



Park, associated as it is with smooth lawns and formal, man-guarded tree-groups and stream-courses, seems out of place when applied to these splendid mountain-tops. Here is a space nearly sixty miles square—a third larger than the State of Delaware, and, with its adjoining forest reserves, which are really a part of the public wilderness, nearly as large as Massachusetts or New Jersey. Visitors see only a narrow road-strip of its wonders, though the best; upon vast reaches

of mountain and forest, lakes, rivers, geysers, cañons, no man looks once a year; probably many areas have never been seen by human eyes. The United States regular soldiers who guard it keep mostly to the roads, the boundaries of the Park being for the most part so wild and rugged that even poaching hunters could not cross them if they would.

It was a carpenter German traveler who complained that this Park was no park.

"Look at your dead trees and burned stumps in the woods," he said, thinking perhaps of the well-groomed, man-made forests of his native land, "and your streams, full of driftwood. It is not cared for."

And Heaven help that it may never be cared for in that way! Not a park, but a wilderness, full of wild beauty and natural disorder, may we keep the place as nature left it, disturbing no land-slide where it lies, no natural dam of logs and stones heaped here by mountain freshet, no havoc of wind-storm or avalanche. The windfall, with its shaggy spreading roots full of matted earth and stone, rapidly being covered with grass and moss, and the river-bed full of bleached driftwood, each has its own rare quality of picturesqueness, its own

fitting place in this wild harmony. There is beauty even in the work of the forest fire, which has left whole mountain-sides of freshly scorched pine foliage, a deep golden red smoldering in the sunshine; and many a blackened bit of forest, longer burned, leaves an impression of somber shadows, of silence and death, which cannot be forgotten. One even comes to begrudge this wilderness its telephone poles, its roads, and the excellent stone embankments which keep them from slipping down the mountain-sides into the swift streams below; for they detract from its wild perfection. We may behold nature in its softer and more comely aspects almost anywhere; but every year, with the spread of population in our country, it becomes more difficult to preserve

genuine wilderness places where hill and forest and stream have been left exactly as nature made them. Already our indomitable pioneers have driven the wilderness into the very fastnesses of the mountains, so that only remnants now remain. And this great Yellowstone Park remnant has been fortunately set aside by the government for the enjoyment and inspiration of the people forever.

And not only for the enjoyment of the people, but for practical use as well. Nothing gives the American keener joy than to plan a pleasure and then find that he has also developed a business opportunity. So Yellowstone Park, set aside for the wonders of its geysers and its great cañon, turns out to be the very continental fountain of waters. Here in the tops of the Rockies, within the Park or near it, rise the greatest of American rivers. At one spot the traveler may stand squarely upon the backbone of North America, the continental divide: at his right hand a stream flows outward and downward, find-



ing its way through the Snake and Columbia rivers to the Pacific Ocean; at his left a rivulet reaches the Yellowstone, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and thence the Gulf of Mexico. And to the southward of the Park rise the head-waters of the Platte and the Colorado rivers, and to the northward the head-waters of the Missouri. Protecting these mountains, preserving the forest, excluding cattle and sheep, help to conserve and maintain the water-supply and keep the flow of all these rivers steady and sure, a need which grows greater with every year's development in the irrigated desert land.

We come, at last, to the final glory of the Park, the splendid cañon of the Yellowstone. Yellowstone Lake, a deep basin of snow-water, 7721 feet above sea-level, debouches at its northern end into the narrow Yellowstone River. Flowing for a dozen miles or more through a wild and rugged country, this turbulent stream

comes suddenly to a rocky ledge, over which it leaps 112 feet downward into a resounding gorge. Gathering itself in a huge, swirling pool, foam-flecked, it flows onward a few hundred feet and takes another tremendous leap, this

time 311 feet, straight into the awful depths of the Grand Cañon. So great is the fall that most of the water, bending over the brink of the precipice, smooth, oily, and green, is dashed into spray, widening out at the base and drifting against the steep cañon walls, which the constant moisture has clothed with soft green mosses and other minute water-growths. Thence it collects in a thousand gleaming rivulets, gathers in brooks and cascades, and gushes back into the river-channel. From the summit of the awful precipice above the falls one may trace the stream along the depths of the cañon—seen at this distance a mere hand's-breadth of foamy water broken by varied forms of cascades, pools, and rapids, and all of a limpid greenness unmatched elsewhere.

Niagara is greater, more majestic in the plenitude of its power, having twenty times the flow of water; but it cannot compare

with these falls in the settings of cañon and forest, in the coloring of rock, water, sky—all so indescribably grand, gorgeous, and overpowering.

Somehow I had thought of the cañon as rock-colored, gray, somber, perhaps like the gorge of Niagara; and it was with a thrill that I first saw it in all its savage glory of reds and yellows, greens and blues. Surely never was there such a spectacle. Imagine, if you can,—but you never can,—a mighty cleft in the level earth a third of a mile wide, its brinks sharp, precipitous, reaching over twelve hundred feet downward, sometimes almost perpendicular, sometimes banked with huge heaps of talus or buttressed with spindling pinnacles and towers often surmounted with eagle-nests, and all painted, glowing with the richest color—vast patches of yellow and orange, streakings of red and blue, with here a towering abutment all of red, and there another all of yellow. At the bottom flows the gleaming green river, and at the top the dark green forest reaches to the cañon-edge, and sometimes, even, rugged and gnarled pines, the vanguard of the wood, venture over the precipice, to find footing on some ledge, or to hang, half dislodged, with angular dead arms reaching out into the mighty depths, a resting-place for soaring eagle or hawk. The sides of the cañon, being not of solid rock, but of crumbling, soft formation, have furnished plastic material for the sculpturing of water and wind, which have toolled them into a thousand fantastic forms. One's eye traces out gi-



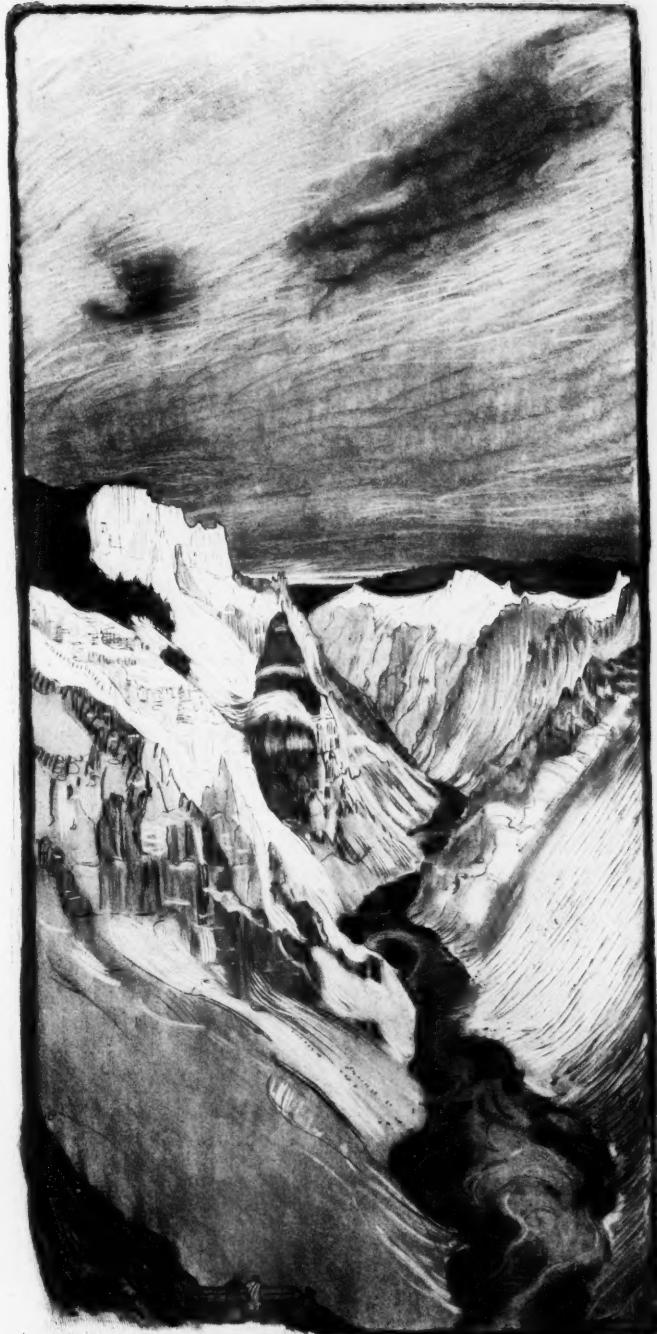
SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA



A PIONEER



AN ENGLISH TOURIST



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

gantic castles, huge dog forms, bird forms, titanic faces—all adding to the awful impressiveness of the place.

For miles the cañon stretches northward from the lower falls. From numerous well-guarded outlooks the spectator, grasping hard upon the railing lest the dizziness of these heights unnerve him, may behold a hundred varied views of the grandeur, looking either toward the

falls, which seem to fill the cañon-end like a splendid white column of marble, or off to the northward, where the stupendous gorge widens out, loses some of its coloring, admits more of the forest, and finally disappears among rugged mountains.

Everywhere the view is one that places the seal of awed silence upon the lips; it never palls, never grows old. One soon sees all too much of geyser and paint-pot; of this, never.

At first the sensation of savage immensity is so overpowering that the spectator gathers only a confused sense of bigness and barbaric color; but when he has made the perilous descent to the cañon bottom below the falls, when he has seen the wonder from every point of view, he begins to grasp a larger part of the whole scene, to form a picture which will remain with him.

One turns away from the cañon not with the feeling with which he left the geysers and the mud-pots, yet contented to go back to the simple, familiar beauties of the trail. Occasionally it is well to feast on a grand cañon, but these hills and streams are much the better steady living. These soothe and comfort.

Next to the natural wonders of the Park, one will be most interested in the hu-

man procession which passes constantly up and down within it. Gradually, after days spent steeping one's self in the wild and lonely glory of the wilderness, he will come again to watch the people riding, tramping, all in ceaseless course, around the Park, each taking his wonders in accord with the eccentricities of his temperament.

It is hardly safe in these days to define a wilderness, it contains so much that is unexpected. We must refuse to be convinced by the unsatisfied one who finds incongruity in the ugly red hotels, the yellow coaches, the galloping tourists, the kodaks. After all, every age is entitled to its own sort of wilderness, and ours seems to include the tourist and the hotel; the traveler is to-day as much a part of the Rocky Mountains as the elk or the lodgepole pine. No picture of the modern wilderness would to-day be complete without the sturdy golf-skirted American girl with her kodak, the white-top wagon, the Eastern youth turned suddenly Western, with oddly worn sombrero and spurs. It was a shock to one traveler's sensibilities (but it converted him) the day he went poetizing up a faint trail through the deep wood. "This," he was thinking, "is the forest primeval; this is the far limit of the wilderness. Surely no human foot has ever before trod upon this soft timber grass!" I think he expected momentarily to see a deer or a bear spring from its secure resting-place, when, lo and behold, a party of girls!

Here they were miles from their hotel, tramping alone in the woods, getting the real spirit of things, and as safe,



bless them! as they would have been at home. He found he had yet to learn a few things about a modern wilderness.

But most of the tourists remain pretty snugly in their coach-seats or near the hotels. One meets them in great loads, some wrapped in long linen coats, some wearing black glasses, some broad, green-brimmed hats. Wherever they may come from, they soon acquire the breezy way of the West, and nod good-humoredly as they pass. Occasionally one sees them devouring their guide-books and checking off the sights as they whirl by, so that they will be sure not to miss anything or see anything twice. Usually they come in trains, a dozen or twenty or even forty great coaches one after another, and when they have passed one sees no more of them until another day.

And such fun as they have, such acquaintances as they make, and such adventures as there are! One old gentleman, accompanied by his stenographer, after each excursion sat on the

piazza, guide-book in hand, and dictated an account of what he had seen. And then there is the tourist who has brought a fine new pair of field-glasses through which he is constantly seeing more wonderful things than any one else; the old lady with the lunch-basket; the young person who is absorbed in altitudes, and who wishes to be constantly informed how high up she is now.

And then there are the dusty campers with white-top wagons or pack-horses trailing slowly along the roads or making camp at the stream-sides. Many of them have been through before; many are from near-by Montana or Utah, and have come for their regular summer outing, turning their horses to graze in the natural meadows. We met one young married couple thus spending their honeymoon, looking from the front of their wagon, a picture of dusty joy.



(BEGUN IN THE JULY NUMBER)



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a print  
THE "FOUNDRY"

## WESLEY'S DAYS OF TRIUMPH

BY C. T. WINCHESTER

Professor of English Literature, Wesleyan University

### PART II

#### THE METHODIST ORGANIZATION

AT the outset of his career John Wesley had no thought of founding a new sect or building up any elaborate religious organization. He was intent only on carrying the gospel to those who seemed to have otherwise little chance of hearing it. His united societies, class-meetings, lay preachers, and conferences were not parts of a prearranged system, but simply the means devised or adapted from time to time, as need arose, to furnish such religious incitement and guidance as the Established Church did not—and apparently would not—afford. "Societies" such as those he founded had not been uncommon in the English Church for the previous fifty years. In the thought of Wesley they were

no innovation. When, in the summer of 1738, he formed the little society in Fetter Lane, he was doing only what he had done in Oxford and in Savannah. When he went down to Bristol in the early months of the next year, he found one or two such societies already gathered there. Late in the same year, 1739, on his return to London, finding that some differences had arisen between himself and the Moravian members of the Fetter Lane Society, he withdrew with those in agreement with him. The new society thus formed leased and repaired a tumble-down building on Windmill street, in which cannon had formerly been cast; and for nearly forty years the "Foundery" was the headquarters of Methodism in London.

Other societies soon sprang up in Lon-

don and Bristol, and then wherever Wesley's preaching extended. In 1743 there were so many of them that Wesley thought it wise to frame a brief set of "General Rules" for their direction. But, as he says in the first section of these rules, "in the formation of the societies there was no previous plan or design at all, but everything arose just as the occasion offered." It was to visit these societies and to give them his personal counsel and oversight that Wesley made his continual journeys from one end of England to the other. But, as they multiplied, there soon became need of some more constant and minute supervision. The system of "classes," which met this need, sprang up in the same unpremeditated way. The society at Bristol was one day discussing means of discharging a small debt, when some one proposed that every member should bring a penny to the weekly meeting; and when it was objected that some were too poor to give even that, he volunteered to see eleven other members every week and collect the penny where it could be afforded. Others promised to do the same thing, and thus the membership of the society was divided into groups or classes of twelve. "Then," says Wesley, "it struck me immediately, this is the very thing we have wanted so long." He called together the collectors, or "leaders," as they were now called, and asked them thereafter to make a weekly report upon the behavior of those whom they visited. After a little it was found more convenient for all the members of a class to meet their leader at a specified time than for him to make the round of their houses—and this was the Methodist class-meeting.

The societies met on Sundays, but never at the hour of church service, and, when neither Wesley nor any other clergyman was present, spent the hour in prayer and religious conversation or exhortation. From exhortation before the society to formal preaching before it was only a step; but to Wesley it seemed a very long step. While in Bristol he learned, one day in 1739, that one of his converts, Thomas Maxfield, had been preaching before the Foundery society. He hurried up to London to stop it. But his mother—who since the death of her husband had been living in a room of the Foundery building—met him with a protest: "John, take care what you do with

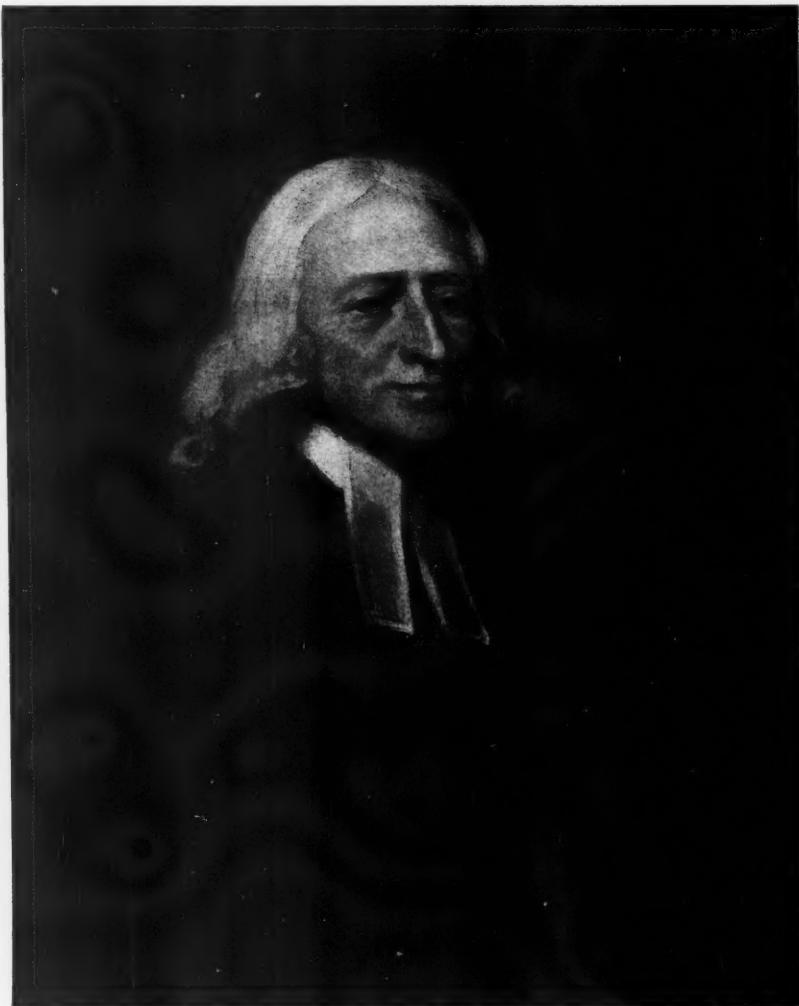
reference to that young man, for he is as surely called to preach as you are." Admonished by this counsel from one whose caution on all churchly matters he knew to be quite equal to his own, Wesley reluctantly consented to hear Maxfield preach. After listening, he exclaimed: "It is the Lord's doing; let him do as seemeth to him good." Convinced in spite of deep-rooted disinclination, he sanctioned the first Methodist lay preacher. Within a year there were twenty.

In 1744 Wesley invited several clergymen in sympathy with his work to meet his brother Charles and himself, with a few of these lay helpers, to "confer" with reference to the advancement and oversight of the movement now spreading so rapidly over the island. In this first Methodist Conference there were four clergymen besides the Wesleys, and four lay preachers; but in the years immediately following, the number of lay preachers very largely increased. These lay preachers, by the Declaration of the first Conference, were to be employed in cases of necessity where the services of a clergyman were not to be had. But the need of them was soon urgent. The societies were multiplying rapidly; the clergy of the Establishment were in most cases either indifferent to them or violently prejudiced against them. It was clearly needful that there should be some systematic aid given to Wesley in the instruction and guidance of these thousands of Christians at whom the Church looked askance. The lay helpers were to meet the societies in the circuits severally assigned them, exhort and preach in the absence of an ordained clergyman, receive the statements of class-leaders, and report at the annual Conference.

Wesley well understood the risks of intrusting to those he himself called "a handful of raw young men, without name, learning, or eminent sense," the virtual cure of souls. He felt it necessary to exercise over them what, in other circumstances, would have seemed a very exacting supervision. They were personally responsible to him, obeyed his directions, went where he sent them. He frequently gathered a number of them who could be spared from their work for a little time, and read them lectures on divinity, or discussed with them some work on philosophy

or rhetoric. He gave them individual suggestions as to the manner of their preaching, and criticized sharply their faults. He had a scholar's regret for their lack of

they can hobble through the Latin of one of Cicero's letters." Certain it is that most of these unlettered lay preachers, by their native judgment and force of character as



After the portrait painted by Romney (1789), in the possession of Mr. W. R. Cassells. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN WESLEY

learning; but he allowed himself to be consoled with the reflection that the most of the rural clergy were but little better off. "How many of them," he cries, "know any Hebrew? Nay, any Greek? Try them on a paragraph of Plato. Or even see if

well as by their heroic labors, amply justified Wesley's trust. A story like that of John Nelson, for example, is a kind of humble epic.

Wesley was always very sensitive to the charge that, in sanctioning this class of

helpers, he had violated the laws of the Church. To touch that point, he averred, was to touch the apple of his eye. He persistently, and no doubt justly, claimed that there was nothing in the constitution of the Established Church to forbid such lay preaching; he would never consent that his helpers should call themselves ministers, should administer the sacraments or assume any priestly functions. "They no more take upon themselves to be priests than kings," he said. For himself, he always discouraged all tendencies to dissent. It was his intention, through the greater part of his life,—and doubtless always his desire,—that nothing in the methods or results of his work should pass beyond the legitimate sanction of the English Church. And had the attitude of the clergy toward his preaching in the earlier years been more intelligent and liberal, that might have been possible. But as the Methodist movement developed a more highly organized form, it became increasingly evident, even to Wesley, that there must be difficulty in confining it within the usages and sanctions of the Establishment. A complete system of worship and discipline was growing up, with methods and officers quite unknown to the English Church. A large number of men, not in orders, were preaching by the authority and under the direction of a single clergyman, a Fellow of Lincoln College, and owning responsibility to no other ecclesiastical superior. The buildings which many of the societies had erected could be licensed as places of worship only under an act framed for the benefit of dissenters. The members of these societies generally felt that they were only half welcome in church. Many of them thought it a hardship that the sacraments of the faith could be ministered to them only at the hands of a clergyman who regarded them with bitter prejudice; and they not unnaturally desired that the men who were their pastors and teachers should also be their priests. These tendencies toward separation, Charles Wesley, always more conservative than his brother, viewed with increasing alarm. He wrote to stout John Nelson, in 1760: "John, I love thee from my heart; yet rather than see thee a dissenting minister, I wish to see thee smiling in thy coffin!" But John Wesley was willing, though reluctantly, to allow departures from churchly order that he deemed

necessary to advance or to perpetuate his work. His churchmanship, after his early years, was far less rigid than that of Charles, and grew less rigid under the pressure of circumstance in his later life. The truth is that the Wesleyan movement, in twenty-five years, assumed such proportions and elaborated such a complete and separate organization as to make permanent inclusion in the Establishment impossible. Wesley, although to the last he deprecated the separation of his societies from the Church, could hardly have expected anything else; and he could defend the churchmanship of some of his own actions only by denying or explaining away some of the fundamental principles of the English Church.

#### PERSONAL TRAITS

THE life of Wesley, the man, after 1740, it has been truly said, is the despair of the biographer. Private or domestic life he hardly had any. He had no home. Rooms were set apart for his use in the Foundery building, and later, when the Foundery was demolished, in the Preachers' House, adjoining the new chapel in City Road. But he seldom occupied them more than a few days at a time. He was constantly journeying from one end of the island to the other; at the beginning of the month in Yorkshire, at the end of it perhaps in Cornwall. No man of his century could have known the English roads so well. It is estimated that in fifty years he traveled about two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached over forty thousand times—an average of some fifteen sermons a week. And all his journeying up to about 1773 was on horseback. Indeed, when his preaching began, there were no turnpike roads in the north of England, and the London coach went only as far as York. His "Journal" contains more than one instance of a journey of from eighty to ninety miles on horseback in one day. Later, when he traveled by post-chaise, he sometimes covered even longer distances. In 1773 he left Conlington one Wednesday afternoon for a hurried visit to Bristol; stayed in the latter place two hours, and was back in Conlington early Friday afternoon—two hundred and eighty miles in forty-eight hours, "and no more tired (blessed be God) than when I left."

He uniformly rose at four in the morn-



Drawn by W. Hatherell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

**JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S GRAVE IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD**

In May, 1742, seven years after the death of his father, Wesley, in one of his preaching tours, visited Epworth. Not being permitted by the curate to preach in the church, he stood upon the flat tombstone of his father in the churchyard, and there spoke to the people every evening for a week.

ing, summer and winter, and usually had an appointment to preach at five. Not infrequently he followed this sermon by four others in the same day, riding some ten miles between each one and the next. He always had a book to read while riding, whether on horseback or by coach; he kept a voluminous journal—a requirement that he imposed upon his preachers; and his printed works fill some twenty volumes. Such a prodigious amount of work was rendered possible only by the most rigid system. He was never in a hurry; but there were no vacant minutes in his day. While in Oxford he wrote his father, "Leisure and I have parted company"; they never met again.

But this ceaseless, methodized activity robs life of some of its best charms. Wesley not only felt himself obliged to forgo those attractions of society which he was fitted both by nature and by education to enjoy, but he allowed himself no real companionship whatever. He had no time for it. Samuel Johnson, who met him repeatedly and was well acquainted with his sister Mrs. Hall, once said to Boswell: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out as I do."

In truth, Wesley perhaps was not always a very entertaining companion. He was not cold or unsympathetic, as some of his critics have thought him; but his temper of strenuous preoccupation made him impatient of those common secular matters in which society very properly takes interest. When obliged, one afternoon, to be in what he calls genteel company, he exclaims: "Oh, what a dull thing is life without religion! I do not wonder that time hangs heavy on the hands of those who know not God." But certainly a healthy religion should permit a man of breeding and culture to stay even in "genteel company" for two hours without being bored. Nor is it probable, in spite of the testimony of Johnson, that Wesley was a really good talker. Of argument and homily, which were the kinds of conversation Johnson himself most affected, he may have been a master; but there is little evidence that he ever allowed himself those moods of genial relaxation that beget good talk. The same limitation of habit is seen in all his

thought. He never unbent his mind and gave it free play about all sorts of subjects. His writing, always direct and pointed, has little ease and discursiveness. It is the writing of a man who never ruminates, hardly ever reflects; consequently it lacks the charm of suggestion and allusiveness. He seems to have little sense of the range, variety, pathos, humor of life. One feels that he might have been a wiser and a broader man could he have learned with Wordsworth that there are seasons when

"We can feed these minds of ours  
In a wise passiveness."

The same fear of relaxation vitiated all his ideas of education. When he founded a boys' school at Kingswood, his first rule was that no boy should be allowed any time at all for play. This Kingswood school, in fact, was a good example of everything that a school for boys ought not to be. As might have been expected, it gave Wesley no end of trouble. Its unwise discipline led now to intolerable severity and now to insufferable laxity. The absence of all spontaneity, the system of religious forcing that encouraged pronounced emotional "experiences" of repentance and conversion, gave a morbid tone to the whole life of the school, resulting in seasons of hysterical excitement, followed naturally by periods of reaction against all serious things. It is a wonder that any boy passed through the years from eight to fourteen under such regimen without some arrest of development, both bodily and spiritual. It must be admitted that Wesley's religious treatment of childhood generally was unwise. Some of his accounts of pious children are almost offensive—Betty and Lucy and Tommy, who, at the age of seven or nine, have visions and terrors and preternatural assurances. Fortunately these persons die young. Without children of his own, or any real knowledge of childhood, his notions of the proper discipline for young people were largely derived from his recollection of his mother's parental system. It is possible to doubt whether Susanna Wesley's training of her children was altogether beyond criticism,—of her seven daughters, five made very unfortunate marriages,—but John Wesley copied her strictness without her wisdom.

Perhaps this constant tension of mind is largely responsible also for Wesley's lack of humor. Wit he had in considerable degree; it was a form of that intellectual quickness that made him a master of debate. He was never at a loss for repartee, though he seldom allowed himself to use it; and the last of his twelve rules for his preachers closes with the significant injunction, "You will need all your wits about you." There was something of the stuff of a satirist in him; it is conceivable that he might have surpassed his brother Samuel as an imitator of the point and polish of Pope. Not that he was either cynical or austere; on the contrary, he was the most cheerful of men, with a sunny temper and gentle manners. But he never had that quiet enjoyment of the manifold incongruities and contrasts of life which we call humor; or, if he had, he made little sign. Wit is a matter of the intellect, instantaneous, the action of a mind attent and elastic; humor implies a mood of ease, a habit of leisurely and sympathetic observation. One feels the lack of it both in Wesley's life and in his writing. Perhaps we ought not to expect it in a religious reformer; yet humor, too, is a good gift of God, and would have rendered his work no less useful and his character more interesting. His "Journal," for instance, affording as it does an extremely valuable picture of English life in the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century, needs only humor to make it one of the most entertaining books ever written.

No man in that century had half so intimate a knowledge of the great English middle class. For fifty years he journeyed among these people, lived with them, saw them in their homes and at their work, was their father confessor. Think what a wealth

of native, unworked humor might thus have been disclosed to a man with a broader enjoyment of human nature. There must have been hundreds of Mrs. Poysers among the early Methodists, else the Methodist movement would never have taken such a healthy hold upon conduct; but we seldom get a glimpse of them in the "Journal." Most readers would willingly spare some of the accounts of "dying grace" for more

samples of that wholesome humor which gives a homely grace to daily life. As it is, some of the most amusing passages in the "Journal" are precisely those which exhibit Wesley's inability to perceive a ludicrous situation. Passing one day a cottage where the man of the house had just been beating his wife, he records that he "took occasion to speak strongly to her concerning the hand of God, and his design in all affliction. It seemed to be a word in season." It will probably occur to the reader that some strong speaking to the husband would have been "in season." One Saturday he gravely sets down in the "Journal" his con-

dition that it is his duty to marry. The next Wednesday he recounts, with equal gravity, that he met the single men of the London society, and "showed them on how many accounts it was good for them who had received that gift from God to remain single." And ten days later he married.

The infrequent passages of conscious humor in the "Journal" almost always have some satiric quality; it is Wesley the controversialist who is speaking. "I talked with a warm man who was always very zealous for the Church when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out, 'No gown, no crown.' He was quickly persuaded that, whatever *we* were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

#### WEST STREET CHAPEL

Originally a French Huguenot chapel, purchased by Wesley in 1743, it was the second Methodist chapel opened in London. West street is in the Seven Dials district, a few steps off St. Martin's Lane.

full of good resolutions, which lasted several days."

Perhaps it was a consciousness of such a tendency to unwarranted satire that made Wesley fearful of humor. When the Bishop of Exeter, in his scandalous attack, charged him with having formed a resolution not to indulge in laughter, Wesley replied, "No, nor ought I to indulge in it at all, if I am conscious to myself that it hurts my soul. In which let every man judge for himself." But there is a laughter that doeth good like a medicine; I do not think a little more of it would have hurt the soul of John Wesley. It is good to know, however, that he was always sunny-tempered, and grew more genial as he drew near the sunset. A friend who knew him in the last year of his life speaks of sportive sallies of innocent mirth that delighted even the young and the thoughtless.

A deficiency in humor often seems to imply some lack of fitness or proportion in the sentiments. Certainly John Wesley never showed much wisdom in what the older moralists used to call "the conduct of the affections." Why his early acquaintance with pretty Betty Kirkham was broken off, we do not know; probably because marriage would have obliged him to resign his college fellowship. In Savannah, as we have seen, he had weakly given up what seems to have been a sincere, if not very lasting, attachment, at the dictation of some Moravian elders. He was wise enough never to invite such an interference again; but he was hardly more fortunate in his later attempts to venture upon marriage without taking advice.

During the summer of 1748, while on one of his visits to the north of England, Wesley was overtaken by temporary illness, which obliged him to stay some days in the orphanage at Newcastle, where Methodist ministers had hospital privileges. During this illness he was cared for by one of the nurses of the orphanage, Mrs. Grace Murray, a young widow of thirty-two, whose husband, a London sailor, had been drowned some years previously. Before her marriage this Grace Murray had been a domestic servant in London, and seems to have enjoyed few opportunities of education or society. She was attractive in person and efficient in practical affairs, but

without much self-possession and of a rather hysterical temperament. Wesley had met her often in London and Newcastle, and now, after six days of her care, he was convinced that she was the woman divinely intended for his wife—and told her so. She responded, "This is all I could have wished for under heaven!" What followed, however, may remind one of Sir Roger de Coverley's despairing exclamation, "You can't imagine what it is to have to do with a widow!" One of Wesley's biographers summarily declares, "Grace Murray was a flirt." Another asserts that she reciprocated Wesley's affection, but "with shrinking diffidence."

What seems certain is that she had another suitor whom she would not risk losing altogether, and was very much at a loss to know upon which of the two she should finally bestow her hand. A year before, she had cared for one of Wesley's preachers, John Bennett, through a long illness, and ever since had been in correspondence with him. When Wesley now left Newcastle she accompanied him through the northern counties till they reached Bolton, where Bennett resided. Here she stopped, while Wesley went on, hoping that they might meet again soon, "and part no more." Three days after they had parted, she promised marriage to John Bennett. "Here," says Wesley, in his curious account of the affair,<sup>1</sup> "was her first false step"—which is certainly a mild judgment. During the next twelve months, Mrs. Murray, who, whatever her virtues, cannot have had much decision of character, was unable to be sure for six weeks together what were the dictates either of duty or of affection; but at last, after having been engaged to, and disengaged from, each of her suitors twice over, she concluded that Wesley had the stronger claim upon both her conscience and her heart. Marriage might soon have followed, had not Charles Wesley now appeared upon the scene. He had himself just married a young lady of good family whose culture and refinement were to make his house, for the next forty years, an ideal Christian home; he heard with dismay that his brother was about to take as a wife a woman without education, who was engaged to another man. He hurried to the north of

<sup>1</sup> "Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley. From an Original Manuscript." (London, 1862, pp. 62.)

England, and finding reproach and dis-suasion alike vain with his brother, addressed his expostulations to Grace Murray herself. The poor woman, distracted by his assertion that her marriage with Wesley would be a violation of her precontract and a grievous wrong to both her suitors, at last changed her mind again, and Charles Wesley had the satisfaction to see her safely married to Bennett before he left her. Wesley would not quarrel with his brother or blame the woman; but the week after her marriage he recorded his own poignant grief in a series of stanzas that have at least the merit of utter sincerity. Forty years afterward, when both were near the close of life, they met again for a few moments; and it was evident to the friend who accompanied Wesley that the wound, though it had long since ceased to smart, had never been forgotten. The affections of the man were deep and tender; but it was certainly some proof of ill-regulated sentiment that he should have bestowed them upon one so little fitted to become his companion.

Yet marriage with Grace Murray, unfortunate as it might have proved, would have saved Wesley from a worse fate. On that later story the biographer does not care to linger. On February 2, 1751, Wesley writes in his "Journal": "Having received a full answer from Mr. P[erronet], I was clearly convinced that I ought to marry." This time he evidently determined to be beforehand with his brother, for on the same day he announced to him his fixed resolution. "I was thunderstruck," said Charles, "and could only answer he had given me the first blow, and his marriage would come like the *coup de grâce*. Trusty Ned Perronet told me the person was Mrs. Vazeille, one of whom I never had the least suspicion. I refused his company to chapel, and retired to mourn with my faithful Sally." Charles Wesley knew there was cause for mourning. Mrs. Vazeille was the widow of a London merchant, an essentially vul-

gar woman, with a tendency to hysteria. What attractions of person, mind, or temper she can have had for such a man as Wesley must always remain a mystery. He doubtless intended that the marriage should not be long delayed; but it was by an accident precipitated more speedily than he had purposed. A week after the entry in his "Journal" just cited, he slipped on the ice while crossing London Bridge, injuring his ankle so that he could not walk or stand upon his feet. He was immediately taken to the residence of Mrs. Vazeille, on Threadneedle street. And eight days later he was married. There was long leisure for repentance.

It is possible, we may admit, that the best of wives might have found Wesley exacting. In a tract on Marriage, written in later life and perhaps colored by his own experience, he says that the duties of a wife are all comprised in two: 1. That she must recognize herself as the inferior of her husband. 2. That she must behave as such.

Mrs. Wesley did not accept this theory. She was obstinate, peevish, and subject to fits of violent passion. Wesley was just and—in the opinion of his brother, at least—marvelously patient; but he could hardly have felt much affection for such a wife, and some of his letters evince a certain long-suffering assertion of superiority not exactly conciliatory. One of them closes with the advice, "Be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." Moreover, in his innocent unwisdom, he allowed himself to write letters of religious advice and sympathy to other women, especially to a Mrs. Ryan, housekeeper of the Kingswood school, who was doubtless at this time a pious and useful woman, but whose early career had been by no means above reproach. The knowledge of such correspondence threw his wife into paroxysms of jealousy. She intercepted and opened his letters; she interpolated com-



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

FRONT VIEW OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL

promising passages of her own invention in them, and then read them to prejudiced persons; in one or two instances she gave such doctored letters to the public prints. She spread the most absurd and calumnious reports as to her husband's character. Her conduct, indeed, was so scandalous and at times so violent as to prove that she cannot have been perfectly sane. She left Wesley repeatedly for long periods, and finally, in 1771, departed, taking with her a bundle of Wesley's letters and papers, vowing never to return. Wesley simply noted the fact in his "Journal," and added: "Non eam reliqui; non dimisi; non revocabo." She seems, however, to have returned of her own accord, but only for a short time. When she died, ten years later, she was in separation from Wesley, and he was not even informed of her death until three days after her funeral.

Perhaps it is not strange that, after such

an experience, Wesley should have repeatedly given to his young preachers who thought to marry the laconic advice of Punch, "Don't." Not that he was coldly insensible to the power and charm of youthful sentiment; on the contrary, as his favorite niece prettily said, "My uncle John always showed peculiar sympathy to young people in love." His advice was prompted, I judge, not by a dislike for sentiment, but by a distrust of it. Knowing from

his own case how fatally easy it is to become unequally yoked together with believers as well as with unbelievers, he feared lest his preachers, like himself, might have their judgment blinded by an excess of that amiable quality. But it certainly was unfortunate that a great religious leader should have found no happiness in the most normal of human relations, and should have dissuaded other religious teachers from entering it.



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

GRAVE OF JOHN WESLEY, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE REAR OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

ANOTHER VIEW OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL

THIS COMBINATION OF REASON AND  
SENTIMENT CHARACTERISTIC  
OF THE AGE

THE personal character of Wesley was in some respects curiously representative of his age. In England, as everywhere else in Europe at the middle of the eighteenth century, critical reason and romantic sentiment, the one largely exclusive and scholarly, the other democratic and popular, were working together to form a new society. And in England, as elsewhere, the democratic and sentimental impulse, the impulse of Rousseau, though here restrained by a conservative national temper, was increasingly powerful. With the close of the first third of the century, English society and letters, as well as religion, began to be very indulgent to emotion. The logical intellect no longer held exclusive dominance.

Literature, emerging from the clubs and drawing-rooms of Queen Anne society, threw off the restraints of convention to gain freer utterance for personal feeling; indeed, in the reaction from academic coldness it often passed to the opposite extreme of sentimentality. In poetry, melancholy became a favorite motive, sometimes gentle and chastened, as in Goldsmith and Gray, sometimes rhetorical and sonorous, as in Young and Blair. In fiction Fielding well represents solid English common sense; but Fielding's portrayals of burly, red-blooded life, healthy, though coarse, were far less popular than Richardson's portrayals of tortured, long-suffering sentiment. And Sterne was for a time a greater favorite than either. "Sentimental!" writes Wesley, after reading "A Sentimental Journey." "What is that? He might as well say continental. It is not sense. And yet this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is now become a fashionable one." Popular religious literature, appealing to a less cultivated taste, often shows this sentimentality in its most disheveled form. The most widely circulated book in England at the middle of the century was not poetry or fiction, but the "Meditations among the Tombs" of Wesley's college friend James Hervey. The reader of to-day who looks into it will probably be surprised to find it the most rhetorical of books, written in a tone of unctuous bathos very unedifying.

Now the character of Wesley exhibits just this strain of sentiment grafted upon an essentially critical nature. The basis of his character was logical. All through his life, as in his boyhood, he was always insisting on underpropping conduct with reason. He complains impatiently of some of his converts that, while their experience and conduct are satisfactory, they seem to be quite unable to give any reason for the faith that is in them. He had a natural turn for argument, which had been disciplined by his duties as moderator at the daily debates in Lincoln College, and had been given frequent exercise throughout his career. It was the only gift he used to speak of with complacency, perhaps with a little pride. "I have found abundant reason to praise God for giving me this honest art. By this, when men have hedged me in with what they call demonstration, I have many times felt able to touch the point where the fallacy lay, and it flew open in a moment."

His writing is usually at its best when he is proving or confuting something. His own style, in sermon, essay, or pamphlet, is clear, direct, and entirely plain. He holds himself closely to the thought in hand; there is no allusiveness in his writing; it is straightforward, eighteenth-century common sense. His manner is as homely and simple as Swift's, in whose style, he says, all the properties of a good writer meet; but, unlike Swift, he has very little imagination, and cannot, therefore, illumine his page as Swift can, with constant play of illustration, indignant, pathetic, or humorous. Wesley only speaks right on. For the florid pulpit manner of Whitefield, for what he called "the amorous way of praying and the luscious way of preaching" common among some of Lady Huntingdon's Methodists, he had a most healthy dislike. Over and over again he cautions his own preachers against extravagance of statement or violence of elocution. His taste in matters of phrase, indeed, was severe, sometimes almost finical. His nicer judgment corrected many a careless line in the hymns of his brother Charles, and his own translations of the Moravian hymns, though sometimes bald, are always dignified. It was from an analogous severity of taste, as well as from principle, that he practised himself, and enjoined upon Methodists, plainness of dress. So far from being in-

different to his own apparel, he was the most precise of mortals; as many as ten times in telling of his encounters with mobs he remarks, as if it were a physical injury, that he got some dirt upon his coat or hat. It was just this scrupulous precision that made him impatient of anything gaudy or decorative.

But in Wesley, as the child of his age, this precise and reasoning temper was united with a contrasting vein of sentiment. His own nature was not emotional, but—possibly all the more on that account—he admired and valued any expression of genuine emotion in others. This susceptibility is seen very suggestively in the comments upon books and authors with which the "Journal" abounds. He was a tireless reader. Books, indeed, were almost his only companions in his lonely and wandering life. Whenever he rode, on horseback or by coach, a volume was always open before him. And his reading included the best the world afforded. In his monotonous and wearisome labors, performed mostly with and for people of narrow horizon and scanty ideas, he found refreshment and inspiration in the works of the masters of literature. One week he reads over again the "Odyssey," and breaks out into a fine burst of enthusiasm over the charm of its description and the nobility of its morals; another time he reads over the tenth book of the "Iliad" while riding to Newcastle; or it is the "Cyropaedia" of Xenophon, or the "Letters" of Cicero, Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, Shakspere, Milton, Voltaire—they are all among the companions of his travel. But the trend of his tastes may be seen best in his comments upon contemporary literature.

The one poet then supreme, of course, was Pope. Wesley shared and often expresses the general admiration for his work, but with only one of Pope's poems does he show special familiarity, and this one is significantly Pope's one concession to sentimentalism, the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady." This Wesley quotes repeatedly, and expresses great admiration for it. The one of the Queen Anne poets, however, whom Wesley admired most was not Pope, but Prior. He quotes him over and over again; and when Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," spoke in depreciation of the character and verse of Prior, Wesley, then seventy-nine years old, came

to the defense of his favorite poet in a very spirited paper.<sup>1</sup> Prior, he asserts, was not half so bad a man as his critics have painted him; while as to the *Chloe* of the charming lyrics, who had been represented as no better than she should be, Wesley declares, on the authority of his brother Samuel, who knew her well, that she was an estimable Miss Taylor of Westminster, who refused the advances of the poet while he was living, and spent hours weeping over his tomb when he was dead. But it is Johnson's criticism of Prior's verse that provokes Wesley's warmest protest. The great critic had said it lacks feeling. "Does it?" cries Wesley. "Then I know not with what eyes or with what heart a man must read it! Never man wrote with more tenderness." Prior's "Henry and Emma," a rather frigid version of the "Nut-brown Maid" story, he avers to be a poem that "no man of any sensibility can read without tears." Various other verdicts in the "Journal" betray a similar susceptibility. Of Thomson's work he says he had entertained a very low opinion till he read his sentimental tragedy "Edward and Eleanor." Home's once famous romantic drama "Douglas," now remembered only by a single line, he is "astonished to find one of the finest tragedies I ever read." The grandiose declamation of "Ossian," which excited only the contempt of Johnson, he pronounces deeply pathetic, "little inferior to Homer and Virgil, and in some respects superior to both." Beattie, whose poetry is, for the most part, an attempt to give a romantic flavor to the warmed-over philosophy of Pope, he considers one of the best poets of the age—an opinion shared, I believe, by George III. After reading Voltaire's "Henriade," which he praises generously, he remarks that the French language, for all its finish and precision, lacks pathos and heartiness, and is no more to be compared to the German and Spanish than is a bagpipe to an organ. All which, with many other opinions of a like sort, may show that in literature, as in life, Wesley's critical judgment was never proof against the charms of romantic sentimentalism.

#### THE CHARGE OF CREDULITY

WESLEY has often been charged with credulity. Some of the remarks in the

<sup>1</sup> "Arminian Magazine," 1782.

"Journal" upon which the charge is based do not in fairness warrant it. If a man really believe—what many profess and do not believe—that there are no accidents whatever in the government of the universe, he may justly see something providential in the fact that rain ceases as he is about to address a large audience, or that a cloud slips over the sun just when the heat upon the bared head of the preacher is becoming intolerable. Before a universal Providence, distinctions of great and small vanish, and you may as reasonably deny accident to trifles like these as to the catastrophe that engulfs a city. But there are other and better grounds for this charge of credulity. Wesley did profess a belief in witches and apparitions, and declared that to give up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible. From boyhood, probably in part because of the strange happenings in the Epworth rectory, he lent a ready ear to accounts of dreams, visions, second sight, ghosts, and all such supernatural phenomena. The "Journal" contains a large assortment of these marvels, ranging from what would now be called cases of thought-transference to the most creepy and convincing ghost-stories. They are generally recounted with circumstantial detail, and most of them, it must be admitted, are well enough attested to deserve examination by the Society for Psychical Research. In nearly every instance it seems clear that they were not fabrications, but sincerely believed by the good people who told them.

All such matters evidently had a fascination for Wesley; yet he seldom accepts without qualification a supernatural explanation for them, and never insists that any one else shall do so. Still less does he countenance any attempt to base a system of belief or teaching on such phenomena. His interest in such matters is not, in fact, exactly a proof of credulity, but rather of a singular curiosity with reference to whatever lies on the borderland of experience. One thinks of it as an extension, beyond scientific limits, of that intense interest in all unfamiliar physical facts which led him to read with avidity the records of chemical and physical experiment, and to follow eagerly the new science of electricity. But, while his logical faculty was acute, his judgment upon facts or testimony was not always sound.

From boyhood he was very deferential to a syllogism; but he did not always scrutinize carefully enough the facts that went into the major premise of his syllogism.

Outside the realm of the preternatural, at all events, it cannot be said that Wesley was credulous; yet his very confidence in logic made him over-ready to revise or to reverse any accredited opinions that seemed to be contradicted by a correct course of reasoning. Some of his verdicts were curious. Mary Queen of Scots, he is convinced, was a person of devout and unaffected piety; and Queen Elizabeth was "as just and merciful as Nero, and as good a Christian as Mahomet." On all historical and scientific questions, his opinion is liable to be the prey of the last book he has read. He reads Woodrow's "History of the Church of Scotland," and he pronounces Charles II a monster, in comparison with whom Bloody Mary was a lamb—a judgment about equally unjust to both monarchs. A treatise by a certain Dr. Wilson convinces him that the heart has nothing to do with the circulation of the blood. Moreover, he is not only careless of the content of his premises, but he is prone to forget that the motives for conduct can seldom be run into syllogisms, and that practical conclusions of any importance are not to be proved or disproved by a single line of argument. For example, in the middle of June, 1775,—just forty-eight hours before Bunker Hill,—he wrote to Lord North an able letter on American affairs, in which he says: "In spite of my long-rooted prejudice, I cannot avoid thinking that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow." Less than three months later, he issued his "Calm Address to the American Colonies," in which he tells our forefathers that they have every right that the English enjoy, and their complaint of taxation without representation is altogether groundless. How came he to change his mind? He had read Samuel Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny."

Yet this easy surrender to a line of clear reasoning, if a fault, is a fault that implies some very important virtues. John Wesley was the most candid of men. Seldom has a great religious reformer been so little of a dogmatist, or shown so little stubborn

persistence in his own views simply because they were his own. Moreover, with his direct and logical cast of thought, it was impossible that his opinions should be doubtful or befooled; that he should let his emotions run away with his reason; that he should ever maintain at the same time two logically inconsistent positions.

#### HIS WISDOM AS A RELIGIOUS LEADER

WHATEVER the limitations of his genius, seldom has a man been better qualified to lead a great popular religious movement than John Wesley. He knew that truth, if it is to have effect upon the life of men, of whatsoever class, must find a response in their feelings; but he never aimed to arouse crass or undirected feeling. It must be repeated that he was no enthusiast. As one of his critics says, he was intolerant of everything that had not a practical bearing. The condition of membership in his societies was always conduct. The Wesleyan movement, throughout its whole course, was singularly free from empty ardors, and fruitful in all the practical virtues of citizenship. Not only did it diminish the more flagrant forms of vice, but it raised the standard of morals throughout society. Places like Wesley's own native parish of Epsom, once reeking with drunkenness and loud with profanity, in twenty years had grown sober and quiet. Some prevalent forms of crime had been almost eradicated. In his earlier visits to Cornwall, for example, Wesley found that nearly all the members of his societies in that shire were in the habit of buying and selling goods that had not paid the duty. It was not thought immoral;

everybody did it. But, says Wesley, "I told them plainly they must put this abomination away, or they would see my face no more." The records of the excise show that smuggling, thereafter, almost ceased on the Cornish coast. So, too, the universal practice of bribery at elections Wesley denounced as impossible for a Christian man; he had the satisfaction to learn in many instances that members of his societies would not even eat or drink at the expense of the men for whom they voted, and that the Methodists came to be recognized as almost the only incorruptible class of voters in England.

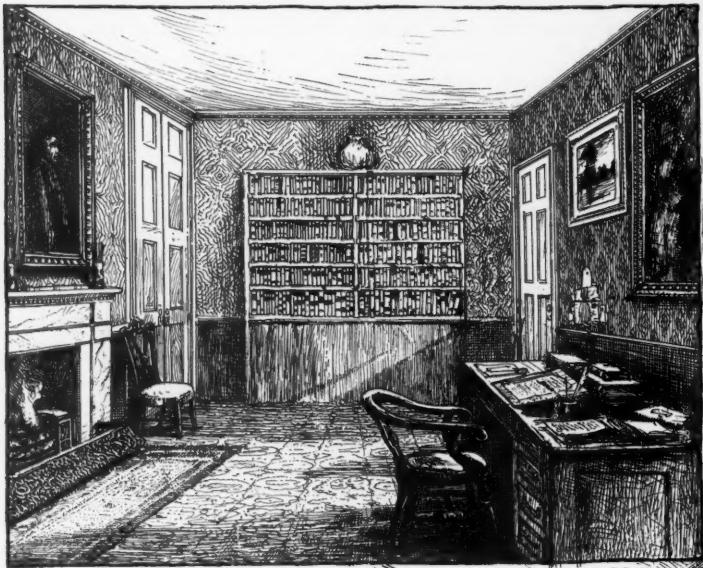
Even upon the manners of the English people no man of his century had so much influence. It was peculiarly fortunate that the leader of a great popular movement united with intense religious earnestness the tastes of the scholar and the instincts of the gentleman. He never felt it necessary to vulgarize his teaching or to make any concessions to coarseness. In his spotless linen, his cassock, his black hose and silver shoe-buckles, he was a model of scrupulous precision in personal attire; and his oft-quoted saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," well expresses the almost fastidious habit of the man. His dignified yet gentle courtesy, his refined self-possession, made his very presence an example and an inspiration.

And it should be said that Wesley used his immense personal influence with singular wisdom and liberality. He had in his hands control of the whole system of Methodist discipline; but he did not attempt to bind the members of his societies by narrow or rigid rules, still less to impose upon them arbitrarily his own judgments.



Drawn by Katharine Kimball

THE PREACHERS' HOUSE, ADJOINING THE CITY ROAD CHAPEL



ROOM IN THE PREACHERS' HOUSE IN  
WHICH JOHN WESLEY DIED

He was anxious only that Methodists should be good Christians. On doubtful matters he did not prescribe or prohibit, but left the decision in such cases where it belongs—with the individual conscience. In an admirable sermon on amusements, after admitting that much may be said for the drama,—he was a lover of dramatic literature himself, and used to advise his preachers to read plays that they might cultivate a natural mode of speech,—he decides that, for himself, he could not go to the theater or play at cards with a clear conscience; but he adds: "Possibly others can; I am not obliged to pass any sentence on them that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master; to him let them stand or fall." His successors have not always been so wise.

Still more noteworthy was his liberality in matters of belief. Liberality is easy when you have no beliefs of your own that you are very sure of; but Wesley had a consistent set of theological opinions, which he held very stoutly. Yet the only requirement of those who sought admission to his societies was the purpose to lead a religious life. Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers were welcome, "and none will contend with them as to their opinions." "Where is there," Wesley asks reasonably enough,



STUDY ADJOINING THE ROOM IN WHICH  
WESLEY DIED

"such a catholic society? In Europe? In the habitable world? I know of none. Let no one talk of the bigotry of Methodists." To some Methodists themselves such liberality seemed excessive. But Wesley, while always ready to defend his own creed, was faithful to his favorite maxim, "Think and let think." "I am sick of opinions," he said in his last years; "let my soul be with Christians, wherever they

are, and whatsoever opinions they be of." In fact, his tolerance extended quite beyond the limits of Christianity. He not only had admiration and sympathy for such heretics as Pelagius and Servetus, but was glad to think of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius as among the many who come from the east and the west to sit down in the kingdom of God. History may be challenged in vain to find another religious leader of equal prominence and equal positiveness of personal opinion who showed such breadth of charity.

#### THE DEED OF DECLARATION AND THE AMERICAN BISHOPS

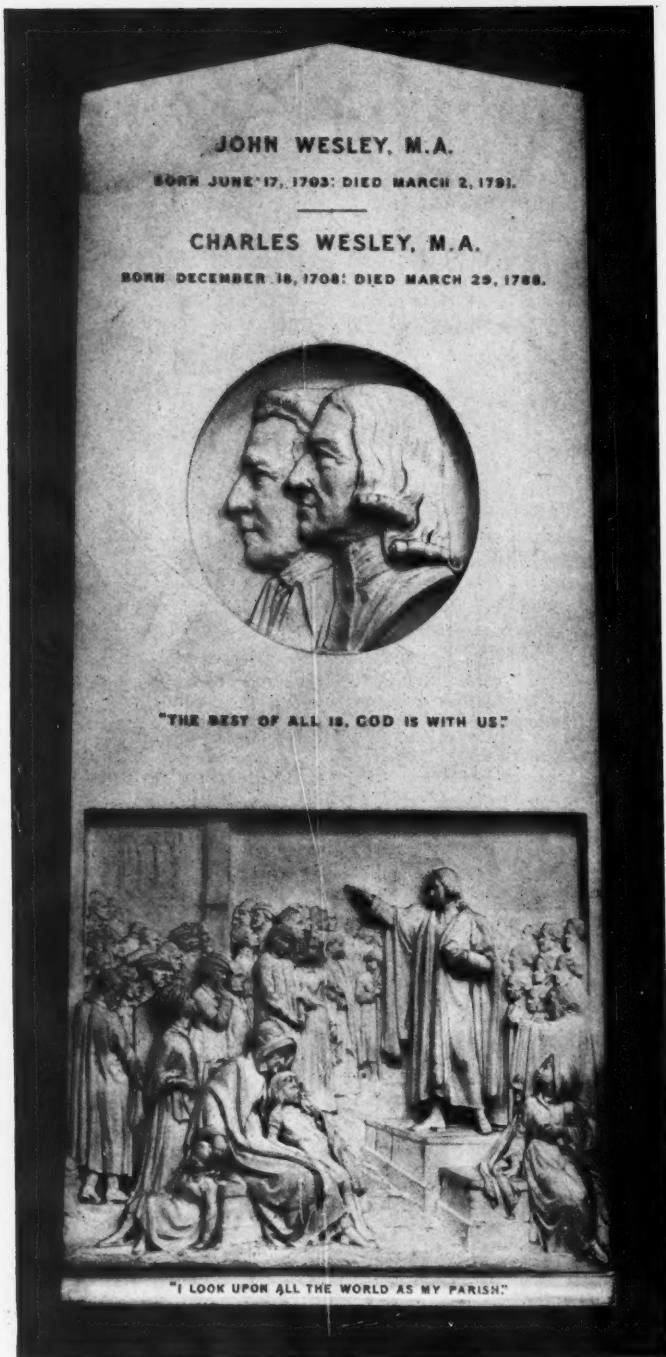
WESLEY's whole elaborate system of societies, as we have seen, centered in himself. As he drew near the close of life it became evident that, if this organization was to hold together after his death, provision must be made to transfer his personal control to some properly constituted body. Accordingly, in 1784, he adopted two important measures which should consolidate and secure the Methodist organization in both England and America. In England the many Wesleyan chapels were held by trustees "for the sole use of such persons as might be appointed by the yearly Conference of the people called Methodists." But this Conference had no legal status, being merely a private meeting called by Wesley; it was without power to acquire or hold property, and might cease to exist altogether at the death of Wesley. He therefore drew up a document naming one hundred of his preachers as members of the Conference, and defining its powers and duties. This "Deed of Declaration" was enrolled in the Court of Chancery, and the Conference was thus given a permanent legal existence. It was thenceforth impossible for the property of the societies to revert to private use, or for the societies themselves to fall apart and become mere separate congregations.

Wesley's other step was still more important, and involved a wider divergence from ecclesiastical order. There were in 1784 about fifteen thousand Methodists in the new United States of America, and not a single ordained minister among them. Before the severance of the colonies from the mother country, these American Methodists were theoretically members of the

Church of England, though by far the greater number of them were without the ministrations of any clergyman of that church. Wesley had twice applied to the Bishop of London for the ordination of one of his preachers who might visit the American societies; but in vain. Now that there was no longer an established church in America, and the greater number of the English clergy had left the country, the Methodists found themselves without any form of church government, and with no one to administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. In these circumstances, Wesley was confronted with the alternative either of leaving the American societies in this desolate state to schism and disintegration, or of providing them with some form of discipline and ministration even at the risk of violating ecclesiastical usage.

After careful deliberation he made up his mind. He preferred the episcopal form of church government, but he had long been convinced that there was no difference between bishop and presbyter. On this conviction he now acted. He summoned to Bristol his ablest preacher, Dr. Thomas Coke, an Oxford graduate and ordained presbyter, and with him two of his lay preachers; and there, on the 2d of September, in his private room, he set apart the two lay preachers as presbyters, and laying his hands upon Coke, "set him apart to the office of Superintendent of the Societies in America." Coke was to proceed to America, and there in the same way designate as his Associate Superintendent Francis Asbury, the heroic English preacher who had been the Wesley of the American Methodists. Coke sailed in October; on his arrival he immediately consecrated Asbury, and in the last weeks of the year (1784), in a Conference of preachers held in Baltimore, the two laid the foundations of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Wesley's action in this matter has been the subject of much controversy. Doubtless, from a churchman's point of view, orders so conferred could have no validity. Wesley himself, in his account of his action, was careful to avoid the word "ordain," and some years later wrote to Asbury remonstrating with him for assuming the title of bishop. It may suffice to say that, in this case as in some others, he felt himself justified in breaking with usage



From a photograph

MEMORIAL TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

and discipline when he deemed that only so could the religious welfare of great bodies of his fellow-men be conserved. It is probable that, in the opinion of the disinterested historian, his decision will be justified by its results.

#### THE CLOSING YEARS

WESLEY's last years were blessed with

"All that should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of  
friends."

Opposition had almost entirely ceased. His life of devotion to the highest good of men had won the respect of all who knew his name, and the reverent love of thousands who called themselves his friends. In his journeyings during these later years it often happened that a company of his friends would follow him from out a town, walking beside his carriage till they met a similar company approaching to welcome him to his next station. But although venerable, he showed none of the infirmities of age. His slight, short figure was erect, his eye was keen, his step elastic, and only the crown of silver hair betokened his years. On his eighty-third birthday he wrote in his "Journal": "It is now twelve years since I have felt any such sensation as weariness. I am never tired (such is the goodness of God) either with writing, preaching, or traveling." Two years later, when his friends urged him to ride to a preaching-place six miles out of Bristol, "I am ashamed," replied this youth of eighty-five, "that any Methodist minister in tolerable health should make a difficulty of this," and tramped away. On his birthday in that year, he admits that he cannot "run or walk quite so fast" as once he did, but he still feels no weariness, and has "not lost a night's sleep, sick or well, on land or sea," since he was born. In his eighty-first year he made a visit to Holland, which, as he says, opened to him a new world; and his curiosity is as eager as if he were just out of his teens. He records how one of his hosts spoke Latin excellently, and another showed an "easy openness and affability almost peculiar to Christians and persons of quality." His own conversation in those years was more vivacious and wide-ranging than in earlier life. He retained all his love for books, for music, and especially for natural sce-

nery. He makes frequent mention of the beauty or sublimity of the outdoor surroundings in which he preached; and on one of his later visits to Cornwall, in his eighty-third year, insisted on clambering down the rugged cliffs at Land's End to stand once more in the wild spot his brother Charles had commemorated in the hymn:

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

The death of Charles, in 1788, left Wesley lonely, for the brothers had labored together through sixty years, and in spite of very pronounced differences in opinion, their beautiful friendship was never disturbed. The strength of Wesley, after this bereavement, began to weaken; but his remaining years were

"serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night."

Crabbe Robinson, then a young man, heard him preach in the last months, and used to say that in all his after life he had never seen anything comparable to the picture of this preacher of eighty-eight, with the gentle voice, the reverend countenance, and the long white locks. To the end he showed no slackening of interest in whatever may make men happier or better. His very last letter, penned with failing hand only a week before he died, was addressed to William Wilberforce, bidding that young reformer God-speed in his great work of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies. The wish he had so often expressed, in the language of a favorite hymn, that he might "cease at once to work and live," was almost literally granted him. He preached on a Tuesday in the City Road Chapel, and the next day in the house of a friend; the following Wednesday, after five days, which seemed rather days of rest than of illness, he died, March 2, 1791. His last distinctly audible words, thrice repeated with uplifted arm, as if in triumph, have become a watchword of Methodism: "The best of all is, God is with us."

At the time of Wesley's death there were in England and America about one hundred and twenty thousand of the people called Methodists. To-day, if we include adherents as well as communicants, there

are about twenty-five millions. And these figures afford no adequate measure of the wider, more indirect influence of the Wesleyan movement, not only upon religion, but upon society, government, civilization. Surely if any man of the eighteenth century deserved a place in the solemn abbey that holds the dust of England's most honored dead, it was John Wesley. Yet it is better

as it is. It is better that he should lie where he lived, not in the shadow of pomp and state, but in the central roar of great London, among those swarming masses of common people to whom his life was given, beside the homely chapel that was the center, and still is the monument, of the greatest religious movement since the Protestant Reformation.



MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY

## HOMESICKNESS

BY EDITH C. BANFIELD

WHERE shall I wander, where upon the plain,  
Who find not that for which my heart is fain,  
Not one sweet meadow where the violets wake,  
Nor any woodland bordering a lake?  
Where shall I search upon the mountain-side,  
Who cannot find the darlings of my pride—  
The first arbutus hid beneath the snow,  
The star-sown wind-flowers that I used to know,  
The wintergreen, the little partridge-vine  
Bright-berried yearly underneath the pine?  
Where shall I turn, who can no longer see  
The far blue hills familiar unto me—  
The hills of summer and the hills of snow  
Where great winds rise and driven clouds sweep low.  
Too long my steps were taught New England ways,  
Too long my eyes looked out upon those days  
To find their comfort here. Here sorrow dwells,  
And the wide future opens, dim and vast;  
But there forever lie the olden spells,  
The balm of childhood and my treasured past!



# ISABELLA

•BY• DAVID GRAY•  
AUTHOR OF "GALLOPS"

**I**HAT 'S all," said Mr. Parsons Scott. He waved his hand at the groom, directing him to take the horse which was loose in the paddock back to the stable.

"They are a good lot," observed Mr. Carteret. He had been putting in the morning inspecting Mr. Scott's hunters.

Parsons Scott had an office in town, at which an office-boy might sometimes be found. Scott's personal attention was devoted to the purchase, education, and sale of hunters. As a prudent grandparent had provided him with an income, he was able to live in the country with comfort and to maintain the town office and his horse business as well.

"I'm glad you like them," replied Scott, referring to Mr. Carteret's commendation of his horses. Carteret's opinion was able in this field.

"Yes," repeated Carteret; "they are a good lot. They are better than Harrington's and better than Brown's. But I really don't think there is anything that will do for me. As I told you, I want something like old Elevator—something that jumps exceptionally big and sure."

"The only other thing which I have is a mare that came yesterday from Canada," observed Scott. "I have n't had her out yet. I got her in a trade, and probably something is the matter with her; but they say she can jump. Bring out Isabella!" he called to the groom—"the new chestnut mare."

"Did you give her that name?" inquired Mr. Carteret.

"No," said Scott; "I should n't name a horse Isabella."

"I did n't know," observed Mr. Carteret. "I thought you might be growing sentimental. It's a pretty name for a gentle mare."

"Stuff!" said Scott.

"Quite an animal," observed Mr. Carteret, as the mare trotted into the paddock. "Sporty-looking, is n't she? White blaze and stockings, and a piece out of her ear. She is uncommonly well made," he went on; "but her head is coarse, and she carries it too knowingly for a picture horse."

"Yes," said Scott. "I am sorry about the nick in her ear. It takes a hundred off her value. But she is a mare with a lot of character—the kind that can look out for herself and you, too."

Carteret nodded. "Turn her at the jump," he said to the groom. In the paddock there was a made jump, with wings, over which horses could be chased without a rider on their backs. The bars were about five feet high when Carteret spoke.

"That's too high to start with," said Scott. "She is just off the car."

The groom, who had started to drive the horse, stopped.

"Let it down to four feet," Scott continued.

"Yes, sir," he said.

Before he reached the jump Scott called him back. Isabella was trotting leisurely into the wings of her own accord.

"Look!" said Scott.

The mare reached the jump, popped over it, gave a whisk of her closely docked tail, and began placidly to graze.

"That's a very remarkable horse," observed Carteret.

"She likes it," said Scott. "Put the bars up to six feet," he called.

The groom adjusted the bars and herded Isabella around in front of the wings again. She looked languidly at the jump, and started for it at a slow canter. She cleared it as easily as before, and went to cropping tufts of grass again.

Parsons Scott swelled visibly with pride.



Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox

"SHALL I TAKE HER OVER AGAIN?"

"She just plays over six feet," he said. "It's chocolate-drops for her, Carty," he continued. "This is a horse."

"I think it is," said Mr. Carteret, rather humbly for him. "Let's try seven feet."

"Please, sir," said the groom, "we can't put the bars up no higher."

"Well, never mind," said Carteret. "Scotty," he continued, "I think this one will do. I might as well tell you the truth.

I'm looking for something for a—" He hesitated. "I'm looking for a lady's hunter, and I want a natural big jumper, something that *can't* make a mistake. If this mare is only sound—"

"She is sound," Scott broke in. "I might as well tell you the truth, too. She is a perfect lady's hunter. I got her somewhat reasonably because she kicked a man's buggy to pieces. He was an idiot who left her tied in a village street in fly-time. A traction-engine came past, and the buggy melted away. I should n't exactly guarantee her to drive, but you can see yourself she's gentle as a kitten. She's a perfect pet for a girl."

"I did n't say it was for a girl," observed Mr. Carteret.

Scott looked at him, but made no reply. He picked up a green apple that lay by the paddock fence and held it out to the mare. Isabella came forward promptly and took it. "Look!" he said. "She'll eat out of your hand."

"That is very affecting," said Mr. Carteret.

"She will probably come around to driving in time," observed Scott. "Suppose we see her under saddle."

"I should like to see her under saddle," said Mr. Carteret.

Scott spoke to the groom, and he led Isabella into the stable. While they waited, the two sat on the top board of the paddock fence and discussed the question of price.

"I think that mare," observed Scott, "is easily worth a thousand dollars. She'd bring that on her jumping alone, and—"

"But I tell you that's too much," said Mr. Carteret; "my commission doesn't authorize me to spend so much: and yet, I want the horse."

"I was about to say," continued Scott, "when you interrupted me, that on account of the buggy affair I would sell her for exactly—" He stopped. There was a clatter in the stable, and somersaulting through the air out of the doorway shot Scott's groom, followed by Isabella, who trotted to a spot where the grass was tender and began to graze.

Scott jumped down from the fence. "What have you got under that mare's saddle?" he bawled at the groom.

"Nothing, sir," said the man, who was picking himself up.

"From the way he came off," observed

Mr. Carteret, "there might be a spring-board, or almost anything of that kind."

Scott paid no attention to the joke. He went over to Isabella, who fed on, undisturbed at his approach. Taking the saddle off, he looked for nail-points and objects of a sharp or lumpy nature. There was nothing there. Saddle and leather pad were in perfect repair.

"You must have done something to her," said Scott. "I'll ride her myself."

The groom acquiesced obediently. Scott mounted, and Isabella stood meekly till he was on and had both his feet home in the stirrups. "Now," he said, "I shall move her around the paddock, slowly at first."

He spoke to Isabella, telling her to "Get up"; and then, placidly and more in sorrow than in anger, the mare gave three bucks. The first was a large one, but Scott hung on. With the second, which was larger, he was on her withers. On the third buck she shook out all reefs and sent him crashing through the top board of the paddock fence. He landed outside, surprised but uninjured.

"I have been to all the Wild West Shows," observed Mr. Carteret from the fence; "I think you have the best bucker I ever saw. Are you hurt?"

"I shall fix that mare," said Scott, gloomy with rage. He called to the man: "Bring out a harness-bridle with a check-rein, and some strong cord." He climbed back over the fence. "Look at her!" he said. The mare had gone back to the plot of tender grass. The episode seemed to have stirred no evil passions in her.

"She certainly is a mare of character," observed Mr. Carteret, thoughtfully.

Scott watched her in silence until the groom came out with the bearing-rein and string; then he approached Isabella and proceeded to arrange the apparatus, and Isabella made no remonstrance. "Do you see," said Scott, "how she can get her head down now?"

"No," said Mr. Carteret, doubtfully. There was something in Isabella's resourceful calm which impressed him and made him uncertain of everything.

Scott mounted, and clucked to Isabella to start. Then a curious thing happened. She made no attempt to fight the bearing-rein and buck. She lifted her fore legs and reared rather slowly until she was perpendicular.

"Look out! She's going over!" said Mr. Carteret.

As he spoke she dropped over on her back.

Scott had anticipated her action. He slid off before she came down, and rolled himself out of her way. He arose hastily, and, with such dignity as a man can command who has been rolling in the soil of his paddock, said to the groom, "You may take the mare to the stable." Then he climbed to the top of the paddock fence and sat down beside Carteret. "Carty," he said after a long silence, "I had always believed that a horse that was well checked up could n't rear."

Carteret tapped the fence boards thoughtfully with his ratan stick. "Old man," he said, "as we go on in life we lose many of our young beliefs."

There was a long silence. Scott made no answer. "I think," he observed presently, "that a trap just now turned into the driveway."

They could see the house from where they sat, and they watched and waited. In a few moments they saw Williams, the indoor man, come out and hurry down the walk toward the stables.

"You might brush yourself," suggested Mr. Carteret. "A man who sells horses ought not to be found at his own stables with so much mud on the back of his coat."

"Brush me," said Scott. "Who is it?" he called to the man as he approached.

"Mr. Henderson Lamppie, sir," said the man.

Scott jumped down from the fence and twisted his mustache for a moment. "I don't think I can stand him to-day," he said, as if speaking to himself.

Mr. Carteret also came down from the fence. "Old man," he said, "I ought to be going."

Scott looked at him in surprise. "But you said you'd stop for lunch," he said plaintively, "and it is almost ready."

"I know," said Mr. Carteret; "but I forgot about an appointment. I must hurry."

"Carty," said Scott, "if you leave me alone with Henderson Lamppie, it never can be the same between us."

"Well," said Carteret, "if you put it that way, I shall have to stay; but I may not be very civil."

"You can be what you please," said Scott. "Tell Mr. Lamppie," he said to the

man, "that we are at the stables. Put another place at lunch, and make my excuses for not going up to the house to meet him. Carty," added Scott, after the man had gone, "what an odious little beast that fellow is!"

"The most odious," said Mr. Carteret.

"Carty," said Scott, "don't you think it strange that a girl like Elizabeth Heminway should stand having him about? Those Dago diplomats are bad enough, but Lamppie is worse."

"That thought has occurred to me," said Mr. Carteret.

"Carty," said Scott, "I feel that we ought to do something to save Elizabeth Heminway. One of us ought to marry her."

Carteret laughed softly. "That thought, too, has occurred to me," he said; "but not the part of it which introduces you."

"Well, ride up, then," said Scott. "Go out in front. I'll give you the panel first."

"It is foolish," said Carteret, slowly, "to ride for a fall when you know the landing is hard."

"Falls be hanged!" said Scott. "If white men like you are going to funk, probably some Dago or Chinee will marry her, or Lamppie."

"Very probably," said Mr. Carteret. "It is apt to be that way."

"Well, something ought to be done," said Scott.

"That's true," said Carteret.

"We might begin by murdering Lamppie," suggested Scott.

"Why not put him on Isabella?" said Mr. Carteret. "It's more lawful."

"That might be better," said Scott. "He's coming."

Carteret glanced at the approaching figure, and then looked gravely at a mud-puddle about fifty feet beyond the paddock fence. "Do you think," he said, "that she could buck him over the fence into that?"

"I think she could," said Scott; "but probably she would n't: she's too contrary."

"Probably not," said Mr. Carteret, with a sigh.

"Hallo, you chaps!" called out Mr. Lamppie, when he came within hearing distance. "I say, Scotty, have you got a good one for me? I'm in a hurry, and can't look the string over, but I want the best you've got—something that can take care of himself."

Scott came down from the fence and greeted Mr. Lamppie. "We have just been looking at the biggest jumper I have. She is likewise, in my opinion, the most capable of looking out for herself."

"Is that so, Carty?" said Mr. Lamppie.

"It is," said Mr. Carteret.

"Trot her out," said Lamppie. "That's what I'm looking for."

Scott called to the stable: "Bring out Isabella again."

"Under saddle, sir?" asked the man.

"I'd rather see her stripped first," said Lamppie. "You see, I can tell at a glance whether there is any use seeing her jump."

The groom came out with Isabella.

"Not a bad-looking mare," said Lamppie. He turned to Carteret. "What do you think, Carty?"

"I don't think," said Mr. Carteret, severely; "I know."

"Quite right," said Lamppie, affably; "you are quite right." Lamppie was uncomfortable when he talked horse before Mr. Carteret, who was eminent in these matters, and he tried to put himself more at ease by being patronizing. "As I said, you are quite right," he went on; "she is dooced good-looking. Now the question is, Can she jump as I like to have them?"

"You are the only person who can decide that," said Scott. The bars were standing at six feet. "Send her over," he said to the groom.

"But, I say," interrupted Lamppie, "you're not going to start her in at six feet?"

"Why not?" said Scott, with surprise in his tone. "She plays over six feet."

The words were scarcely spoken before Isabella cantered into the wings and popped over the jump with several inches to spare.

"That is astounding," said Lamppie, "truly astounding!"

"I'm sorry," said Scott, "that we can't put the bars up higher; but if you want to ride her over the paddock fence, you may. It's not more than seven feet six."

Lamppie looked around, and his eye fell on the broken board in the paddock fence. "You have n't been sending her over that?" he said in amazement.

"That is one of Scott's reckless acts," said Carteret. "He was riding the mare in the paddock, and the first thing I knew, by Jove! he'd taken the fence. It's not sur-

prising that he broke the top board, because he held on to her head shockingly. You know, Scott has bad hands."

Lamppie looked at the jump in wonder. "Did the mare go down?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Carteret; "she never staggered."

"That is the boldest jump," said Lamppie, "that I ever heard about."

"Lamppie, you are right," said Mr. Carteret. "You'd better get up on her back," he continued, "and try her over something yourself. You need n't select such a tall obstacle; but she won't go down with you."

"I'm afraid I have n't time," replied Lamppie, doubtfully. He looked at his watch. "No, I have n't," he added. "I ought to be going now." When Lamppie knew that Mr. Carteret was watching him take a jump, the space between himself and the saddle, which, in fact, was not inconsiderable, seemed at least four feet. He would come down somewhere in front of the saddle, and, to make matters worse, would hoist himself into his seat by the reins. "No," he repeated, "I have n't time; but," he continued, turning to Scott, "I'm going to take that mare on your say-so and at your own price."

"But," said Scott, "I have n't said any 'say-so,' and I don't intend to. You make a mistake to buy a horse without riding her. You see, to be honest, I don't think she'd suit you." There was a moral struggle going on within Scott, and the right triumphed. "She bucks," he said.

Mr. Carteret looked away in disgust.

"Fudge!" said Lamppie, "I don't mind a little playful bucking. It's rather pleasant to go prancing about a bit."

"It is, is n't it?" said Carteret. "It's the luxury of riding." He looked at the broken board in the fence and smiled sweetly at Lamppie.

"She bucks a good deal," said Scott.

Lamppie looked shrewdly at Scott and then at Carteret. "I see his game," he said to himself: "he wants Carty to buy the mare." Then he said aloud: "That's all right. I'll take her."

"Mind, I've warned you," said Scott. "You had better try her first."

"No time," said Lamppie. "I'll send after her to-morrow."

"I think," began Mr. Carteret, slowly, from on top of the fence—"I think, Lamp-

pie," he went on, "that you are funking. She 's a bad horse. You 'd better try her before you buy."

Lamppie naturally was now sure that Carteret wanted her. He looked knowingly at him and laughed. "Sorry I took her away from you, Carty," he said. "Bye, boys!" He waved his hand and was off.

"Well," said Mr. Carteret, after he was out of ear-shot, "we did n't have any fun, but Isabella will have some. Why did you try to spoil the sale of your high performer?"

Scott looked dismally at Carteret. "It is all right," he said, "to kill a man fairly, but to sell him dynamite sticks for cream candy is mean."

"You are childish," said Mr. Carteret, "and will never succeed in the horse business. As it is, do you suppose any one will believe that we have *not* unloaded Isabella on Lamppie? If you must pay the piper, why not dance?"

"I 'm afraid there 's something in what you say," said Scott, sadly. "But we might have a small drink in celebration because he did n't stop to lunch."

"That is a reasonable excuse," said Mr. Carteret, and they went to the house.

The next day Scott had Isabella led by a groom eleven miles to Lamppie's establishment and delivered in good order. The day following he received Lamppie's check. In the same mail came a letter from a ranch which he supported in Montana. His agent, it appeared, had contracted bad habits, and the property was vanishing. This letter made it necessary for Scott to set out for Montana at once. Accordingly, on the third day after the delivery of Isabella, he started on his journey.

As he was boarding the train the telegraph-operator rushed out with a message. "This has just come," he said.

Scott tore open the telegram. It said:

I. has begun with L. Collar-bone and shoulder-blade this morning. C. C.

"Whew!" said Scott, softly. He got on the car, and ran into Eliot Peabody.

"Has some one left you a fortune?" said Peabody, pleasantly.

"No," said Scott. "Why?"

"You look so happy," answered Peabody.

"It is very bad news," said Scott, "very

regrettable." Then he sat down and read the telegram again.

Scott got back a month later, and went to work at his hunters. The first person outside his own establishment whom he saw was Mr. Carteret. Scott was schooling over some low fences, which were happily screened from the house of the man who owned them by a thick wood, when he saw Carteret hacking along the road. He went out to the road and joined him.

"That 's a good-looking horse," said Mr. Carteret, "but he 's got a spavin coming, I 'm afraid."

"Nonsense!" said Scott. But he dismounted and anxiously examined the suspected leg. "Well," he said, "if it 's a spavin it 's a spavin, and it can't be helped."

"When did you get back?" asked Carteret.

"Yesterday," Scott replied.

Carteret looked at him gravely. "Have you heard about the mare?" he said.

"What mare?" said Scott. He was still studying the prospects of spavin.

"The chestnut one, Isabella," said Carteret.

"I got your telegram," said Scott. "It was too bad about Lamppie's collar-bone."

"That was the beginning," observed Carteret.

"Did he ride her again?" asked Scott. "I never thought Lamppie was that kind of fool."

"No," Carteret answered. "She has been working with others. They 've had some drag-hounds at Newport—"

"Did they furnish sport?" interrupted Scott.

"I don't know," said Carteret; "I was afraid to go there. But I think Isabella furnished some sport. You see," Mr. Carteret continued, "I was going to Newport just after you left for the West, and then I changed my mind. I got a line from Elizabeth Heminway asking me there to stop with them."

"You did!" exclaimed Scott. "Why did n't you go? How is that girl going to be saved if you refuse to do your duty?"

"Have n't you had a letter from her?" asked Carteret.

"No," said Scott, wonderingly. "Why?"

"Have n't you heard?" said Carteret.

"Heard what?" demanded Scott.

"Why, it seems," said Mr. Carteret, slowly, "that I was not the only person

commissioned to look for a lady's hunter. Lamppie was buying a horse for Miss Heminway when *you* sold him Isabella."

Scott's jaw dropped. "I did n't sell him the horse as much as you did," he said.

"That is, of course, untrue," replied Mr. Carteret; "but I am afraid that Lamppie takes your view of it."

"Was her letter severe?" asked Scott.

Carteret shook his head. "That is what scared me," he said. "It was sweet and gentle: I suspect that she wants me to ride that horse."

Scott laughed. "So you did n't go?" he asked.

"I went to Lenox instead," said Carteret. "I was there three days. The second day a man came up from Newport who is attached to the French embassy. He had his arm in a sling and his knee in a rubber bandage. He had been hunting Isabella. I left and went up to Bar Harbor. When the boat got there, they carried somebody ashore who had n't been visible on the trip. It was what's-his-name—you know him—one of the secretaries of the British embassy. He is a good man on a horse. He had been *breaking* Isabella for Miss Heminway. He told me all about it. Isabella caught him with a back roll and loosened his ribs. This chap said that two horse-tamers belonging to some of the Latin legations were also laid up as the result of breaking Isabella to oblige Miss Heminway. I left Bar Harbor in a day or two and went up to town. In the club I met Crewe and the British first secretary. They were talking about a young Spanish man who had been witching Miss Heminway with his horsemanship. He had concussion of the brain, and they doubted whether he'd pull through."

Carteret paused.

"Is that all?" said Scott.

"I think it is enough," said Mr. Carteret. "It has strained diplomatic relations with the powers, and though it has thinned out many undesirable admirers, it has ruined our prospects."

"I am afraid that it has not helped *you*," said Scott. "I am sure that Lamppie remembered that I warned him *not* to buy the mare."

Carteret looked at Scott with contempt.

"I'm coming to lunch," he said, and rode off.

When Carteret arrived, Scott was read-

ing a letter. He looked up as Carteret came in.

"It is all right," he said. "We are forgiven."

"To what do you refer?" asked Mr. Carteret.

Scott handed him the note. "It is a very sweet and noble letter," said he. "She appreciates our innocence in the matter."

"From Elizabeth?" asked Carteret, as he took it.

Scott nodded.

"She says she wants to keep the mare, much as one might preserve an historic battle-ground or the sword that slew a king."

Carteret read the letter. "She asks you down to Long Island for Sunday," he said. "Are you going?"

"I am," said Scott.

"She has asked me also," said Carteret. "I found a note from her when I got home."

"You are going, are n't you?" said Scott.

"I am in doubt," said Carteret, slowly. "I am suspicious. I have known Elizabeth Heminway for a good many years. She is forgiving and noble, but I think she would like to see us riding Isabella."

"Rubbish!" said Scott. "She can't make us get up on a horse we don't want to ride, and she can't trick us into it, because we know the mare. She might have her painted, but she can't put back the piece out of her ear."

"No," said Carteret, uneasily; "I suppose not. But Elizabeth is a woman of some intellect. I would n't mind the spill, but she would have a crowd around, and I don't fancy being made a Roman holiday for Lamppie and a lot of Dagos."

"You'll go," said Scott.

"I suppose I shall have to," said Mr. Carteret. "Are we going to have any lunch?"

CARTERET and Scott arrived at Miss Heminway's on Saturday afternoon. Miss Heminway lived with an aunt, or rather she had an aunt live with her. Her character and fortune fitted her to lead a somewhat original life and to assume much of the independence of action of a man. She had her own hunters, driving-horses, dogs, zoölogical garden pets, to say nothing of a large and ever-diversified corps of personal at-

tachés. All these she regulated according to her own views.

Carteret and Scott had an extremely happy time. They were the only guests, and the subject of Isabella was not introduced. Once Mr. Lampie's unfortunate accident slipped into the conversation, but Miss Heminway laughed, and looking meaningfully at her friends, said: "I am willing to let bygones be bygones. Are you?"

Carteret and Scott laughed delightedly and said that they were more than willing. What pleased them especially was the double meaning of the remark, which they took to imply that Lampie was a bygone thing in Miss Heminway's estimation.

Both walked with her, singly and together, on Sunday morning; but in the afternoon their joy clouded. Almost a dozen people came to luncheon, and as many more appeared soon after. As a natural consequence, a kind of horse show ensued on the side lawn where the jumps were. Among those who came was Lampie. His collar-bone had knit and his shoulder was out of bandages, but he wore a silk handkerchief about his neck as a sling in which he rested his arm. He answered all inquiries as to his condition cheerfully and in detail, but he seemed to receive neither the sympathy nor the notice of Miss Heminway.

Scott observed this promptly.

"She is done with Lampie," he whispered to Carteret.

"It looks that way," Mr. Carteret answered. He never was very positive in any of his statements about Miss Heminway's probable acts.

After the company had seen Miss Heminway's fourteen hunters, and a new four had been hooked up and sent around the drive, and the ponies had been led out, and the St. Bernard puppies and two racoons and the Japanese monkey, Mr. Lampie cheerfully inquired if there were not something more.

"There is one more horse," replied Miss Heminway. "It's a chestnut mare. But I've had her only a week, and I don't know whether she will jump or not. However, we can see."

Miss Heminway spoke to her head man, and in a few moments a stable-boy came across the turf, leading a good-looking, powerfully made chestnut mare. As soon as it came near, Scott nudged Carteret with

his elbow, and at the same moment Carteret nudged Scott with his.

"Look," whispered Scott; "they have tried to paint out the blaze on her face and her two white stockings in front."

"Yes," said Mr. Carteret,—his eyes were very quick,—"and they have tried to sew up the notch in her ear."

The point of one ear was drawn together in an unnatural fashion, and close inspection showed that a piece was gone from the tip and the edges were sewed together. At short range the chestnut dye on the mare's face and legs was apparent to eyes accustomed to horses.

"She's very good-looking," observed Crewe to Miss Heminway.

"I like her," replied Miss Heminway.

"She's devilish good-looking," put in Lampie.

"The question is," said Miss Heminway, "will she jump? I don't want her to try anything high, but I should like to see her ridden over the bars at about three feet. Danny Foster," she continued, "is the only boy at the stable I let ride her, and he is away this afternoon, so that somebody with good hands will have to ride her for me."

There was a heavy silence.

Miss Heminway looked at Crewe.

"Won't you?" she said.

"Why," said Crewe, "I should be glad to, but I'm ashamed to ride before Carty and Scott, who are distinctly the only men present with truly good hands. Besides, they are stopping in the house, and riding your horses is by right their—" he hesitated and then said—"privilege."

"I don't care," said Miss Heminway; "only somebody get up and ride."

No one made a move.

"Come, Carty," she said sharply, "ride the mare and stop this nonsense. You are coy as a girl asked to sing."

Carteret pulled his straw hat over his eyes and tapped his leg thoughtfully with his ratan stick. "Elizabeth," he said, "you are a fine woman, but you have missed it this time. In the first place, your Titian red is very badly put on, and your surgery on that ear is abominable; a seamstress could do better."

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Heminway.

"Don't try to force a poor joke," said Mr. Carteret, severely.

Miss Heminway turned to Scott.

"Will you do me a small favor?" she said.

"Anything in the world," Scott answered, "except ride that mare." He laughed knowingly. A whisper ran through the group of onlookers, and then a laugh. Miss Heminway turned her back upon both Scott and Carteret. Mr. Lamppie was standing before her.

"Mr. Lamppie," she said, "if *you* are not afraid, will you kindly show my mare over that jump?"

Lamppie bowed.

"I have only one good arm," he said, "and you know I am not considered much of a horseman by Carty and Scott, but I shall be truly happy to try."

He started for the horse, and at the same moment Scott and Carteret started too.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Carteret, quietly, "you must n't let him ride that brute. His shoulder has only just healed."

"Please mind your own affairs," said Miss Heminway, severely.

Scott had rushed forward in the attempt to seize Lamppie before he was in the saddle; but, regardless of what was supposed to be his injured arm, he scrambled up, and kicking his heels into the mare, galloped off.

"Mr. Scott," called Miss Heminway, severely, "will you kindly *not* interfere with Mr. Lamppie?"

Scott turned and meekly rejoined Mr. Carteret.

"Look!" exclaimed Miss Heminway.

"I don't care to look," said Mr. Carteret. His back was turned to the horse. "I don't want to see a murder."

But Scott looked. He saw the chestnut mare carry Lamppie into the wings of the jump at an even canter, clear the bars in an easy manner, and come jogging back to the spectators.

There was a burst of applause.

"Has she killed him?" asked Mr. Carteret.

"Carty," said Scott, "it is all over with us."

Mr. Carteret turned around. Lamppie was bowing to Miss Heminway.

"Shall I take her over again?" he asked. "She goes like a sweet dream."

"If you will, please," replied Miss Heminway.

Mr. Carteret watched the mare and Lamppie repeat their performance. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled a long puff

of smoke. "Lamppie wins by a block," he said softly.

"How do you suppose they did it?" said Scott.

Carteret's reply was interrupted by Lamppie. "I say, Carty," he called out, "don't you chaps want a turn on this mare? She's a lovely ride; nothing to be afraid of."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Mr. Carteret. "I'll not ride."

"Well," said Miss Heminway, sweetly, "if there are no more animals and things to be seen, we might go in and have tea."

The party went into the house, but Carteret and Scott disappeared. They went out a back door and proceeded to the stables.

It happened that Fredericks, Miss Heminway's head man, had formerly been employed by Mr. Carteret. Carteret had given him up much as an orchid-fancier might send a lady his choicest air-plant. When the two men entered the stable, Fredericks greeted them obsequiously. There was a queer look in his eyes, but he was very grave because Carteret was grave.

"Fredericks," said Mr. Carteret, "we want to see that mare."

"Very good, sir," said Fredericks, and he took them down the stable to a box-stall. He opened the doors and showed them the mare. A stable-boy was scrubbing her legs with some chemical preparation, and they were becoming white.

"This part of the job," said Carteret, pointing with his stick to the mare's legs, "you did very badly. I should like to know, however, how you got Isabella to go so kindly in so short a time. I consider that a very remarkable achievement, Fredericks."

"Thank you, sir," said Fredericks. He bowed very low, and his cap concealed his face, but it could not conceal the quivering of his large frame. "I beg pardon, sir," he gasped, and fled out of the stall, apparently in a convulsion.

"I am afraid," said Scott, "that if we were Fredericks we should feel as he does. I want to know, though, what he used."

Fredericks returned shortly, much mortified and with many apologies for his breach of manners.

"I'm goin' to tell you, sir," he said, "if I lose me place. Come this way, sir."

He led them to another box-stall, which

was at the end of the passage, opened the door, and stood aside for them to pass through. They entered the box, looked at the horse before them, and then at each other.

"Well," said Mr. Carteret, "it is easy when you know how."

They were in the presence of Isabella. In shape, size, and color the other mare was her counterpart; but that this only was Isabella they knew now by her eye, by her expression, and by her simplicity of character. She was trying to get her nose into Scott's pocket, and failing in that, she nipped his hand with her lips.

"She's too fat," said Scott. There was nothing else which occurred to him to say.

"So she is, sir," said Fredericks.

"No exercise," said Carteret; "the diplomats gave out."

"I was three weeks finding that other mare," said Fredericks. "She's pretty near a match, sir."

"Did you cut the tip of her ear and then sew it up?" demanded Carteret.

"Not I, sir," said Fredericks. "No, sir. That was Miss Heminway's friend Dr.

Anderson, the surgeon, sir. He did it with instruments and cocaine and surgeon's needles, sir, and Mr. Lamppie helped him and held the cocaine-bottle."

"They all knew about it," said Mr. Carteret. "Thank you, Fredericks," he added; "we sha'n't tell on you."

They walked in silence back to the house. At the door Carteret spoke.

"I told you," he said, "that Elizabeth Heminway was a remarkable woman."

"You did," said Scott.

"I knew we ought not to have come."

"You said that, too," said Scott.

"And you made me come," said Carteret.

"I did," Scott replied.

"Well," demanded Carteret, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What is there to do about it?" said Scott.

There was a long silence. Carteret tapped his leg thoughtfully with his ratan stick.

"What is there to do about it?" Scott said again.

Carteret made no answer, but opened the door and went in, and Scott followed.



## THE IMMORTAL

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

**B**ROOK and wind, though they flow  
A thousand years,  
Age can they never know,  
Nor age's fears,  
Never be known of woe,  
Nor sighs, nor tears.

Love, if it live at all,  
Is young as they,  
Young as the brooks that bawl  
The livelong day,  
Young as the winds that call  
The blooms of May.

Out of the gloom Love beams  
Forever young,  
Bright with delights and dreams  
Like jewels strung;  
Lyrical-lipped with themes  
Still to be sung.

# AN ARTIST IN THE ANTARCTIC<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER, THE FIRST ARTIST TO BRING  
PAINTINGS FROM THE ANTARCTIC

Far down at the nether side of the globe the little black, bark-rigged *Antarctic*<sup>2</sup> rolled over lovely seas of cobalt blues and greens, bound for that dread Niflheim where

"Death-dealing vapors rise  
From a black mist-world full of sighs."

It was January 11, 1902. The temperature of the water gave unmistakable signs. At twelve minutes past 1 P.M. we sighted what seemed to be an iceberg. Gradually through the silver mist of nimbus a mountainous, snow-clad island appeared in delicate pink tones. It proved to be King George Island of the South Shetlands. Again curtained in mystery until 4:30 P.M., the golden sunlight pushed the mist aside, disclosing the island surrounded by a flotilla of majestic icebergs. It was completely snow-clad down to the edge of the dark cobalt-blue sea, where it terminated in an ice-wall two hundred feet high. This snow-mantle was of a delicate white-yellow chrome, with faint cobalt-blue cloud-silhouettes creeping over its rounded surface. A few bare rocks added a deep touch of reddish-brown purple. The bergs were glistening in marvelous pink purity under the sun's rays, with rich, deep shadows of turquoise-cobalt blue. Penguins sported swiftly in the waters round the ship.

<sup>1</sup> For Mr. Stokes's pictures in color of "The Aurora Borealis," see this magazine for last February.

<sup>2</sup> The Swedish South Polar Expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, a nephew of the famous Arctic explorer Baron Nordenskjöld, was equipped by private means. This expedition sailed from Göttenburg, Sweden, October 8, 1901, touched at Falmouth, England, for coal, leaving that port October 16, for Bue-

This *coup d'œil* demonstrated a radical difference in the character of the far-South land compared with the far North. We were upon the threshold of the last great region of geographical mystery. At 5 P.M. we had approached near enough for an initial color-sketch. Landing-parties the following day found a considerable area of rock free from snow, and obtained seals and birds, some green snow,—caused by a minute plant of the same order as that of red snow,—lichen in abundance, and a new beetle.

Rapidly gathering clouds obscured the sun with heavy forms and deep, cold blue-grays, and interspersings of pale, chilly yellow. A damp, penetrating wind from the northeast, with a counter ocean current, produced a choppy sea, and the spray flew over us, while the barometer fell suddenly. Passing through Nelson Strait, we rode out a gale in the cold gray-green waters of Bramfield Strait. All night the gale continued, and a heavy sea was still running on the morning of January 12. About 8 A.M. I went on deck. There, partly veiled by a drifting silvery mist, were Trinity Islands and the lofty mountains of Terre Louis Philippe, or Palmer Land. The captain, ensconced in the "crow's-nest," scanned the horizon for an opening into Weddell Sea, as we hoped

nos Aires, Argentina, where it arrived December 16. At this port a young ensign of the Argentine navy joined the expedition, together with the writer. On December 21 the steam-sealer *Antarctic*, with the full complement of the expedition on board, left for the south, stopping at the Falkland Islands for a day, and then at the Staten Islands, off the southernmost extremity of South America, in order to correct the magnetic instruments at the meteorological station of Argentina.

to place the winter station on the eastern coast of King Oscar II Land. Cloud-mists obscured the land, and a raw wind and a cold gray-green sea, with hurtling masses of gray overhead, ensued.

After a succession of squalls we sought the welcome shelter under the land, and, as if by the touch of a giant, Boreas fled, leaving a calm, deep-blue sea, in the waters of which whales were spouting, and dazzling ice-palaces floated in delicate tones of lilac-pink, chrome-green half-tones, and turquoise-cobalt shadows. Beyond, in imposing grandeur and beauty, was a strange mountainous land—a land of the gods—wrapped completely in an ice-mantle aeons old. There were long vistas of gleaming, winding, tortuous glacier valleys, in blinding coruscations of silvery pink and green reflections, and jagged peaks, softened by cyclopean snow fingers, over which the magic of translucent light and shade rushed with lightning speed, obscuring and revealing in bewildering succession.

A breathless silence pervaded the scene. I was busy with camera, pencil, and brush, fearful that these grandiose themes would escape, and succeeded in finishing five sketches. Charts were consulted and positions measured as we bowled along, enjoying the transition from storm to calm and comparative warmth. Some of us took boat and landed on a rocky islet as the westering sun disappeared behind gray-turquoise cloud-strata and shot a path of gleaming salmon gold across the sea.

Myriads of penguins waddled about in their solemnly comical fashion, and were not in the least disturbed by our presence until we walked among them, when they tried to bite our boots and struck at us with their little wings. Two penguins would waddle close to each other, and then, stretching their necks, with bills pointing upward, would sway to and fro, making a strange rasping sound, as if condoling with each other over our invasion of their territory. Cormorants sat round demurely, with beautiful snow-petrels, watching us in a leisurely, fearless manner. When one of the men shot a few for specimens, the noise made them fly a few yards, only to return and crane their necks with fearless curiosity over their comrades, and toward the tall, strange human animals who had such a loud cry.

Presently, with the wash of a wave, in

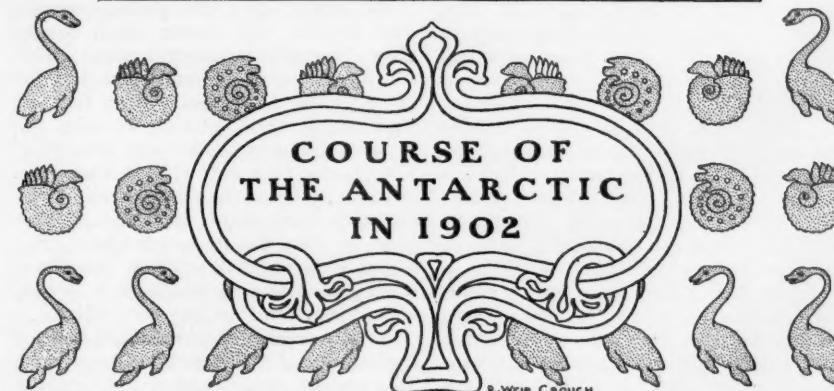
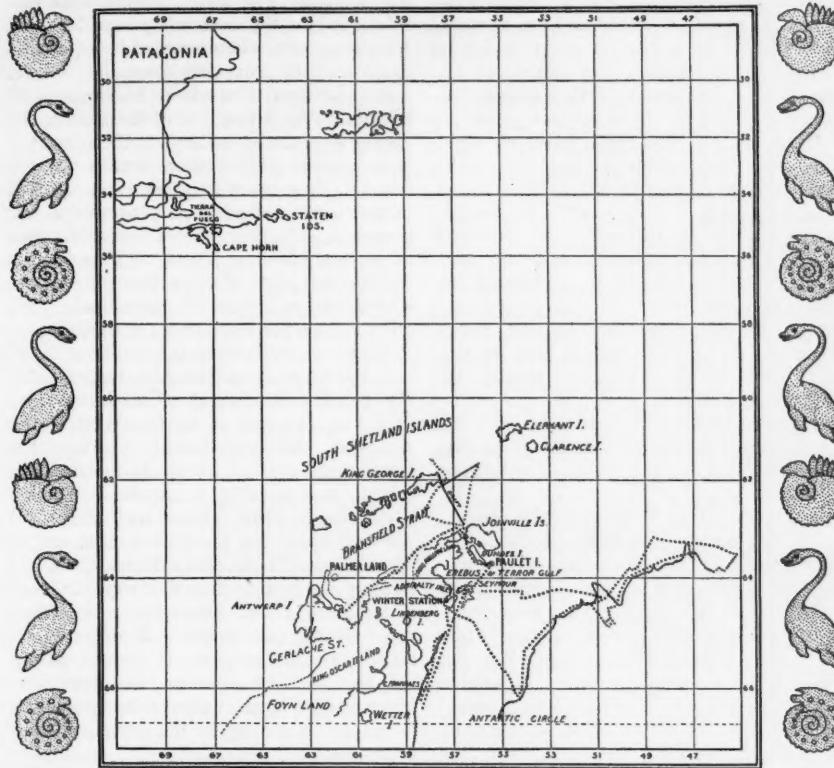
rolled a large Ross seal, which stopped a moment, and raising its small head, gave us a half-fearful, grave, questioning look from its stupid, bloodshot eyes; then it awkwardly humped and wriggled over the rocks a few yards past our feet, where it lay down and slept. The seals were entirely unaware of the presence of deadly enemies. The sensation that such a scene produces upon the mind is indeed very strange; the pathos of it is disquieting.

We returned to the *Antarctic* at 1 P.M., with specimens of lichen, stones, and a species of moss covered with mussels.

*January 13.* There was only a temporary setting of the sun, and the ship passed under the silent gaze of sentinel after sentinel of rock giants, hoary with age, calm and immovable amid a region of raging storms and bitter cold. The rocks of these stupendous heights, which pierced whirling cloud-masses of dark smoky blue, were varied shades of gray-blues and deep madder purple-gray, the glaciers' brilliance of pale, pure gold eclipsing the light of the clouds. Below, the sea was calm, with only a ripple over its surface of deep-toned gray madder of an ocherish tinge. Then distant, strange murmurings were borne through the air, and the black bodies and flukes of cetaceans moved into view, then dived down into the silence of the deep.

It was with some effort that I found energy enough to paint a large sketch of a bold unknown headland, as our little vessel turned northward. There was much discussion as to where we were. The captain believed we were in a large fiord east of Danco Land, but later it was discovered that we had been in Belgica Strait, opposite Schlautter Channel and Antwerp Island, the northeast promontory of which I had sketched.

The night came as a very bright twilight. After landing upon Danco Land, we succeeded in passing eastward through a strait between Capes Donbuzet and Kimmes, of Terre Louis Philippe on the north, and Danco Land on the south. The sky was blue and the sea was blue, and the sun shimmered gold all around. The land was mountainous on each hand, and from 1500 to 2000 feet in height, covered by a snow-mantle of brilliant pale yellow and pinkish lilac. The sea was flecked with a few large tabular bergs of pale lilac. Ahead, to starboard, giant cliffs of reddish-purple basalt



COURSE OF  
THE ANTARCTIC  
IN 1902

R. WEIR CROUCH

appeared almost denuded of ice and snow, with glittering glaciers of purest creams and turquoise blue winding their way to the sea. It was a reminder of Greenland.

*January 15.* Soon we were plowing the treacherous waters of the Erebus and Terror Gulf (well named) of Ross, gruesome in spirit, notwithstanding a clear, sunlit day. At 3 P.M. we were within a mile of Paulet Island. This island was discovered by Sir James Clark Ross on December 30, 1842. It is volcanic, with an extinct crater, and must have changed measurably since Ross saw it, for the rocks are only 200 feet in height, while he says that they seem 750 feet, and from the distance to "rise so abruptly as to render it quite inaccessible." Nevertheless, two boat-loads of sailors put off to the island for seals, and we rowed between huge ice-blocks, threading the way without much difficulty, and hauled up the boat upon a large level beach of rounded stones of a grayish-blue color.

Immediately the air was filled with the strange cries of millions of penguins that covered the shore and hillsides up to their summits.

Each one of us went about his special work, and our meteorologist proceeded to take some magnetic observations. Brownish-gray albatrosses flew and strutted about regardless of the newcomers. There were also beautiful white pigeons, gray and white gulls, and black-headed shags. But the penguins were a perfect wonder. Upon this densely populated island we heard everywhere the queer voices of these creatures as they scolded and growled, disputing our passage, with the body swelled and the feathers at the back of the head raised in anger. In the deep-blue water countless penguins disported, rising and diving in porpoise-fashion with incredible swiftness. The roar of the surf, the distant thunder of huge ice-masses breaking from glaciers, glistening in the brilliant, crisp sunlight, in delicate alabaster, turquoise, and cobalt blue, and the blowing sound of huge fin-back whales, added charm to a scene of wondrous beauty and weirdness.

A few rods inland there was a good-sized pond the shores of which were seamed with well-trodden paths which wound up the sides of the hills. Along these paths or roads long lines of sober penguins waddled, hopped, and sprawled, in their

black-backed, white-breasted coats, their little wings extended, resembling ill-made flowing sleeves to a swallow-tailed coat. Solemn swallow-tailed guards were posted upon rocks and lumps of ice, and there seemed to be a well-organized system of government. The skua-gulls are their enemies, robbing the nests of eggs and young. Family groups, when invaded by a penguin from another group, set upon the invader and either send him about his business or kill him. As it was late in the season, the young were almost as large as their parents, and covered with a soft, mauve-colored down. They stood helpless, close to their mothers, while the fathers protested at our presence. The nests were formed of a ring of stones, which the males pilfered, each for his own particular family. The whole island was redolent of guano of a pink color; the odor was almost nauseating.

When we embarked it was about 8:30 P.M. We sped toward the ship, that, toy-like, lay several miles distant, a little black atom in this great space of azure and lilac-pink and gold. Again on deck, I repaired to the cabin and groped in its darkness for a match, and lighting a candle, found the sketch-box. Then hurrying above, I climbed upon the poop-deck over empty barrels, rusty chains, and various debris, and placing the box on a coil of rope, finished a sketch in about twenty minutes, when the welcome call of *spieza* from our pale-faced steward brought me back to practical things. We had no fire for heating purposes in the cabins other than that furnished by a lamp in the gun-room, and everything was very damp.

We moved through gloomy weather over Erebus and Terror Gulf, toward Cape Seymour, a tawny-colored island entirely free from ice and snow, but full of penguins. After delays from fog and ice we landed and left a record-cairn. At 11 A.M., January 18, we were in sight of King Oscar II Land, with Mount Jason towering high into the clouds, covered with the everlasting snow, in lilac-turquoise-gray. It was some thirty miles away, over a vast level sheet of ice-floe. Overhead the sky was a soft blackish blue, deepening into a band of mellow gray gendarme-blue.

We had reached the Antarctic Circle. A cry from one of the sailors drew our attention to a strange upright object standing motionless upon the sea-ice. It resembled an

uncouth, uncanny human being. The dark creature moved its head, but without uttering a sound. This strange being turned its small dark head upon a close, short neck attached to a heavy but graceful black-and-white feathered body, as if in doubt and somewhat uneasy at the approach of the ship. All was silence save the smothered beat of the propeller, the soft lapping of the waves against the ice, and the swish and creak of the floes as they jammed against one another. The propeller ceased its revolutions, a boat was swung over the side, and the crack of a rifle broke the stillness. We were soon rowing over the blackish-gray purple waters of the floe, where the wounded creature reclined on cream-white snow. It uttered no cry of alarm or pain, but mutely suffered, eying us with a strange indifference. When we were within several feet of it, the creature seemed to recognize that we were enemies, and made a few weak movements to escape; but the sailors strangled it easily, and were soon dragging the body of an emperor penguin through the snow. The bird is well named, for there is a certain melancholy majesty about it. It measured three and a half feet in height and weighed seventy-six pounds.

*January 20.* During the approach to this beautiful snowland I was painting one effect after another without a moment's pause, until I had added four sketches to my color-record. Enormous tabular-shaped bergs were everywhere, and were many miles in extent, covered with a crisp snow. Where this was wanting, there were ravishing gleams of turquoise and cobalt blues. The malachite-green hues prevalent in the Arctic were rare.

It was found impracticable to transport stores over the ice-floes thirty miles to land, and at 10 P.M., as the barometer was falling, we sped eastward to find, if possible, a break in the ice. Far, far away, in the distant west, under a burst of pale yellow-ocherish gold light and misty gray-blue clouds, a new cordillera appeared, with serrated peaks and glaciers, bathed by the waning light. I painted while they gradually faded behind a veil of pale pearlish gold.

*Weddell Sea, February 2.* There were no church bells for us, but instead the swish and roar of the heavy seas breaking over us, the moanings and groanings of the little

vessel's timbers, and the heavy shock, now and then, as we collided with a bit of ice. I had been gradually awakened by the increasing din of the gale. Every large wave brought something down to the floor with a crash, and I wearily peered through the darkness and confusion at the dull glimmer of the bull's-eye, which betokened the dawn. Sleep was impossible, so I arose and dressed with difficulty, and climbing over fallen obstacles, went up on deck. It was 3 A.M. A few dim figures of sailors were hauling away at the sheets, their melancholy cry mingling with the keen, searching wind and seething spray. Dark gray-green waves, almost mountainous, were rolling up against the pale fire of the newly risen sun, the beams of which burst through the cloud-masses. Here was a fine subject, and no time must be lost. Chilled with the cold, but warm with enthusiasm, I soon emerged on deck with sketching-materials. The sketch-box was placed upon the carpenter's tool-chest and secured with twine, and baring my hands in order to work quickly, I placed the colors as rapidly as possible, considering the difficulties of keeping upright, and the hardening of the colors from the cold. In about fifteen minutes the effect had been caught, and, chilled through and aching with cold, I hurriedly closed the sketch-box and groped down the companionway, past the gun-room and its miasmatic odors, into my cabinet, which was a chaos of boxes, books, and wearing-apparel, and soon threw myself between warm blankets and dozed restlessly until breakfast. As the day advanced the gale ceased, and the gray fog hung heavily, through which the soft white snow-petals silently flurried and fell.

Presently the fog disappeared, disclosing great numbers of blue whales spouting far and near, some coming within three fathoms of the *Antarctic*. A large gray-brown mauve-colored albatross, a peculiar species of the stormy petrel, also approached. Blue petrels, with beautiful blue feet, and Cape pigeons hovered astern. This was an eventful day for all, as we turned back after reaching latitude  $63^{\circ} 29'$  south, longitude  $43^{\circ} 39'$  west. The sounding-line touched at 3500 meters. We were making direct for Cape Seymour, and scudded through another gale during the night. The shepherd-dogs were all in mourning, for the ship and the weather

did not suit them; but the Eskimo dogs, now old salts, strutted about with their tails curled tight over their backs, as the climate reminded them of old times, but aimlessly, with the ears in a flabby pose, indicating clearly that their brains wanted occupation.

*Sunday, February 9.* At 4 A.M. Howells Island, and at 6 A.M. Cape Seymour and Cockburn Island, were in sight, and there was a rough sea with a south wind. At 5 P.M. a heavy gale was blowing from the south, with thick fog and snow hiding everything but the stormy seas close at hand. The deck was slippery from seal-blubber and ice and snow. With a wind blowing twenty-one meters per second, it required some agility to cross even the waist of the ship. Returning to the cabin and the sketch I was painting between the lurches and rolls of the vessel, I was called up on deck. After an acrobatic ascent of the companionway, I managed to open and close the door, and holding on to any projection that offered, looked around. Cockburn Island, to the left, was almost hidden in a deep atmospheric gray mauve, inclining to turquoise cobalt, the threatening cloud-masses almost one tone of warm gray underneath, a mountainous mass of purplish-gray cloud-legions of a cumulus character, with a single opening of rich golden mellow ochre light casting a faint glimmer over the iron-like, heavy, storm-swept, gray-green waves rolling in from Erebus and Terror Gulf. The blasts of wind howled through the rigging continually, and the waves struck us heavily. We were heaving to in the lee of Cape Seymour for safety. Now and then a ghost-like iceberg suddenly appeared through the driving fog and spume, calmly, majestically pursuing its course, unaffected by the rage of the elements, like some mighty spirit from another world. All night the vessel labored, and by February 10 we had lost a sail, and the sailors had frost-bitten hands, but the storm had flown with its furies. The *Antarctic* was sheathed in ice. I was hard at work on deck sketching Terre Louis Philippe from Erebus and Terror Gulf, the first promontory to the left of Cape Gordon. The night shadows brought the storm, and again we were lying in the shelter of an iceberg.

*Off Sidney Herbert Bay, Tuesday, February 11.* The ice blown from the south by the storm separated us from the land. Looking across the comparatively calm

waters of dark-mauve black-green-gray, the eye met a cold blue tone of turquoise ice, then a burst of creamy-white light along an undulating billowy mass, with delicate cloud-shapes hurrying over the snow-covered land of Terre Louis Philippe, broken by rock-juttings of deep purple, and, just above, a long, narrow strip of perfect azure, the first we had seen for days. In the empyrean hung a threatening cloud of dark reddish gray-purple, but the sun burst into a crescendo of glory, speeding it to the south. The air became balmy, and color-harmonies were seen on every side. The heavy ice-floes were brilliant in delicate lilac half-tones and purple and madder-pink shadows. Reaching the main body of the ice before dinner, we were crunching between the heavy floes until about nine in the evening, when we reached comparatively open water. I was now painting with an enjoyment of comfort that had been lacking for some time.

*Wednesday, February 12.* Bright and sunny. We were at last in Admiralty Inlet. A little space in the dun-colored mountains to the left of a great glacier was pointed out where we purposed landing to find a site for the winter station. About seven in the morning we rowed ashore. The boat danced over the blue waves, and the air from the ice was keen. It was delicious to drink in the sunlight from the pure azure and the sparkling sea. After a thirty minutes' row we came to a low shore, along which was scattered a fringe of huge ice-blocks of turquoise and cobalt blues, showing at their tops fantastic forms of sea-water arrested and frozen during the recent tempest. After choosing the site, I climbed up a hill and saw that the land looked like an island, with a strait of open water to the northwest of the glacier, and two small islands. We returned to the *Antarctic*, breakfasting at ten o'clock. Preparations were made at once to land stores for the winter party. The setting sun was the most dazzling gold, in a setting of pale yet rich golden salmon-pink at the horizon, merging into turquoise-pink, yellow, delicate violet, and finally into the deep blue turquoise-cobalt of the zenith. The sun flashed its blinding gold across a perfectly calm sea, the glacier to the left being a deep purple-cobalt blue, tintured with the sun's madder and gold, while the cliff on the right was a deep yet grayish purple

and madder-brown, and the ice-floes at a little distance showed pure turquoise tints of cobalt and delicate rose. The sky was Eastern in its aspect, and somewhat characteristic of Egypt.

*February 13.* Bright and beautiful sunlight. All was noise, bustle, and confusion. Two whale-boats lashed together and covered with a platform were used to carry goods and provisions ashore. The frame of the winter house was put together. The decks were slippery with grease and filth. Poor dogs! In a measure they had become accustomed to their floating home, but none of them liked it. The Eskimo dogs were aware that land was near, and their tails were screwed up tight over their backs in consequence.

*Friday, February 14.* Fine and clear. By 4 P.M. farewells were said. The captain was in the crow's-nest, the crew below in the forecastle, and the scientific party was on deck. The Swedish flag was dipped, while the little whale-boat of the winter party grew smaller as our vessel threaded its way between the floes, out of the inlet, during which time many themes for the brush appeared. At supper we numbered six instead of ten, and the absent ones were missed. All retired early after the fatigue and excitement.

*February 19.* We returned to Admiralty Inlet after reaching the latitude of Robertson Island in a vain attempt to place a cache on either Robertson or Wetter Island, or on Cape Framnaes, and make a far southing. Our portion had been a continuous succession of gales and impassable ice. The decks were slippery and bloody and redolent of seals. The rigging was covered with a beautiful hoar-frost. From horizon to horizon there was a cold, black, bluish-gray sea, icebergs in mirage and in reality, with savage gray snow-squalls crossing the pale band of horizon light.

Some stormy petrels and brown-and-white Cape pigeons enlivened the melancholy scene, and in the far distance could be discerned the lofty spray columns from blue whales. I completed a memory sketch of an effect seen in Admiralty Inlet.

We returned to the winter station on February 21. Finding the party well, and taking farewell letters, we steamed out again at five in the afternoon. In the interim I painted three sketches, becoming thoroughly chilled and suffering from aching

fingers. After hastily warming myself, I remained on deck painting more effects, which required much memorizing, as the panorama changed rapidly.

*February 23.* We had been through one gale after another, and although it was again calm, the threatening gray sky remained, with the ghastly glittering "ice-blink" in all quarters, an unwelcome sign that the ice was all about us. In the southwest by west a single band of black-blue sky, a "water sky," remained; and if that lead had proved unavailable, we should have been frozen in for the winter. At 3 P.M. the lead was still ahead, in the new strait. We had entered between Terre Joinville and Terre Louis Philippe. To port was an uncharted island, very steep, with a natural archway at its southwestern extremity, almost entirely ice-free, and of a dunnish purple-gray.

By 7 P.M. we had passed into a comparatively ice-free sea, and as we were congratulating ourselves upon our escape, the heavy clouds parted, disclosing a lofty double-coned volcano, completely snow-covered, rising majestically thousands of feet from vast curved ice-hills, the sea-walls of which rose three hundred feet above the sea. Huge whales spouted in all directions. The wondrous blue bergs, together with the complete ice-covering of the land, and the great quantity of storms and grisly colors, are some of the most distinctive features of the Antarctic as compared with the Arctic world. By 11 P.M. we were free of the ice-locked strait, and lying for the night in the lee of an unknown ice-covered island north of the Dausay Islands. The sailors' tread upon the snow-covered decks gave a crisp, crunching sound, indicative of the cold.

*February 24.* Rain and squally; our latitude  $63^{\circ} 3'$ , longitude  $53^{\circ} 20'$  west. It was a day of discomfort, and one in which we had a miraculous escape.

All night the gale blew, and I was unable to sleep, on account of the pitching and rolling. Through the din I could hear the stroke of 3 A.M. in the gun-room. Curious about my belongings, I lighted a candle and groped over fallen chairs, boxes, and all sorts of apparel, and found all safe. Returning to the cabin, I read and then tried to sleep, but was soon disturbed by voices and hurrying feet above. Some one came down the companionway, and a conversa-

tion ensued between the captain and the second mate. Then the song of the sailors rose faint and distant, as if in a wail of supplication, above the shrill blasts. At breakfast the captain related that at six o'clock, amid the thick fog, a huge iceberg suddenly appeared on the port bow, while the gale was blowing us upon the colossus, against which huge seas broke. It was only three ships' length from us. We were just able to pass by this imminent peril.

The gale rose in fury. Work was impossible. I remained on deck a great part of the day. Most of the men were in their bunks. Cape pigeons, gray albatrosses, gray pigeons, and the little stormy petrel, were nesting cozily on the heaving seas in our lee, feeding upon the animalcula that come to the surface in storms.

*Wednesday, February 26.* A black day; a gray day as to sky and seas, but black in its hidden dangers. All night the storm blew with violence. There were hurried voices amid the booming and din of the tempest as sea after sea struck the little vessel, which emitted frightful strainings and groanings, mingled with the crash of falling pots, pans, chairs, and the tremulous beatings of the propeller as the stern was lifted out of the water. We breakfasted at 10 A.M., standing. The captain believed that we were in much danger of being driven upon the ice-clad rocks of the South Shetland Islands. He was trying to keep the ship off to the northward. We lost our best whale-boat, part of the starboard bulwarks in the waist, and a portion of the shrouds. The carpenter, with a gang of men, constructed in my former cabin a hatch-door for the companionway, in case its covering should be washed away. The sailors came through the gunroom and between decks to go forward, as the waist was washed continually by heavy seas. Oil was poured upon the water to calm it, but with what effect I was not able to perceive. Some of the men locked themselves in their cabins. I managed to gather all my sketches and seal them in tin cylinders which I had provided for such an emergency, in the hope that if we should founder they might be picked up. Then

I slowly made my way to the bridge. It was a wild scene. A light-gray impenetrable mist with snow was driving in fierce squalls over the surging waves, rendering it impossible to see ahead. The fitful light of the sun shone through the mist toward noon, a pale, misty, greenish yellow. The seas swept under and over us from the starboard and almost broadside, as the engines of the *Antarctic* were too feeble to keep her head to the wind. One of the discouraging features was that the South Shetlands were imperfectly known and charted. At the wheel were two men in tarpaulins, grizzly and shaggy, and covered with ice-frost. The cabins were foul with the stench of bilge-water, and I went on deck to breathe a little fresh air, and was immediately drenched by the waves.

There was a break—a slight, transient break—of palest blue amid the swiftly hurrying storm-mists and a faint yellowish gray to windward, when all became suffused with a pearlish-turquoise tinge. At the evening meal we stood waiting in silence the captain's arrival. Presently he groped his way down the steep companionway in oilskins, and, without waiting for a query, turned and announced that we had just cleared the rocks. When I thanked him, he characteristically replied: "I t'ank mysel'."

The storm had blown us fifty miles westward, and at eight in the evening land was sighted, which proved to be Elephant Island of the South Shetland group. Afterward we found that we had been within less than two English miles of those terrible rocks. Our position, February 27, at 10 A.M., was between Elephant and King George islands. We rejoiced in a southerly wind, and set foretopsail and jib. The gray mists hung about us, effectually shutting out the ice from our sight, and I felt that I had painted my last Antarctic sketch. At night, on February 28, as the evening shadows fell through the gray, the red and green port and starboard lights were put in position for the first time in many days.

At the Falkland Islands I boarded a steamer from Valparaiso, and proceeded to Montevideo and thence to the United States.





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EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. IX: M. GEORGES THESMAR,  
BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

BRACKEN AT LEONARDSLEE

## AN ENGLISH GAME-PARK

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH M. GLEESON AND CHARLES R. KNIGHT

### I. SIR EDMUND LODER'S SEAT AT LEONARDSLEE, SUSSEX

BY JOSEPH M. GLEESON

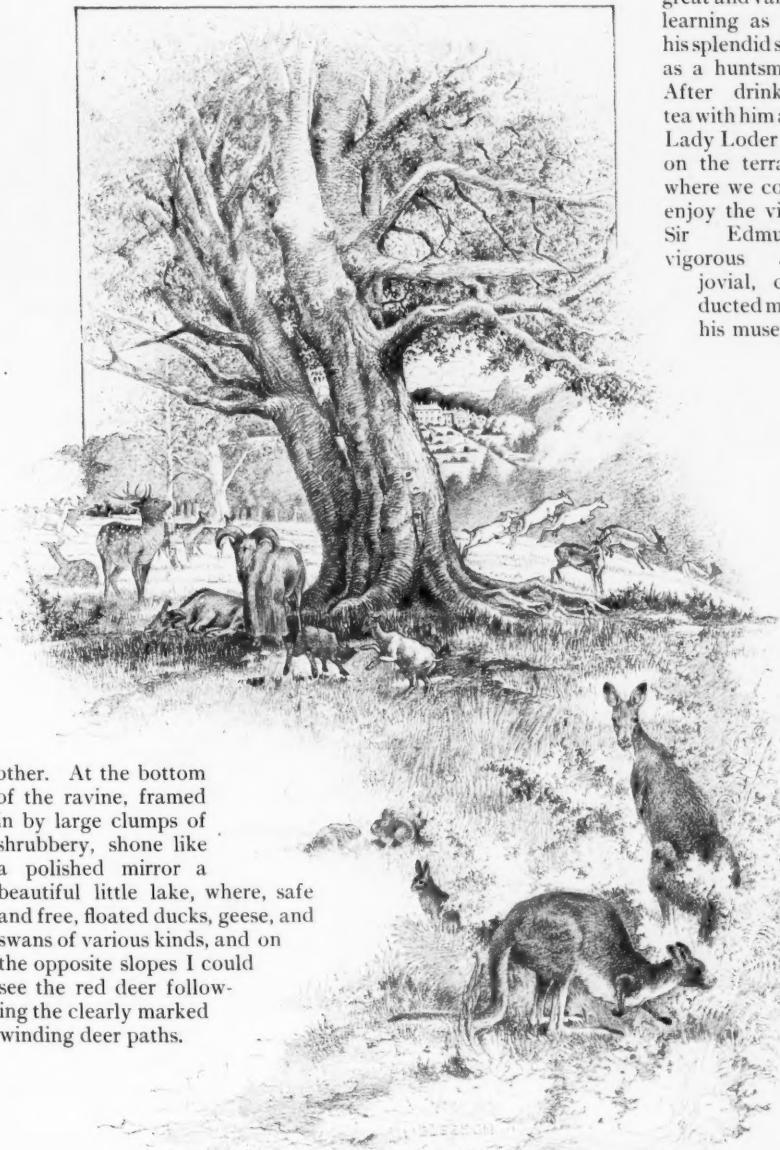
ONLY two hours before I was in the thick of the turmoil of London life as it is to be had at Victoria Station, and now I sat joyfully among the twisted roots of a giant beech, surrounded by the beasts of the field, and gazed upon as fair a prospect as heart of man could desire.

The sky was clear and blue, just flecked with a few lumpy white clouds. A gentle breeze tempered the warm midday sun, the birds sang gaily, and it was hard to realize that I had but just been part of a world where hundreds of thousands of people could never even dream that so fair an

imitation of Eden was almost at their door. Countless rabbits hopped busily about me. An old partridge, leading her brood, stole warily from one bunch of bracken to another. A quiet little muntjac browsed in the shade of a clump of giant ferns. In the broad, cool shadow of a neighboring beech reposed, in dignified calmness, a small flock of aoudads, the grizzly patriarch of the flock silhouetted in monumental lines against a blazing green background, while the funny little kids gambolled gaily about him. Down the steep sides of the long ravine that divides the park, among the

dark pine-trees, I could see now and then the dappled chestnut-colored forms of the Japanese deer. Their antlers were becoming hard, and the young bucks occasionally made a few tentative passes at one an-

On a grand height facing the ravine, surrounded by broad terraces gay with flowering shrubs, stood the lordly mansion where dwells the master of this noble demesne, Sir Edmund Loder, a gentleman as well known for his great and varied learning as for his splendid skill as a huntsman. After drinking tea with him and Lady Loder out on the terrace, where we could enjoy the view, Sir Edmund, vigorous and jovial, conducted me to his museum.



other. At the bottom of the ravine, framed in by large clumps of shrubbery, shone like a polished mirror a beautiful little lake, where, safe and free, floated ducks, geese, and swans of various kinds, and on the opposite slopes I could see the red deer following the clearly marked winding deer paths.

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A VIEW IN THE PARK, SHOWING THE MANSION IN THE DISTANCE

It is literally crammed with natural-history subjects—horns, skulls, pelts, and stuffed specimens. Here reposes a huge African elephant's skull. Sir Edmund placed a finger in the hole where the ball

of the entire world are here, nearly all victims to the deadly aim of the master, who passed rapidly from group to group, talking quickly and with the knowledge of a scientist and a scholar. He is considered one of



A NETWORK OF DEER PATHS

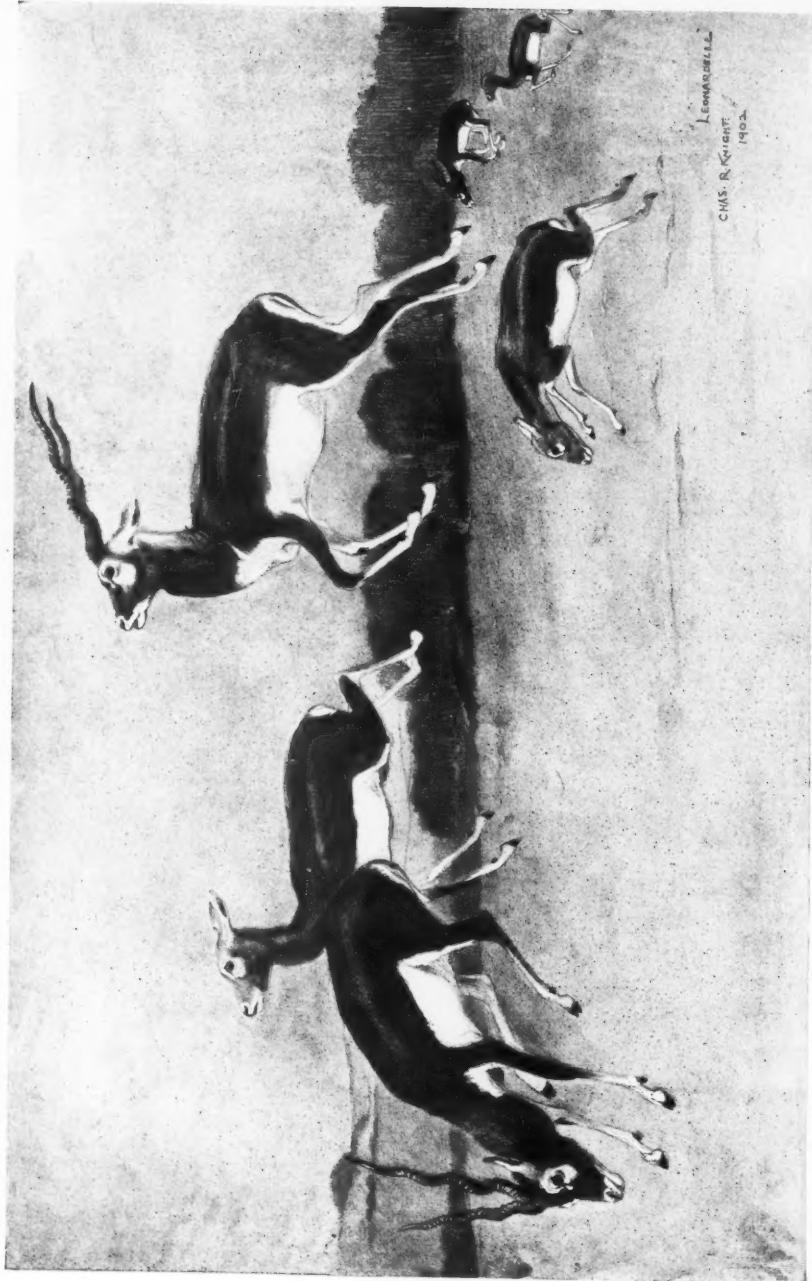
entered that brought him down when but a few paces from the hardy huntsman. In a corner crouches a huge Bengal tiger, to which another thrilling tale is attached. Towering aloft, stands a fine skeleton of the extinct Irish elk. Here are a mammoth skull and tusks. Specimens of the fauna

the best shots in England, and I could not help thinking that the scientific world suffered a severe loss through his becoming so keen a sportsman.

Near the house, in a small paddock, are some timid, hairy little South American cavies, and dainty, nervous Persian ga-



WHERE THE RABBITS FEEL AT HOME



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick  
INDIAN ANTELOPE JUMPING

zelles, the little buck so plucky, and even savage, that it had been found necessary to cut his horns. It is a curious thing that this delicately shaped animal, weighing perhaps forty pounds, is so strong that a single man cannot possibly hold him. Sir Edmund on one occasion was knocked down by him.

On entering the park, one is impressed by the beauty of the trees. Huge oaks and beeches throw great circular patches of dark shadow. Groups of Scotch fir, their strangely twisted limbs shining like copper in the sunlight, reminded me of the copies in the drawing-books of a generation ago. Against the dark masses of the pines gleam the white stems of the silver birch, while here and there are dark clumps of holly carefully wired in for protection from the animals. Great tufts of bracken dot the open park—miniature forests, where roam at will the gray rabbits, the quiet little muntjac, and the baby kangaroos. On the edge of the park I came upon a village of prairie-dogs, just as busy, just as watchful, and as much at home, as on the broad prairies, only here they share their burrows with the rabbits, and their shrill warning cry seems to answer for both.

Going down the steep hillside into the ravine, I passed a small colony of South

American coypous, the largest of the rodents, and resembling the beaver, though smaller, and with a tail that is rat-like. Walking along the shores of the lake, I amused myself watching the various broods of young aquatic fowl. Then crossing over, I followed a deeply worn deer path up the opposite hill, starting up here and there all kinds of game—deer hiding their fawns in the bracken, kangaroos, pheasants, partridges, and, of course, everywhere rabbits. The top of the hill is crowned by a noble forest, primeval in character. Here and there I found rustic shelter-houses, constructed for the use of the animals in stormy weather, and, by the marks, I saw that these perfectly wild creatures appreciate their use.

Emerging from the forest on the other side, a wonderful sight met my eyes. Here, on a high rolling plain, all the grazing animals of the park were represented. One quick glance at me, and they were off for the deep shelter of the wood.

From this point the view of the country is superb, extending in rolling plains almost to the sea. I have since visited many of the notable parks of England, Ireland, and Scotland, but to my mind Leonardslee Park, as an animal preserve, is the most complete, the most interesting, of them all.

## II. FOREIGN ANIMALS AT LEONARDSLEE

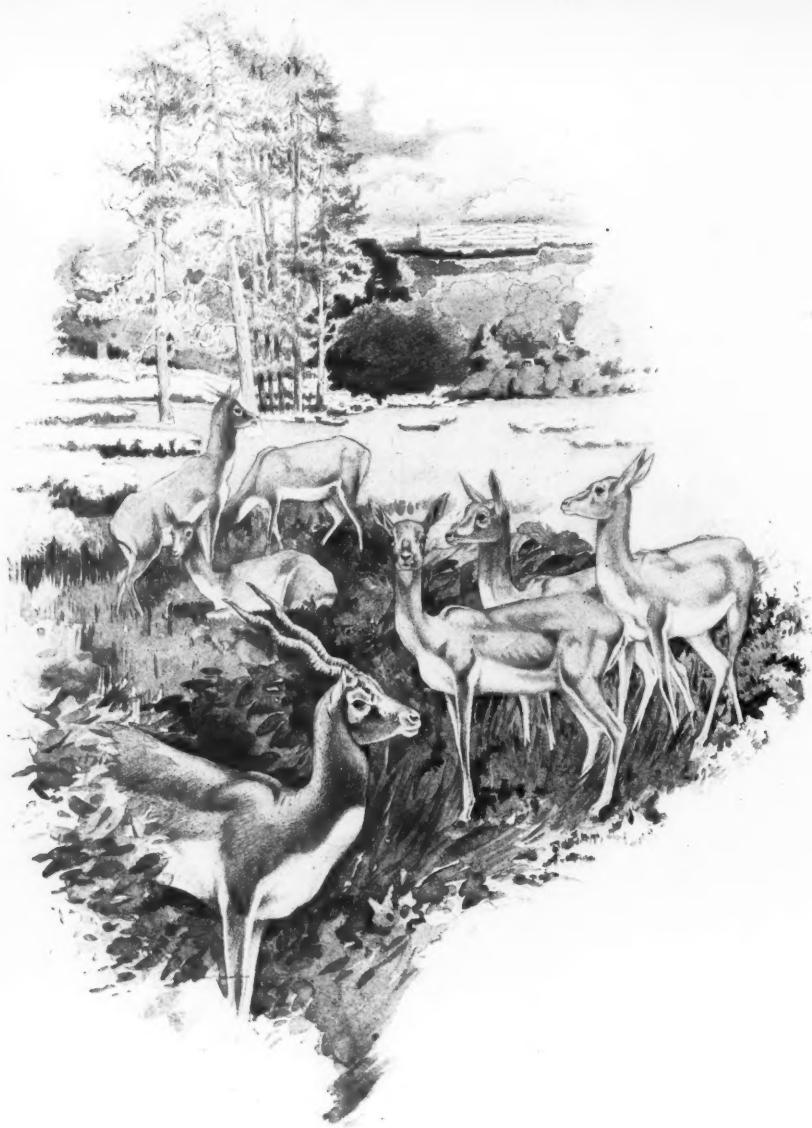
BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

THE country surrounding Leonardslee, the residence of Sir Edmund Loder, is wild and rather rugged. Fortunately all the natural features have been preserved in the park. The hills are steep, and the sheltered valleys afford excellent protection for the herds of Indian antelope, Japanese, axis, and other deer.

The game is wild and almost unapproachable, owing to the secluded character of the situation. On our first visit to Leonardslee, we were so fortunate as to see the Indian antelope in rapid motion, a most curious and novel sight. As we approached, the herd, which had been lying down, rose in a body and faced us, the bucks stamping impatiently and get-

ting ready to move. Then, as we began running toward them, off they went in a twinkling, bounding along much after the manner of deer. Suddenly the foremost bucks rose lightly from the ground several feet in the air, as if on springs, and coming down stiff-legged, they bounded upward again and again, until the whole herd was literally sailing through the air, rising and falling like so many birds. This extraordinary movement continued until they vanished in the thick scrub which covers the sides of the hills.

At present there are about thirty-five of these graceful creatures in the preserve, and as they breed regularly, the number bids fair to increase. Besides the animals



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

INDIAN ANTELOPE, OR BLACK BUCK

already mentioned, the park contains wild turkeys, Sardinian mouflon, kangaroos, muntjacs, beavers, and a great variety of water-fowl.

Sir Edmund's house is built on the top of a hill, with a commanding outlook over the

park. On the opposite hills a network of paths is seen, made by the game in their daily wanderings in search of food. The paths are worn smooth, and wind back and forth through the scrub in a most intricate manner.

It has been Sir Edmund's earnest wish to acclimate the various creatures on the estate, and, so far, he seems to have succeeded very well. This is perhaps the driest part of England, and for this reason, as well as from the quantity and quality of the food, the stock thrives splendidly.

The dense bracken covering the hillsides gives cover to the small animals, whose rustlings, as they scurry to and fro, may be heard in all directions.

A tiny wallaby (small kangaroo) dashed past us as we walked along, sitting up at some distance like a frightened rabbit.

The movements of the larger kangaroos while running are very interesting. The powerful tail, held out stiffly at a downward angle of about forty-five degrees to the tip, which curves slightly upward, moves up and down like a pump-handle at each jump, and serves to steady the creature in its onward flight. Its speed is very considerable, as it easily keeps up with the Indian antelopes while running in the same bunch. Of the lesser game there is not much to be said, except that, as usual in all the parks, shooting goes on here in the autumn to keep down the increase.



## A FRENCHMAN CANNOT ALWAYS WORK

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

**C**OME, Clarisse! put by hay-rake!  
This sun is hot enough to bake,  
And those who keep to the fields to-day  
Must scorch and shrivel like drying hay;  
But where the blackberry-patches lie,  
Birches give shade and a brook runs by.

"Come, Clarisse! and I will show  
The place where ripe blackberries grow—  
A cool, still place, so hid away,  
The sun won't find it even to-day;  
A place so still, fawns dare to leap,  
So still, the wood-duck floats asleep.

"Come, Clarisse! throw rake aside!  
The wood's cool arms are open wide,  
Leaf-cooled the air stirs in the wood;  
To-day a change will do us good—  
Moss is better than plow-fields rough,  
Blackberry-picking is work enough!

"Don't scold, Clarisse, and say I shirk—  
A Frenchman cannot always work!"

# OVERHAULING THE POLITICIANERS

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

Author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

  
HESE here plaguy bell-b'ys an' groaners is a ter'ble ole nuisance, you!" exclaimed Cap'n Roundturn, as he appropriated his usual chair in Simeon's store one windy October evening. "I did n't make out to ketch scurly a wink o' sleep all last night on account o' that set-fired groaner gov'mint has went to work an' planted out there on them s'utheast ledges this summer, an' I don't see no sight for ary wink to-night, neither. By spells I git thinkin' how I'll jes turn to some day an' write off a piece to Washin'ton, there, 'bout the whole business."

"Don't blame ye a mite, cap'n," said Job Gaskett, decidedly. "You're jes the very man can do that same thing up in good shape, an' there ain't no manner o' doubt but what them to'mented pol'ticianers out there needs overhaulin' bad enough. The way I look at it, all the reason in God's world ever them groaners an' all them kind o' things was got up for anyways is jes merely to help out them yacht fellers; an' now the people's got to turn to an' foot the bills."

"That's jes the case to a dot," returned Cap'n Roundturn, his furrowed face fast taking on a stern expression. "I been knowin' to jes how this thing was workin' for some consid'ble time sence now, an' soon's ever I can git round to it, I cal'late to up an' give some o' them pol'ticianers a good hot one right betwixt wind an' water, as the ole feller said.

"I dunno how 't is, but, one way or 'nother, some o' them big herbs out there

to Washin'ton 'pears to run away 'long o' the idee that us folks all down through this section hereaways is ter'ble mod'rit an' easy-goin' like; but mebbe they'll find out some day we don't cal'late to stan' not quite everything, no more 'n a blame'stone drag doos. There's folks here yit that's got a grain o' buckram left into 'em, ef they do live a piece in from the ro'd."

"That's the ticket, cap'n!" cried Job, again. "Take an' poke it right to 'em! I'll resk but what you'll make out to say it over to them fellers in good shape soon's ever you once git het up to it a grain. The way I look at them things, there ain't no ways the leastest mite o' call for no sich horrid shindy goin' on outside here every time the wind takes a notion to cant to the east'ard an' kick up a grain o' chop. Lord sakes, you! why, here's folks been runnin' for this harbor in all kinds o' chances ever sence Adam was a yearlin', you may say, thick-o'-fog an' thick-o'-snow, by daytimes an' by nighttimes, blow high or blow low, an' nobody did n't use to claim but what them two or three ole spar-b'ys was all-sufficient. You nor me nor none o' our folks here to this Cove never had no great trouble workin' in an' out, that's dum sure."

"Well, seem's though we allus made out to git 'long tol'ble easy, an' done consid'ble dodgin' back'ards an' forwards too," said Cap'n Roundturn. "Here's all the vess'l's pooty much gone from round here at this day o' the world; but for the reason, prob'ly, that some big herb amongst them yachters kind o' got balled up tryin' to find his way in here 'cause the sun hap-

pened to slip behind a cloud, I think 's likely, why, gov'mint turns to right off an' plants a set-fired groaner on them outer ledges, an' a bell-b'y chock aboard on her there to the 'Hue an' Cry,' to say nothin' o' the horn there to the light. That 's jes what gov'mint doos, sir, an' now, jes though we wa'n't nigh rid under with taxes a'ready, we folks has got to not jes merely turn to an' pay for sich fool-works outen our own wallets, but we 're obleegeed to lay awake by night-times an' suffer same 's so many blame' thole-pins a-listenin' to the dinged rumpus."

"I 'll tell ye what 't is," put in Simeon from his high desk. "Betwixt me an' you an' the win'lass-bitts, from what little ever I seen o' them yachters, seem 's though 't is a dod-blown mera-clle they ain't every soul on 'em drownded off the fust sea-son."

"Well, now, I 'll be jiggered ef 't ain't some sing'lar how them fellers doos make out to skin round summertimes same 's they do," declared Cap'n Job Gaskett. "You tell 'bout how the Lord allus cal'lates to take extry good care o' fools an' summer boarders; looks to me jes though that 'ere sayin' ought to be rigged over so 's to rope in them yachters, too!"

"Oh, Godfrey Mighty, now!" exclaimed Cap'n Roundturn, "it 's safe to jes leave alone o' them fellers for gittin' took the best o' care on every time. The way the thing is workin' now, they ain't runnin' no great resk o' life, that 's dead sure. I would n't wonder myself a mite ef they cal'lated to have groaners an' bell-b'ys an' b'acons an' monymints an' all sich works close 'nough aboard one 'nother yit

so 's 't they won't never lose sight o' one astarn 'fore ever they 'll make the next one ahead."

"Yas," added Cap'n Gaskett, with good-natured sarcasm; "an' have a life-savin' station on the beach betwixt every b'y, with the strictes' ole kind o' orders never to leave them yachters go out o' sight o' their glasses."

"EggSac'ly!" cried Cap'n Round-

turn, giving his thigh a resounding slap with a ponderous hand. "That 's about what 's com'in' to. But I take pertikler notice there wa'n't no groaners, nor no bell-b'ys, nor no nothin' scurzely, when me an' you went, an' there was two dezen sail o' vess'l's them days to every one blame' hooker there is goin' now'days."

"Oh, well, you forgit they had n't commenced yachtin' of it no great, them days," observed Job.

"That 's jes the thing on 't," returned the cap'n. "A passel o' com-monlumbercoasters an' fishermen wa'n't wuth gov'mint's payin' no kind o' 'tention to, 't ain't

likely. Let them kind stivver, sink, or swim, says gov'mint; but mind ye, quick 's ever these here rich young squirts o' college fellers commences to yacht it a grain, 't was a cat o' 'nother color ter'ble sudden. Seem 's though gov'mint could n't make out to stick down b'ys an' slap up lights an' b'acons fast 'nough, there was sich a set-fired stew for fear some one o' them yachters 'd git skeered to death or sunthin'. Not but what them kind needs all the help they can git to keep 'em clear o' trouble; for it 's seldom ever I run afoul o' one on 'em yit that did n't 'pear to be more or less lackin'-like. Maybe they 're borned that



"I 'LL TELL YE WHAT 'T IS,' PUT IN SIMEON FROM HIS HIGH DESK"



"RICH YOUNG SQUIRTS O' COLLEGE FELLERS"

way, o' course, but I sh'd sooner say, in room o' bein' no benefit to 'em, 't is this here to'mented great jag o' college-learnin' that makes 'em 'pear so numb an' logy-like; same 's you turn to an' load your vess'l scuppers under with a hold full o' green lumber chock to her hatches, an' a' eight-foot deck-load piled 'top o' that. You can't never expect to do nothin' with her in a sea, without it is to jes' slump an' waller—you can't git no sail outen her no more 'n ef she was a blame' ole toad in a bucket o' tar. All the way in God's world ever you'll git a move on to her is to wait an' let the sea all smoothen down same 's a summer lake; then take an' let your wind breezen up good an' fresh right chock aft, an' mebbe you'll make out to git somewhere inside a month o' Sundays. Now, it allus looked to me a good deal that way with them 'ere college fellers. Ef you cal'late on gittin' anything more 'n jes' merely a nat'ral drift out o' them kind, you want to stan' by an' take a master slick chance for it."

"Well, there, you!" put in Sheriff Winds-eye, "ain't that 'ere part an' passel o' jes what I've allus been tellin' of ye? You take an' ship off a young feller to one o' them colleges, an', I don't care how smart an' likely he is, soon's ever he gits out ag'in he might full better go up an' lay right down back o' the meetin'-house there,

for all the good he'll ever be to hisself nor nobody else neither."

"Yas, yas, I know," assented Cap'n Roundturn. "You can't tell me nothin' 'bout all that 'ere, Cap'n Windseye. But, ye see, the fools ain't all on 'em dead yit awhile; ef they was, the bulk o' these here colleges 'd bust up inside o' twelvemonth. For king's sake! whad they 'mount to, anyways? I cal'late my idees an' yourn is full better 'n theirn, any day in the week. Why, see here, now!" exclaimed the cap'n, warming up to his subject. "More'n thirty year sence, I heared a preacher say one time how eddication an' rum an' money was bound to be the ruination o' the country, an' set-fire ef 't ain't pooty nigh come true a'ready. You take it betwixt these here rich college fellers an' them dod-blown syndrics there, an' I want to know what show is they for pore men same 's me an' you?"

"Show!" repeated the sheriff, spitting violently at the stove in disgust. "There ain't the fust mite o' show at this day o' the world. Same time, you come to take up a paper, an' the chances is you'll see some place into her where everything's all lovely, an' the country jes' fairly boomin' of it."

"Oh, for sartin," concurred Cap'n Roundturn. "Ef you're a mind to turn to an' heave away your money on them

things, you 'll git holt o' no end o' krawm. They 'll make out to fill ye chock-a-block full o' lies, an' no sort o' put-out to 'em, neither. Still, seem 's though there was allus jes about so many folks that cal'lated to b'lieve any namable thing so long 's they see her printed out in black an' white into some set-fired noospaper—same's the b'y there that says one time, 's he, "T is so ef t ain't so, ef dad says it's so!"

"Well," said the sheriff, with an air of satisfaction, "noospapers don't make no great sight out o' me, now I tell ye, for it's seldom ever I set down to look at one on 'em. I got a book up home there I take an' read out on, ef I ain't got nothin' better to do. The woman she give a feller a dollar for her one time, an' put him up overnight, too, she did."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Job Gaskell, in surprise. "Must be consid'ble of a book. What's the name on her, cap'n?"

"Well, there, you!" answered the sheriff, after scratching his head a moment. "Dinged ef I ain't clean forgot jes what she is called, now! All the way ever I can rec'lec' anything now'days is to have the woman take an' tie a piece o' yarn round my finger. You see, I ain't troubled that 'ere book noways for goin' on a year now; but I tell ye she 's a complete thing, in every way, shape, an' manner, an' there 's some great ole sceneries copied out into her, too!"

"Kind o' Bible sceneries, I think 's likely," suggested Cap'n Job.

"Any God's slathers on 'em," replied the sheriff. "Then there 's any grists o' these here portograft sketches all drawed out complete. There, you! I was jes goin' to speak the name on her, but swan ef t ain't gone from me ag'in that soon!"

"Talkin' o' books an' sich like," continued Job, "puts me in mind o' that post-office petition o' yours, Cap'n Windseye. How 're you makin' out 'long o' that 'ere, anyways?"

"Oh, well," said the sheriff, with a degree of complacency, "so fur 's I know now, things appears to be workin' all favor'ble. I ruther cal'late I shall make out to gaft on to that office ag'in quick 's ever the time comes round for makin' ary shift."

"You 'd ought to jes heared ole man Simpson sayin' of it over the time they fust told him you was round gittin' names ag'in," remarked Job, bent on slyly thorn-ing his overreaching neighbor. "The ole sir there he 'lows you don't stan' no more sight to git that office away from him this time 'n ary one o' them clammers down to the Neck there. Says how it 's goin' to be a gold watch or else a wooden leg with ye this time; an' he 's puttin' up good money you 're goin' to stump it round for the rest part o' your nat'ral life."

In the general laugh following this slap at the unpopular sheriff, his always flushed face assumed a deeper hue, and he pulled angrily at his dyed chin whiskers.

"Got anything *you* want to bate on it?" he asked sharply.

"Me? Oh, no. I ain't noways a batin' man. Only kind o' thought it likely you 'd be int'rested to hear jes how the ole sir figgered it," replied Cap'n Job, who, while sharing the general dislike for the sheriff, was not wholly averse to seeing the office wrested from the unrighteous Simpson, a man not only politically offensive, but a leading light in the Upper Cove meet-ing-house, whose attendants and the members of the Cove parish had long re-garded one another as entirely unfit for existence.

"I don't call ole Simp wuth payin' no 'tention to noways," continued Sheriff Windseye. "I cal'late I 've got the bulk o' the rale hefty paytrons o' the office on to my docky-mint, an' o' course Simp he 'lows he 's got 'em, too, on to hisn. I think 's prob'le he has, though jes his own say-so don't amount to shucks, for I would



"SHOW!" REPEATED THE SHERIFF"



"I TAKE AN' READ OUT ON, EF I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO"

n't trust the ole creetur' alone a minute, not with a red-hot stove; but I know plaguy well our folks allus an' forever would turn to an' sign petitions both ways jes as fast as you're a mind to draw 'em up. We've got so 's 't we look for that 'ere right straight 'long, but 't won't make no great odds this time, though, for I cal'late I've got ole Simp right where the wool is good an' short, an' don't you think I hain't. Them folks over there has been gittin' too blame' toppy an' independent-like o' late, takin' their own time to assault them letters, an' actin' allus jes though they did n't give a rap ef they was assaulted right or not! They've been carryin' sail 'most too rank over to Simp's there this summer, an' the Departmint is knowin' to it now in good shape!"

Here the sheriff again spat copiously, and favored his hearers with a combined wink and leer, for which he was justly celebrated.

"How about this here civic-service business, Cap'n Windseye?" asked Job Gaskett at this point. "Ef gov'mint sh'd take a notion to up an' clap all these here little small offices under them kind o' rules, 't would come nigh bein' a reg'lar corker on ye, would n't it, though?"

At the bare mention of civil service, nearly all the occupants of the store showed signs of deep agitation. Both the sheriff and Cap'n Roundturn began speaking at once, but the latter's powerful voice soon silenced that of the wheezy official.

Never was a bull more enraged by the flaunting of a red cloth in his face than was Cap'n Roundturn by the detested words "civil service."

Rising abruptly from his chair and thrusting his left hand deep in his trousers pocket, his long legs braced well apart and his right arm free for all manner of violent gesticulation, in his well-known manner the old man opened fire upon a favorite subject:

"That 'ere most damnable, anarchial, monarchial issue won't never be tol'rated an' put up 'long on by the free people o' this here country! God A'mighty knows we are tromped on, an' spit on, an' drove chock to the wall a'ready we be, a-twistin' an' groanin' un'nearth the yoke o' pov'ty; blame' nigh rid under by these here set-fired syndrics, an' subjected to them dod-blodied English lords an' dooks!"

"I tell ye, gen'lemen, there's goin' to be a proper time o' reck'ning' now poooty handy. The plain, common, middle-sex, every-day run o' folks ain't allus an' forever goin' to stan' bein' spit on an' stomped on, an' made wuss'n nigger slaves on, same 's they be at this day o' the world. The fathers turned to an' waded in blood, an' de-vastated the whole land a-fightin' jes sich another anarchial, monarchial, one-man-power issue as this here, an' Godfrey Mighty, you! we folks can turn to an' do that same ag'in. Fur's I'm concerned, I'll take an' see blood shed; yas, sar, I will! I'd take an' see the ro'ds

o' this here Cove a-runnin' rivers an' cata-rac's o' blood afore ever I 'd knuckle under an' acknowledge ary sich to'mented one-man-power issue as this here civic service.

"T is them set-fired syndrics, an' the black Republicans, an' them college fellers, I tell ye, that 's crowdin' of the people chock to the wall, an' j'inin' hands 'long o' them dod-blown English lords an' dooks to spit on 'em, an' trample of 'em un'nearth their feet, an' make a blame' sight wuss 'n nigger slaves on 'em; a-tryin' their very dingdest, they be, to set up another anarchial, monarchial, one-man power over 'em!

"That 's jes eggsac'ly what 's comin' to, without the plain, common, middle-sex run o' folks will take an' break out into a risin', an' turn to an' wipe all sich to'mented krawm chock offen the face o' the airth!

"T ain't so much for myself I 'm speakin' now, mind ye, for I know well I ain't got only a short spell more to stop round here 'long o' ye; but, gen'lemen, lemme tell ye I want to take an' hand down to my ancestors the fundymenitils o' gov'mint jes as they was give to us by the

fathe's. The noospapers, an' the set-fired syndrics, an' them college fellers there, is every one on 'em dead set ag'in' us, bought up body an' soul, huff, horns, an' hide, by them dod-blown English lords an' dooks; but I tell ye, gen'lemen, ef only the common, every-day run o' folks, the middle-sex, plain style o' folks, them kind that constitoots the bone an' sinoo o' the land, you may say—ef only them style o' folks will turn to an' concentrate 'emselves together in good shape, I tell ye these here div'lish works can be stopped."

In this manner, for half an hour or more, the doughy old cap'n scourged the hated civil-service laws and urged his hearers to deeds of valor. But it must be said that there was no sign of any immediate uprising, so far as they were concerned. On the contrary, a disposition to head him off was once or twice manifested, though it was well understood that, as a rule, such efforts were fruitless, and that Cap'n Roundturn, when once fully started upon the war-path, would pursue it until compelled by lack of breath to drop into his chair with his customary jarring thud.



## LUCIOLI

(IN THE CASCINE, NEAR PISA)

BY HENRY TYRRELL

**I**N fitful splendor, all one sultry eve,  
The fireflies' lamps like specters flashed and died  
Above the marshy meadows waste and wide  
Where Arno's arms his Serchio bride receive.  
These mystic lights (as all good folk believe)  
Are messengers from heaven sent to guide  
Souls of the dead where fain they would abide,  
When Purgatory grants them a reprieve.  
Shelley! remembering how this haunted ground  
In halcyon days was ever dear to thee,—  
What inspiration here thy genius found  
Among these pine woods, by yon shimmering sea,—  
My being thrilled with nearness unto thine  
When I beheld the lucioli shine.

# NEW LIGHT ON LHASA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY

BY J. DENIKER

Member of the Société de Géographie, Paris

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY USHÉ NARZUNOF

## I. INTRODUCTION BY W. WOODVILLE ROCKHILL

Author of "The Land of the Lamas"

RELIGIOUS worship of the great gods has, the world over, been principally conducted in high places; mountain-tops have ever been their favorite abodes. Assyrians, Hebrews, Greeks, Indians, Chinese, Tibetans, Mexicans, Samoans, and a hundred other widely separated peoples have worshiped thus.

At an early date in the history of Buddhism, the cult of "the All-Merciful God who looks down and sees the miseries of the world," the Saviour, Avalokiteshvara, became probably the most popular one, and Mount Potala, near the mouth of the river Indus, was held to be his abode. In Ceylon he was worshiped on Adams Peak, and in China on Mount Pu-tou (a Chinese transcription of the word Potala), an island of the Chusan group, near Ning-po. In Tibet his worship was, in all likelihood, associated with some mountain from the earliest days, for legends tell us that when he came to Tibet to bring civilization and salvation to the people, he took up his abode on a hill to the west of the present city of Lhasa, called the Red Hill (Marpo-Ri). Here, in the seventh century, the kings of Tibet built their modest palace, and Lhasa grew at its base. In the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Dalai-Lama was finally recognized by all followers of the Lamaist form of Buddhism as the incarnation of Avalokiteshvara and the head of their faith, and had also been made, with Mongol aid, the temporal

sovereign of Tibet, he took up his abode in the old palace of the kings of Tibet on the Red Hill; but he changed its name to Potala, by which it has since become known the world over.

The earliest visit by a European to the city of Lhasa was that made by Friar Odoric of Pordenone, who probably passed through it on his way to India from China in 1325; but he does not mention the city by name, or refer to the Red Hill. None of those observant old travelers, Friar John of Pian di Carpine, Friar William of Rubruk, or even Marco Polo, makes mention of Lhasa; nor, strangely enough, do any of the Chinese annals prior to the thirteenth century.

Three centuries and more elapsed before any other Europeans visited Lhasa. In 1661 Fathers Grueber and Dorville resided there for two months, and it is probably to them that we owe the first picture of Potala to reach Europe. It was published by Kircher, in 1667, in his "China Illustrata," and is there called Bietala.

In 1716 the Jesuits established a mission in Lhasa, which passed later on into the hands of the Capuchins, who carried it on till 1760. Three of those early missionaries to Lhasa, Fathers Ippolito Disideri, Orazio della Penna, and Cassiano Beligatti, have left long and interesting narratives of their lives in Lhasa, but none contains more than a passing reference to the Dalai-Lama or to Potala. The same may be said of the



USHÉ NARZUNOF, BEFORE HIS FIRST JOURNEY (1898)

narratives of the next European visitors, Thomas Manning in 1811, and the Lazarist fathers Huc and Gabet in 1846. Our knowledge of Lhasa still remained hazy; we had nothing to help us form an idea of the place but Kircher's picture of Potala.

In 1878 a native explorer, sent to Tibet by the Indian government, made a careful survey, on a large scale, of the city, and in 1891 the writer of the present notice was able to publish in the journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain a reduction of a native painting representing Lhasa and Potala. It was only in 1901 that photographs of the city and palace were at last secured, the best and most numerous being undoubtedly those reproduced in the present article of Mr. Deniker. One of these was published in "La Géographie" (the bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society<sup>1</sup>) for October, 1901. In

December of the same year the "Geographical Journal" of London published two other views of Lhasa and Potala, the latter from a photograph taken within the last few years by a member of a Nepalese mission *de passage* at Lhasa. In 1902 were published the travels of Sarat Chandra Das to Lhasa, and in them are reproduced the pictures previously published in the "Geographical Journal," together with a native drawing of Potala, which greatly assists in forming a clearer idea of the interior arrangement of this no longer mystery-shrouded place.

The photographs now shown us of the great monastery of Dépung, one of the most famous of Tibet, of the residence of the Chinese Amban with the white- and red-walled Potala in the near background, the general view of Lhasa, and all the others now published, are of extraordinary

<sup>1</sup> Of which Mr. Deniker is one of the editors.



NARZUNOF AND HIS COMPANIONS ON THE ROUTE BETWEEN THE TSAIDAM  
AND TANG-LA, THE HIGHEST RANGE OF TIBET

interest, especially to those who, like the writer, have devoted some of the best years of their lives to studying all attainable records of this land, and have hoped

and striven, but in vain, to see with their eyes the spots now first fully shown us by the Kalmuk pilgrim. We owe him a lasting debt of gratitude.

## II. NEW LIGHT ON LHASA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY

IT may be said, at the beginning of the twentieth century, that, except for the two poles, there is not a corner of the earth where white men have not penetrated. Yet, in truth, there exists on the Asiatic continent, hardly two hundred miles from the frontier of British India, a city, the capital of Tibet, to which the "white men" of Europe and America are absolutely forbidden access. Within a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from this city, all the roads leading to it, at the place where they cross the frontier to the province of Wu, of which Lhasa is the chief town, are jealously guarded by pickets of Tibetan soldiers. Immediately upon perceiving a suspicious-looking caravan the sentinels notify the local authorities. The advancing traveler then sees rise up before him a whole detachment of armed men, commanded by high func-

tionaries of the country, who, without discussing the matter, politely insist that the bold pioneer retrace his steps. They even offer him the money and food necessary for the return voyage, at the same time warning him that if he continue on his way to Lhasa he will pay for it with his life.

Such a state of affairs has not always existed. During the middle ages, and until the middle of the eighteenth century, a number of Europeans, mostly Catholic monks, were able to remain for long periods in the "Holy City" of the Tibetans, who profess, as we know, the Buddhist-Lamaist religion. But since the expulsion, in 1760, of the Capuchin monks, who tried to meddle with the internal affairs of the country, all Europeans have been regarded with suspicion, and none has been allowed to penetrate into Lhasa. Nevertheless, in

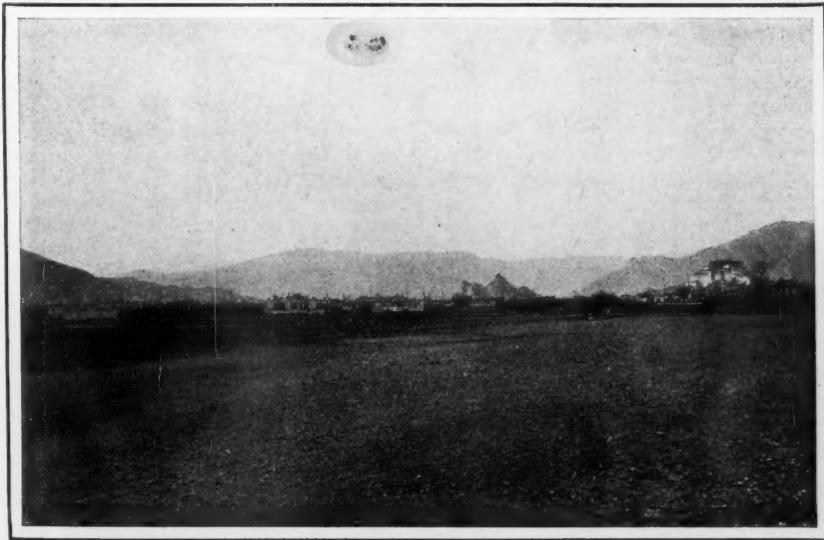
1811 Thomas Manning, an English traveler, and in 1846 Huc and Gabet, two French missionaries, were able to spend months at Lhasa in the disguise of Buddhist pilgrims. They were recognized, however, and were asked to leave the country as quickly as possible.

Since 1846 no European has succeeded in reaching the sacred temples of Lhasa. It is not, however, that attempts have been lacking. The Russian Prjevalsky set the example in 1879; he crossed the whole of northern Tibet, but was obliged to turn back when he had reached a point situated one hundred and sixty miles from Lhasa. Ten years later two Frenchmen, Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orléans, were stopped when within sixty miles of the Holy City. The English captain Bower, in 1891, and W. W. Rockhill,<sup>1</sup> the American scholar and traveler, in 1892, were able to reach points about a hundred and eighty miles distant from Lhasa. In 1893 two Frenchmen, Dutreuil de Rhins and Grenard, and in 1895 R. Littledale, the Englishman, failed to get beyond the region previously reached by Bonvalot and the Prince of

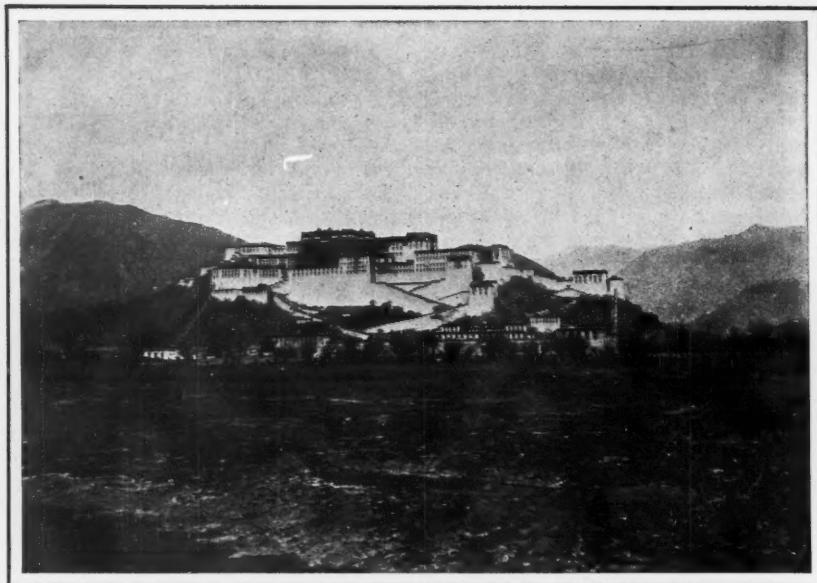
Orléans. The Swedish explorer Sven Hedin, as recently as August, 1901, tried to reach Lhasa, but did not get so far as this even, for he had to retrace his steps when he was within a hundred miles of that city.

However, we have not remained in absolute ignorance of the capital of Tibet since the time of Huc and Gabet. Almost every year the government of British India sends to Tibet a Hindu pundit to make surveys and draw maps of the country. Three or four of these native surveyors, disguised as Buddhist pilgrims, succeeded in passing some time in Lhasa. One of them, Nain-Sing by name, determined the geographical position and the altitude of the city in 1866; a second, designated by the letters A. K. (Kishen Singh or Krishna), drew a plan of Lhasa in 1880; and a third, the most learned of all, Sarat Chandra Das, passed more than a fortnight in the capital in 1882, and wrote a description of it, which was not published until October, 1902. As in their time portable cameras that could easily be hidden were as yet a rarity, it is hardly necessary to say that

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rockhill's narrative of his first expedition to Tibet (1888-89) was published in *THE CENTURY*, from November, 1890, to March, 1891. A fuller account of the same journey was also published by The Century Co. under the title "*The Land of the Lamas*." A paper on Mr. Rockhill's second journey to Tibet (1891-92) appeared in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1894.



LHASA FROM THE EASTERN SIDE, WITH POTALA AND CHAG-PO-RI HILL  
IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE



POTALA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DALAI-LAMA, VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH

these natives were unable to take any photographs. The pundits, coming from India disguised as Buddhists, entered Tibet by the southern frontier. But by the northern frontier genuine Buddhists come every year, on a pious pilgrimage to Lhasa. They arrive in great numbers, Russian subjects,—Buriat Mongolians from Transbaikalia (Siberia), and Kalmuks from the southeastern steppes of Russia,—winding their way across the deserts of Mongolia, and through northern Tibet and its dreary waste of plateau, which is higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

One of these pilgrims, the Kalmuk Mongolian Ushé Narzunof, who was less ignorant than the rest, took a large number of photographs in the "Forbidden City" and its environs. It is his story which we will tell, with the aid of his notes, supplemented by the accounts of a Khambo-Lama (high priest or abbot) from the court of the Dalai-Lama, the potentate of Tibet and spiritual chief of all Lamaist Buddhists. The author of these lines numbers Agwang Dordjé, this Khambo-Lama, among his friends. He is a Buriat Mongolian, a native of Transbaikalia, but has lived for thirty years in Lhasa. Within the last few years he has made three voyages to Eu-

rope, visiting Paris, Rome, and London, which cities, as we know, are not forbidden to Tibetans.

The careers of these two men are very closely allied, for it was at the instigation of the Khambo-Lama that the young Kalmuk in question, Ushé Narzunof, son of a noble (or Zaisan), began his first pilgrimage to Lhasa in 1898. Young Ushé was living in the province of Stavropol, north of the Caucasus, a peaceful life, supporting himself and his family on the proceeds of his flocks. He had studied in a Russian school and acquired a certain amount of learning, but he did not for that renounce his Buddhist faith. Chancing one day to hear Agwang Dordjé preach, he became fired with a sudden resolution to visit the holy Buddhist shrines and to behold the luminous countenance of the Dalai-Lama, the living incarnation of Avalokiteshvara, who is the spiritual son of the Buddha himself.

Leaving his native encampment, he reached, by way of Siberia, Urga, a large city of northern Mongolia. Here he organized his caravan, consisting of nine camels, and started on his journey across the Desert of Gobi. After thirty-eight days of travel he arrived at the Chinese city of

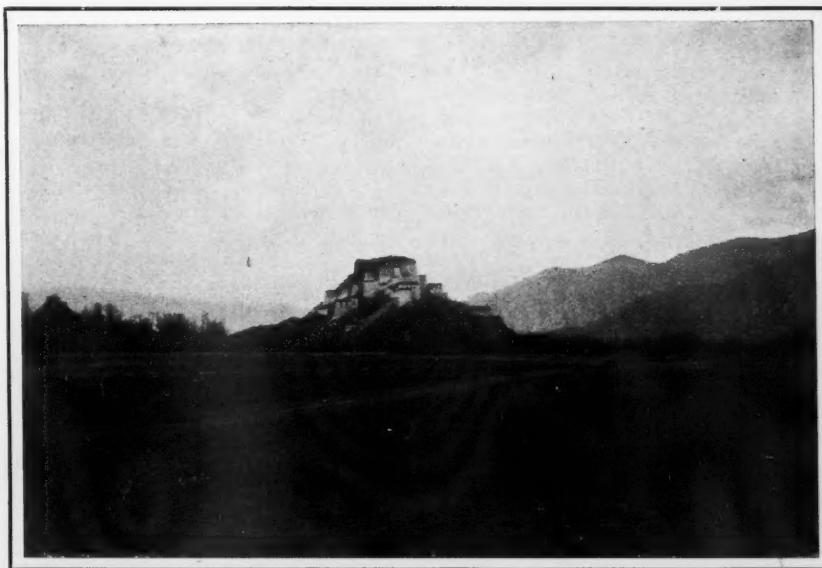
Ansi, on the route to Sa-chou, the Tsaidam, and the Tibetan plateau. Here he made arrangements with Mongols, subjects of the Prince of Korluk-Beise, to be admitted into their caravan. These Mongolians agreed to bring him to the encampment of the Prince (or Zaisan) of Taidziner, in the Tsaidam, at the base of the Tibetan plateau. Unfortunately, these guides soon perceived that their young traveling-companion was taking down notes in a script which was neither like the Mongolian writing nor like the Chinese characters. It was, in fact, Russian. Their suspicions were aroused, for Narzunof had given himself out as a Mongolian and a subject of China. When later they discovered that underneath his Chinese dress and furs he wore a jacket of European cut, their suspicions were confirmed, and they accused him of treachery.

They refused to conduct Narzunof farther, even threatening to carry him as prisoner to their prince. A present of ten lans, or liang (about seven dollars), had the marvelous effect of quieting these fierce guides. Narzunof, furthermore, won their entire confidence by burning before their eyes the jacket which had caused all the trouble, and by writing his notes after that

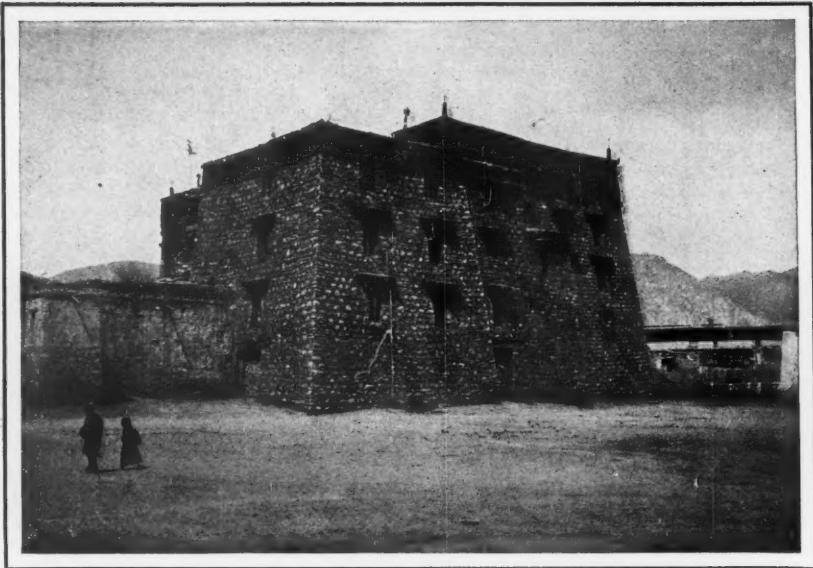
only in Kalmuk, which writing closely resembles Mongolian.

From the encampment in Taidziner the journey was continued on horseback across the high plateau of Tibet and through passes the lowest of which is at an elevation two hundred feet greater than that of the summit of Mont Blanc (15,781 feet). It was in March, 1899, that our pilgrim from the top of Kolam, or Ketcha, the last mountain over which he had to pass, beheld the golden roofs of the temples of Lhasa. He dismounted from his horse and prostrated himself three times, repeating his prayers, overwhelmed by the most intense joy a Buddhist can know; for with his own eyes he now beheld the "Holy City."

Although Lhasa is in the same latitude as New Orleans, its climate is colder, because of its great altitude (it is about 11,900 feet above the level of the sea). The dwellings of the Tibetans are little houses of stone or dried bricks, and have no stoves. The only method of heating is by braziers, and the first nights Narzunof spent in Lhasa seemed very cold to him. Very soon, though, he grew accustomed to the lack of heat and also to the darkness of the houses. Windows with glass panes were



POTALA, THE PALACE OF THE DALAI-LAMA, VIEWED FROM THE EAST



HALF-RUINED PALACE OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF TIBET AT LHASA

found only in a few palaces of the high priests; in all of the other houses the panes were of paper, either oiled or plain. At night the houses were lighted by torches, or by primitive lamps in the antique Roman style, fed with a vegetable oil.

The city is fairly clean, in the Asiatic sense of the word, except for the quarter in which, in houses made of ox- and goat-horns, the beggars live. It is the business of these beggars to convey the corpses out of the city, as, according to Buddhist custom, the dead are not buried. The high priests, indeed, are buried or burned after death, but the bodies of the lower priests and those of the populace are abandoned to the birds of prey, after having been cut to pieces on a flat stone which lies half-way between Lhasa and the convent of Séra, near the chapel of Pa-ban-ka.

Lhasa is composed of a number of temples and convents, surrounded by gardens and joined together by streets filled with little shops and private dwellings. The town extends about two miles from west to east, and one mile from north to south. It has a population, according to Agwang Dordjé, of from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants, three thousand of them being monks.

In the center of the city rises the prin-

cipal temple, called the Great Izon (Zo in Tibetan). This temple is three stories high and has four golden roofs; it contains a large number of statues of Buddhist gods, among them one of Sakyá-Muni, founder of their religion. The gilded roofs of the temple are a little to the left of a conical hill which is called Chag-po-ri, or "Mount of Iron" (see the photograph, page 547). On the top of this hill stands the buildings of the largest convent of Lhasa, the Manbo-datsang, where the monks devote themselves to the study of medicine. To the right, on a hill which rises three hundred feet higher, one sees a collection of buildings, which is the residence of the Dalai-Lama and is called Potala. In aspect it is something between the Acropolis at Athens and Mont St. Michel in Normandy. It is an agglomeration of temples, palaces, and structures which suggest barracks. The whole is surrounded by walls. The zigzag roads lined by stone walls are the means of communication between the different buildings.

The center of this monastic fortress is occupied by a temple palace, Po-brang marpo, and the red of its walls stands out against the white of the other buildings. There are nine stories on the southern façade, while there are only six or seven stories on the opposite side. Here, how-

ever, are the four temples, with gilded roofs in the Chinese style. To the right of Po-brang marpo is the palace which contains the private apartments of the Dalai-Lama; to the left the buildings where the high dignitaries live, among them Khambo Agwang Dordjé, of whom we have already spoken. Farther on is a large building for the functionaries and staff of the court of the Dalai-Lama. Lower down is a large edifice, a sort of barracks containing cells for several hundred monks, and next to it, just below the Po-brang marpo, is another monastery with a large six-storied temple, where religious services are held daily. Lower down still, at the foot of the hill, are the dwellings of the minor functionaries and servants.

The whole collection of buildings contains nearly three thousand rooms and is larger than the Vatican, according to Agwang Dordjé, who visited the papal residence on his last stay in Europe.

It was in the palace of Potala that Narzunof had the honor of an audience with the Dalai-Lama, to whom he brought the letter and gifts sent by Agwang. In exchange for these he received the benediction of the Great Pontiff and a sum of

about two hundred lans (one hundred and sixty dollars).

The Dalai-Lama is a young man not more than twenty-nine years old. His name is Tubdan-gyamtso, and he is of the finest Tibetan type; that is to say, almost European. His usual dress is very like that of the Buddhist high priests, except that it is entirely yellow.

Narzunof stayed a month and a half at Lhasa, then started on his homeward journey. He went by way of Chumbi, in Sikkim, arriving at Darjiling, which is at the terminus of the railroad that goes to Calcutta. Here he took passage on a Chinese vessel, having engaged for his service a Mongolian interpreter who spoke Chinese and Hindu. This man, seeing that Narzunof possessed a considerable sum of money, said to him on the ship: "It is fortunate for you that you have an honest man like me to deal with; any one else would very quickly have seized all you have."

"How would they have done it?" asked Narzunof.

"Oh, it would be very easy," said the man—"just a matter of putting a little poison into your food and going off with your money."



THE RESIDENCE OF THE CHINESE RESIDENT IN LHASA (ON THE LEFT); POTALA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DALAI-LAMA (ON THE RIGHT)



BUDDHIST PILGRIMS MEASURING THEIR LENGTH AROUND THE CIRCUIT OF LHASA

This strange conversation put our traveler on his guard against his companion. He watched him narrowly, especially at meals, and if by chance he found a cup of tea which had been poured in his absence, he offered it politely to his interpreter, pouring out another one for himself. At Hongkong, Narzunof, knowing absolutely no Chinese, found himself at the mercy of his interpreter, who profited by his helplessness to rob him. At last he got rid of the man at Tientsin, where he could once more make himself understood in Russian or Mongolian.

After a sojourn at Peking, Narzunof came back by Kalgan and Urga, without adventure, as far as Irkutsk. From here he traveled by the Trans-Siberian Railway to his native encampment, where he arrived in August, 1899.

Hardly was he rested from his fatigues when he began preparation for a second voyage to Lhasa. This voyage, which he undertook in January, 1900, from Paris by way of British India, unfortunately came to nothing.

The fact that Narzunof carried a camera, a rifle and cartridges, a Russian passport, and letters of introduction in French, and that he was dressed as a Chinese, but spoke only Mongolian, aroused the suspicions of the English authorities. He was

detained five months and a half at Darjiling, and was even put in prison for a few days at Calcutta. At last he was shipped, under the care and at the expense of the Indian government, on a vessel which landed him in Odessa, October 3, 1900.

Far from being discouraged by his ill luck, Narzunof's thoughts were bent upon making another attempt to reach Lhasa. As luck would have it, the Khambo Ag-wang Dordjé happened to be in Russia at this time. He had had the honor of a private audience with the Czar, and was making his preparations to return to Lhasa. Here was an excellent chance for Narzunof, and, after an exchange of telegrams, master and pupil agreed to meet on December 1, 1900, at Urga. From here a caravan of six camels carried them across Mongolia and Tibet to Lhasa. This journey was accomplished with such rapidity that it is considered as having broken the record of all previous journeys across central Asia.

Our two travelers covered twenty-five hundred miles in eighty-four days, a distance which it ordinarily takes a caravan from five to six months to cover. They left Urga December 6, 1900, and arrived at Lhasa February 28, 1901. Narzunof's second stay in Lhasa lasted one month. During this time he was presented on three

occasions to the Dalai-Lama, and received from him, besides his benediction, a mark of his high favor—a tiger-skin rug, on which he was allowed to sit when in the presence of the Dalai-Lama.

Having already a general idea of the city, Narzunof took advantage of this visit to get as many photographs of it as possible. His operations, however, had to be carried on in secret and with much precaution, because it is strictly forbidden, even to the Buddhists, to "coax pictures of things or people into a little black box to be carried into the Occident." The preceding year the Khambo Agwang Dordjé, in spite of all his influence at the court of Lhasa, was obliged to bring his camera (which he bought in Paris and used with success) and break it into pieces before the ministers of the Dalai-Lama.

Among other curious buildings in Lhasa, Narzunof was able to photograph the ancient palace of the kings of Tibet. This is falling into ruin, but is still occupied by private persons. The eastern façade is lower than the western one. The latter is more remarkable from an architectural point of view, but it was impossible to get a photograph of it. This is the only building in Lhasa which is not whitewashed,

and this commemorates one of the most important events in the history of Tibet. This building was the residence of Gyurmé-nam-gyal, the last King of Tibet. He waged war against the Dalai-Lama, who was then spiritual leader only, but who was already ambitious for civil power. The Chinese intervened in this civil war, and in 1706 the king was assassinated. Then the seventh Dalai-Lama, named Kalzang-gyamtso (1708-58), was proclaimed by the Chinese both King of Tibet and spiritual leader of the orthodox Buddhists. He inaugurated the form of government which still stands in Tibet.

In commemoration of this event, the Chinese Emperor Kanghsi commanded the people to leave the palace as it had been under the kings of Tibet and to whitewash all the other houses.

Narzunof had many opportunities to snap his kodak in the environs of the city. One particular picture that he took was of the residence of the Amban, or Chinese minister resident, whose duty it is to watch over the Dalai-Lama, the latter being nominally under subjection to China. This house is a very modest dwelling, surrounded by walls, the door of which is falling into decay. It has at its entrance



BRASBUNG OR DÉPUNG, NEAR LHASA, THE LARGEST MONASTERY OF TIBET (10,000 MONKS)

the two inevitable poles bearing banners which one sees at the entrance of every residence belonging to Chinese functionaries.

One morning, as Narzunof was walking about, waiting an opportunity to take a photograph, he saw for the first time a spectacle which, it seems, is common enough about Lhasa. He quickly took a photograph of what he saw—two men, pilgrims, who were making the tour of Lhasa for the third time, not on foot, but flat on their stomachs, measuring the perimeter of the Holy City with their bodies. They threw themselves down the length of their whole bodies, resting on their hands, then drawing their legs to them, they stood up to prostrate themselves again immediately, this time placing their feet where their head had last been. Beginners put little boards on the palms of their hands to break the force of the blows, and they try to fall without straining their arms; but as soon as they have accustomed themselves a little, they fall on their hands. Think of the length of time, and, above all, of the patience it requires to make thus the tour of the Holy City, a distance of about thirteen miles! But there are some fervent pilgrims who do more than this, for they go seven times round the city. Others, instead of measuring the way by the length of their persons, measure it by the width of their faces; they touch their foreheads to the ground, then, changing place laterally, they press their faces again at the spot next to the one they have just touched. It takes the pilgrim one month to make the tour of Lhasa in this fashion. It is a much longer method, but is not nearly so painful as the other.

During his stay Narzunof visited the

monasteries which are in the near neighborhood of the capital. The most important of these, and in fact of all the monasteries in Tibet, is Brasbung or Dé-pung, which is situated about four miles to the northwest of Lhasa. It numbers about ten thousand monks. A group of four cloisters surrounds the golden-roofed temple called Tsokchin-Datsang, which is large enough to contain the whole ten thousand monks. To three of these cloisters belong special temples (Datsang), where the service of "Tsanit" is held; the temple of the fourth (Gakba-Datsang) is used for a particular service called "Gyud." There is a small printing-office in the monastery.

On leaving Lhasa, our traveler visited Tachi-lumpo, the residence of the Panchen Géghen (another incarnate Buddha, almost as powerful as the Dalai-Lama himself). Carrying his camera always in secret, he went from here to Nepal, and then into India. He came back from India January 24, 1902, going to Odessa with the semi-official embassy from the Dalai-Lama to the Czar, at the head of which embassy was the high priest so often mentioned here, namely, the Khambo Agwang Dordjé.

The importance of this embassy can hardly be overestimated, as it is the first time that the Dalai-Lama has held any diplomatic relations, however timid, with a European power.

Perhaps—who knows?—the time is not faraway when Tibet will be open to foreigners. The white traveler will do well, then, to think of and remember the humble Mongolian who, thanks to his energy and perseverance, brought us the first photographic documents from the Forbidden City.



# A CITY'S CAMPAIGN FOR PURE MILK

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

A MILLION and a half quarts—that is the amount of milk left daily at back doors, on dumb-waiters, in tenement halls, milk-depots, and corner groceries for the inhabitants of New York. Nothing the city eats or drinks is so generally used as milk; nothing else is so dangerous if carelessly handled. A few gallons of bad milk can do more harm than a regiment of doctors can repair, and scatter disease and death enough to put a whole community in mourning. When one remembers that bad milk is no respecter of persons, the campaign against poor milk during the last three years, and the constructive efforts to get good milk, become a reason not only for civic pride, but for individual thanksgiving.

Until three years ago the city's system of milk inspection seemed fairly adequate. Every milk-seller was required to have a permit; inspectors met the great incoming milk-wagons unexpectedly at ferries or railroad-stations, or stopped them on their routes, tested the milk, and sometimes dumped whole cans of it in the street, to the vast satisfaction of gaunt cats and hungry dogs, which reveled in a transient paradise. Arrests and fines brought dishonest dealers, who were trying to impose diluted or adulterated milk on their customers, to a sense of their misdoing.

When the inspectors' tests showed that milk had not been watered or doctored with preservatives, and that it contained as much butter-fat and other nutritive elements as the law required, it was supposed to be safe. That it was not—that it might meet all these tests and still be very bad milk, capable of working sad havoc in trustful digestions—people who had been working

on the problem already knew. But Dr. Park, an eminent bacteriologist, was the first to think of applying this knowledge for the improvement of a city's milk-supply. The idea was suggested to him almost accidentally. He happened to notice that a number of kittens fed on milk supplied to a certain hospital promptly died. The milk had met the tests for quality and adulteration satisfactorily; but something serious, he reflected, must be the matter with it to make a kitten forfeit its nine lives at once. He tested the milk for germs, and found almost enough in a teaspoonful to people the United States several times over. Samples of milk taken at random about the city also proved to have a most disquieting number of bacteria. Now, bacteria gage the cleanliness and purity of milk. The city's supply was falling far below the level of safety. Something needed to be done. The question was, What to do and how to do it?

New York's milk problem has grown very complex since the early days when cows were pastured in Battery Park and one's neighbor was his milkman. Then the city needed to give no thought to its milk-supply. But now, to furnish its million and a half daily quarts, New York draws on ten thousand farms in five different States. Dr. Park's discovery of the excessive number of bacteria in the city's milk raised more than a suspicion that the farms supplying it were at fault. But the official censorship of the Board of Health had very definite limits. Its inspectors might reject milk which came into the city if it was adulterated or if it fell below the standard of richness required by law; they might in-



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

#### THE OLD, SLOVENLY WAY OF MILKING

spect the milk-farms in their own State, condemn diseased cows, demand that the well ones should not be fed on brewery waste or on garbage collected from the city, but on wholesome food, and that the farms should be cleanly. But at the State line their jurisdiction ended. The majority of farms sending milk to the city were not in the State; yet the inspector had no control over them, except by the courtesy of the State or at the option of the farmer.

Evident as was the need of a milk reform on the score of cleanliness, officially the Board of Health had neither time nor authority to make it. Dr. Park, as director of its bacteriological work, had the laboratory at his disposal for experiments, but no funds to devote to an investigation of milk bacteria. Through Dr. Biggs, the medical officer of New York, to whose enthusiastic coöperation much of the success of the milk campaign has been due, the funds were supplied by the Rockefeller Institute, of which he was a director. Dr. Park could now carry out his logical scientific crusade against bad milk by studying the effect of milk bacteria, the cause of them, and the ways of preventing them.

Without a little knowledge of the mischief-making capacity of germs in milk, the average person, who takes the world as it comes and milk as the milkman delivers

it, could hardly understand the value of the work that was being undertaken. Milk before it leaves the healthy cow is germ-free; but afterward it is a favorite resort for every known kind of bacteria. Given a temperature of seventy degrees, it makes an ideal nursery, and one ancestor germ can produce ten thousand descendants in six hours, and ten million in nine. Disease germs drop in like the rest. The milker with consumption starts a chain of cases through the milk; the one who has nursed his child ill with scarlet fever, and who milks without changing his clothes or washing his hands, passes the disease on to some other child; and diphtheria and other contagious diseases go the same way. Typhoid fever is particularly easy to communicate through milk. Last spring a milkman gave the disease to a number of students at Leland Stanford University. A year ago fifty or sixty people summering near New York contracted the disease from the milk of a man who had typhoid in the family and washed his milk-bottles in the tub used for the patients' washing. At Stamford, Connecticut, a few years ago, three hundred and seventy-six people had typhoid fever because a milkman washed his milk-cans in contaminated water. The danger becomes still more personal when one remembers that, by a

conservative estimate, every third typhoid patient in the city has milk to thank for the disease. Yet, with proper care and handling, milk need not be responsible for a single case of infection.

These epidemics are occasional, but the dangers of bad milk are constant. Hardy older people, who must eat the traditional peck of dirt before they die, are not likely to be harmed by the small amount of milk they use during the day in tea and coffee, unless it has disease germs or is otherwise very bad; but sensitive babies die from the effects of milk that would not hurt an adult. The babies of the "other half," the wizened little creatures of the tenements, are the ones who suffer most. Three years ago, in New York, one of every four babies fed on the "pure milk—3½ cents a quart," advertised in the groceries of the tenement neighborhoods, died of it. From time to time some city, startled into the knowledge of what bad milk can do to its babies, rises in wrath and demands the punishment of unscrupulous dealers, as Chicago did last spring, after an investigation instigated by Miss Jane Addams. But such spurts of indignation soon lapse into indifference. The hope of New York's milk-reformers was to save the waste of life, not for a few months only, but permanently, by improving the whole of the milk-supply.

The first step toward any improvement is to establish the need of improvement; so Dr. Park decided to prove the desira-

bility of fewer germs by showing the effect of more. As a preliminary, the bacteriologists in the research laboratory of the Health Department succeeded, after a long series of experiments, in isolating a hundred and eighty-six of the most common bacteria that come in milk. To test the effect of these germs out of milk, a number of kitten families in the Health Department menagerie were fed medicine-droppers of germs daily, graduating from one variety to another every few days. The little objects, with their stiff tails and abbreviated *minus*, seemed to thrive on the germ diet; and when enough kittens had been put through the process to remove the element of chance, Dr. Park could draw the conclusion that the bacteria in milk, except disease germs, are not hurtful in themselves. They are almost all minute vegetable organisms, harmless enough in their proper place, but in milk throwing off chemical products which change the character of milk, and, in excessive numbers, make it unsafe for older people and poisonous for babies.

While the kittens were demonstrating the effect of germs out of milk, two hundred tenement babies were chosen to show the effect of germs in milk during the summer months, when milk is most dangerous. Not that they were fed bacteria. It was quite unnecessary, since all the varieties of germs were represented in the various grades of milk supplied to the slums. The



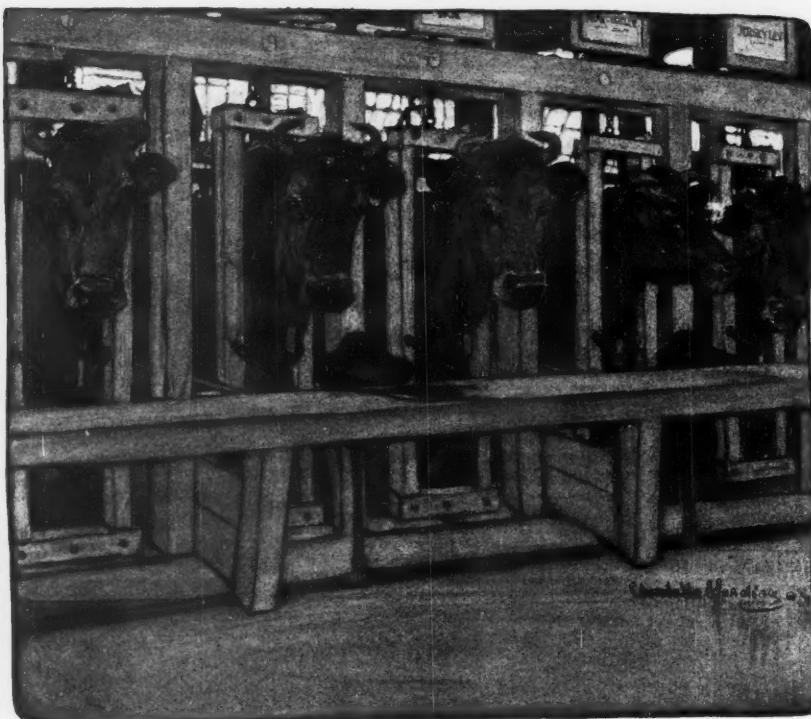
Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by John Tinkey

THE NEW WAY—FIRST BRUSHING THE COW AND WASHING THE TAIL

Medical Institute doctors who, under Dr. Park's direction, had charge of the work, went up and down rickety stairs, from tenement to tenement and from room to room, until they found a number of babies fed on each kind of milk—the corner-grocery milk the worst of all, which had fifty or sixty million bacteria to a tea-

val, their record kept, the statistics compared, and the conclusions drawn. But practically the doctors found that it took the patience of Job and the tact of a diplomat to carry this work to a successful close.

For scientific purposes, of course, it was important that a baby, once promised, should not drop out. But science and the



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

NEW BARNs WITH SWINGING STANCHIONS

spoonful; condensed milk as harmful for other reasons; ordinary bottled milk, and milk from the Straus stations, the germ population of which fell within reasonable limits. "Certified" milk, the purest known, with almost no bacteria, which no tenement family could afford to buy, was supplied to a few babies, to make the conditions for observation perfect.

Theoretically the experiment seemed very easy of execution. The mothers were merely to keep on with the milk they were already using. The babies were to be visited frequently, weighed at stated inter-

vals, their record kept, the statistics compared, and the conclusions drawn. But practically the doctors found that it took the patience of Job and the tact of a diplomat to carry this work to a successful close. For scientific purposes, of course, it was important that a baby, once promised, should not drop out. But science and the tenement mind do not move on parallel lines. Sometimes, after a month or two of the experiment, a mother would move away and leave no address, making the poor doctor do strenuous detective work before she was traced, by means of non-committal neighbors and a voluble janitress, to the house of her husband's half-sister's aunt, a hundred and something Hester street, in the rear. Again, a mother would tire of being accommodating, and would refuse to have her baby weighed. It took eloquence then, and perhaps a small bribe, which was even more persuasive, before

the doctor was allowed to tie her long white cloth under the baby's arms, test the knot at the back, put the scales through it, hold the baby suspended an instant, a comfortable little bundle of limp humanity, and enter its weight in her book.

The ignorance of the mothers was a still greater obstacle to the smooth progress of the experiment, and the doctors were forced to turn teachers, in spite of themselves. They convinced many of their grown-up pupils that it was not wise to swaddle a baby in flannels and set it in an unventilated closet or by the stove, with the thermometer rioting in the nineties. They saved many babies for science and the world by preaching the gospel of fresh air and frequent baths for the little heat-sufferers. But they could not always foresee the peculiar turn a mother's ignorance would take, and forestall the consequences.

One doctor who had been fighting to save a very sick baby had finally left it out of danger. When she called several days afterward, she found the mother bending wearily over the wash-tubs.

"Where's the baby?" asked the doctor.

"My baby is dead with the convulsions tree, four days ago," was the answer.

"Did you feed it the heated milk?" questioned the doctor.

"Yes," replied the woman. "Only I hear blackberries is fine for the trouble it have, so I give 't some of dem, too. But they ain't do no good. The baby die that night."

In spite of many difficulties, however, enough babies were observed during the first summer's work, three years ago, to give Dr. Park material for very accurate conclusions. But, to make assurance doubly sure, the experiment was repeated the second summer with three hundred babies. The result proved most conclusively the need of better milk. Of the babies fed on "certified" milk, bottled milk, or milk from the Straus stations, which is of the same grade as bottled milk, only one in fifty died; but of the babies fed on condensed milk or bad grocery milk ten out of every fifty died.

Incidentally, the experiment emphasized the value of the charitable effort made by Mr. Nathan Straus, at his own expense, to establish stations in the slums where the babies of the poor, at a nominal cost, can be given pure milk modified to suit each

baby customer, put up in bottles each containing enough for a feeding. One practical result of the scientific attempt to show why babies need pure milk has been an increase in the number of Straus stations this summer.

Good milk is much, but it is not everything. From the observation, during the two years, of five hundred babies with their five hundred mothers, differing only in the degree of their ignorance, the doctors concluded that greatly as the babies needed good milk, they needed medical care quite as much. Even with moderately good milk, and a doctor at hand to do the right thing at the right moment, babies were better off than with very good milk and no doctor. Often a tenement mother cannot afford to call a doctor until it is time to call the priest; so the Board of Health, for several summers, has turned into the tenements, to look after sick babies, all the doctors who have the public schools in charge during the winter. A baby directory, giving the name and address of every baby born, started last winter, has helped this summer to give the work definiteness. Where formerly a Board of Health doctor has had to knock at the door and ask if there was a baby, and run the risk of a rebuff from a suspicious mother, this year he has entered with assurance and said: "How do you do, Mrs. Struzzieri? Your baby is Marco Polo Struzzieri, is n't he? Seven months and six days old, I think. How is he standing the hot weather, and what kind of milk are you feeding him?"

Any distrust was disarmed by an omniscient person who could tell the day of the baby's birth, and the various Mrs. Struzzieris of the tenements have been willing to give him their respectful attention. Following the hint given by the Medical Institute, the Board of Health has also assigned to each Straus station a doctor, who has kept track of the little customers, and at the first hint of sickness has told the mothers just what to do. The great number of babies kept well and comfortable in this way are eloquent testimony of another of the indirect blessings of the crusade against bad milk.

While the effect of milk bacteria was being demonstrated by tenement babies for the benefit of future generations, the cause of the mischief-making germs was receiving a due share of attention. Since



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

FEEDING KITTENS WITH BACTERIA

milk has no germs before it leaves the healthy cow, a million or so bacteria to the drop meant carelessness on the farms. Without reforming them there was little hope of making any radical improvement in the milk-supply. Before any remedy could be suggested, it was necessary to know what the actual conditions on the milk-farms were. The way to the investigation was opened up thus: Certain unusually intelligent customers became so clamorous for milk that could be guaranteed pure that the dealers serving them saw the need of providing it. The Milk Commission, made up of physicians from the County Medical Society, seized the opportunity to coöperate with the Department of Health. The commission was nevertheless independent of it. As a private body, the commission could demand a standard which the department, working for the whole city, could not demand; and through Dr. Park, who was one of its members, could make these dealers an offer. "Furnish milk of a certain standard of quality and cleanliness," said the commission, "produced under certain conditions, and we will guarantee your milk."

The dealers agreed, and the next step was to deter-

mine what conditions were necessary to secure safe, pure milk. To carry on this part of the work Dr. Belcher, a trained bacteriologist and a fellow of the Rockefeller Institute, was appointed missionary to the farmers.

That was not her official title nor her avowed intention, but the rôle followed naturally as a consequence of her scientific knowledge and enthusiasm and the great need she found of reformation. From the time she started out with her hand-bag and her case of sample bottles, evidences of carelessness and ignorance met her on all sides. Tracing the route of the milk backward, she found that some of the railroads bringing a great amount of milk to the city did not even pretend to obey the regulations for cooling the milk they carried, allowing the bacteria in a warm car to accumulate at their usual incredible ratio during a trip of nine or ten hours.

Many creameries were neglecting the simplest precautions for keeping milk pure. As for the average farmer, he was often breaking most of the rules for producing pure milk, under the cheerful conviction that he was keeping them. To combat this optimistic ignorance by preaching the new scientific



dairy methods was not an easy matter. Farmers who were managing their farms as their fathers and their grandfathers had done before them looked with amusement on this city Ph.D. who thought she could overturn all their ideas about the care of the milk, when she had never milked a cow nor cleaned a stable in her life. But her enthusiasm and tact were usually invincible.

Her immediate purpose in making these country excursions was to get the scientific reason for all the methods the commission proposed to require by gathering, for comparison, samples of the same milk produced under different conditions, and testing them at the laboratory for bacteria. One experiment was with samples of milk taken in a cow-stable before and after cleaning. At the laboratory the doctor put small portions of each sample, properly prepared, into separate dishes of melted gelatin. The gelatin, hardening at once, fixed each invisible germ in its place. The dishes were covered and kept at a certain temperature. After two or three days each germ had become such a large colony of germs that the colonies could easily be counted, the original germs determined, and the total number in a half-teaspoonful estimated. A comparison of the number in each sample told the story. The milk from the uncleanned cow-stable showed so many more bacteria that even a reluctant farmer could not help conceding the advantage of a clean stable. In the same careful, scientific way the new code of dairy methods which the commission was to recommend to farmers was worked out to its least particular.

To determine the conditions for the production of pure milk was one thing; but in a comprehensive plan of milk reform the important thing was to make them practical for the farmer, with his chronically lean purse. Already, under the direction of Dr. Freeman, the secretary of the commission, who had been preaching pure milk for some time, several fancy farmers who had money to put into model buildings and apparatus, and who could afford

to wait patiently for the interest on their investment, had begun to supply a favored few with milk ideal in quality and cleanliness. But the only way to improve the milk-supply for the rank and file was to convert the bad small farms, which were furnishing the bulk of the city milk, into good farms.

To show that this could be done, Dr. Belcher chose a farm, typical of hundreds of others, the milk of which was endangering the health of unsuspecting customers. The barn-yard was a slough of muck and mire, with a stagnant pool in the center. The cow-stable, reeking with unremoved filth, was suffocatingly hot. It was small wonder that the cows, caked with dirt, switching at the stinging flies, gave such poor milk. The dairy, with its dirt and grime and its unwashed bottles from the city that made the inspector wish herself noseless, would have sickened the least fastidious of housekeepers.

With the coöperation of the dealer who was looking for farms to meet the commission's requirements, she directed a thorough-going renovation which transformed the place in a week. After the changes, which cost little except time and muscle, the bacteria in the milk dropped from hundreds of millions in a tea-spoonful to thousands, a very small number, considering that a million or two bacteria can rest comfortably on a pinhead. From being in the worst grade, the farmer's milk was now in the best, and his dealer could afford to make the improvements permanent by giving him a better price for his milk.

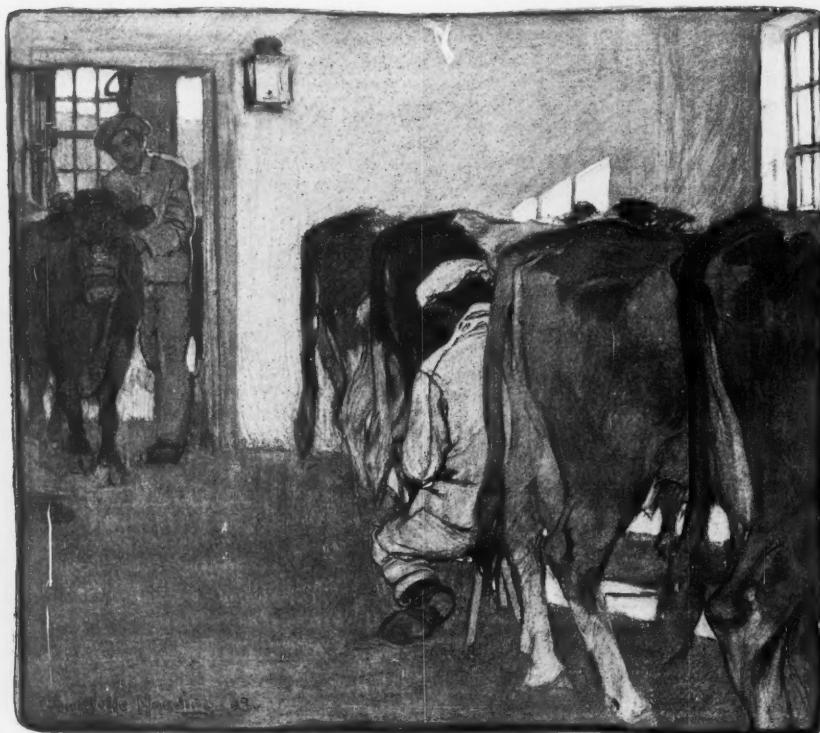
At the request of several dealers who wanted to supply the new kind of milk, Dr. Belcher made over a number of bad farms during her months of work. Often-times it took line upon line, precept upon precept, visit after visit, to get an old-fashioned farm even approximately on a new-fashioned basis. During these visits, informal talks at the creameries and with individual farmers did much to spread the leaven of the scientific ideas about milk. But the offer of the dealers to pay a better price outweighed all other incentives.



WEIGHING A BABY FED  
ON THE MILK COMMISSION'S BOTTLED MILK

Almost any farmer with a surplus of time and a scarcity of money is willing to reform if he can get three, four, five, even six, cents a quart for the new milk instead of one and a half or two or possibly two

whitewashed walls, and abundant windows. Cows are groomed and sponged off before each milking, and their tails scrubbed until they look like plumes. No man with a contagious disease in his household is allowed



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

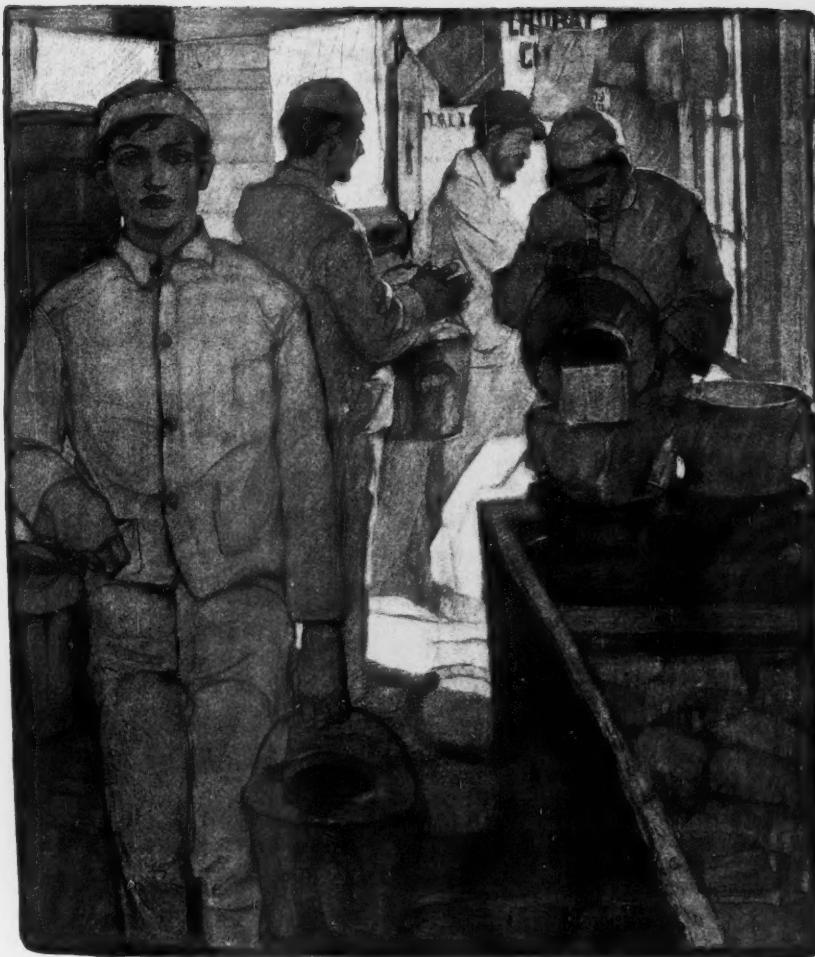
A MODEL MILKING-BARN

and a half cents a quart. This is the kind of argument that leads to permanent conversion. The insistent demand of customers for pure milk is the lever that will make the dealer reform the farmer.

The Milk Commission's guaranty fixed a standard toward which to work. As a result of Dr. Belcher's year of investigation and experiment, the commission condensed into two small circulars its requirements for two grades of milk, "certified" and "inspected." For the privilege of putting on a bottle "Certified by the Milk Commission of the Medical Society of the County of New York" the regulations are very exacting. Milk-stables are required to be scrupulously clean and fresh, with cement floors,

near the milk. White suits are worn at the milking. Bottles and utensils are sterilized. Bottling is done in a separate room; the bottles are packed in ice and shipped in a refrigerator-car. Every possible precaution for securing pure milk is not only suggested, but carried out, and an inspector visits the farm every few weeks to see that all goes well. But bacteria make excellent detectives in the meantime. Samples of milk taken at random are tested each week at the laboratory, and if a man is careless, up go his germs beyond the limit allowed for "certified" milk, and the inspector makes a special trip to see what the trouble is, and to remedy it.

Certified milk is as pure as science and



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

WEIGHING AND COOLING THE MILK

skill can make it. But the price necessary to cover the extra trouble rendered it a luxury for the mass of milk-consumers in New York, even if they had predilections in favor of clean milk. What were they to do? Use "inspected" milk, was the answer. The commission's requirements for inspected milk are not so rigid as for certified. Sterilizing bottles and utensils, washing cows before each milking, clean suits for the milkers, and a number of other provisions for certified milk, are not required. But when the housewife reads on a bottle-cap, "Inspected by the Milk

Commission of the Medical Society of the County of New York," she may be sure that she is offering her family clean, wholesome milk. The label means that, at the farms supplying the milk, yards and barns are sanitary, cows clean, bottles and cans clean; that the milk is cooled at once and transported quickly, and that it has not more than a certain number of bacteria; that the farm is visited by an inspector, and that the Milk Commission regards it as pure and healthful.

"Inspected" milk means that safe milk is put within reach of the many at the price of

ordinary bottled milk—eight cents a quart. At eight cents, dealers do not force this milk upon their customers; indeed, they are discreetly reticent about it, since they have to pay the farmers more for inspected milk, and get no more themselves. Half a cent more would pay dealer as well as farmer, and make him willing to furnish the milk cheerfully. But the Department of Health, in the meantime, will give to any applicant the names of dealers supplying the new milk, and if the housewives of New York waked up to their privileges, and were insistent enough, the quart of uninspected milk with its possible dangers would be the exception instead of the rule.

While Dr. Park has been establishing the precedents for a new era in milk reform, and pointing out the way of permanent improvement, the Board of Health, within its province, has been doing its share in the milk movement. For the last year, under the vigorous generalship of Dr. Lederle, the Commissioner of Health,

and Dr. Biggs, many reforms have been instituted. By the enforcement of the regulation which provides that milk coming into the city shall not be above 50°, railroads have been forced to cool their milk properly from the time it was shipped; dishonest dealers have been dealt with summarily; the old system of inspection, which left many loopholes for dishonest dealers, has been revised. The whole city is now divided into sections patrolled by inspectors. East Side, West Side, up-town, down-town, every person selling milk, once in five or six weeks receives an unexpected visit from one of these officials, who not only tests the milk himself, with a thermometer for temperature and a lactometer for cream, but takes a sample and turns it over to the Board of Health chemist for still further testing. Then woe to the dealer who has diluted or doctored his milk! He is arrested and, except for extenuating circumstances or the adaptable conscience of the justice, is fined a



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

PACKING BOTTLES OF MILK IN ICE FOR SHIPMENT TO THE CITY

sum that makes him think before he sells bad milk again.

Even on Sunday a tricky dealer no longer has a chance to work off his poor milk. Ever since an experimental raid one Sunday morning, when out of several hundred samples collected the tests showed that almost half of them had been adulterated, occasional Sunday raids have become part of the established order of things.

Outside of the city, the New York farms supplying milk have been inspected as they never were before. Diseased cattle have been condemned, and farm-yards and barns made sanitary. With the health of the city at stake, Dr. Lederle's policy has been "no quarter" to high or low, as certain owners of notoriously bad milk-farms in Queens County discovered to their sorrow. But when the farms were declared a menace to the public health, and the farmers deprived of their milk-supply by having the cows driven to the pound, where they were boarded at a cost, to the owner, of three dollars a day each, they carried out the conditions imposed by the Board of Health with a quickness and thoroughness that demonstrated the complete success of the measure.

Following up the important work begun by Dr. Belcher, the department, by using the bacteria as detectives, has been able to wage war against the careless farmer, out of the State as well as in it, with a letter to this effect:

We have tested your milk, and it runs a million bacteria to a half-teaspoonful. That means either that your cows, yards, and barns

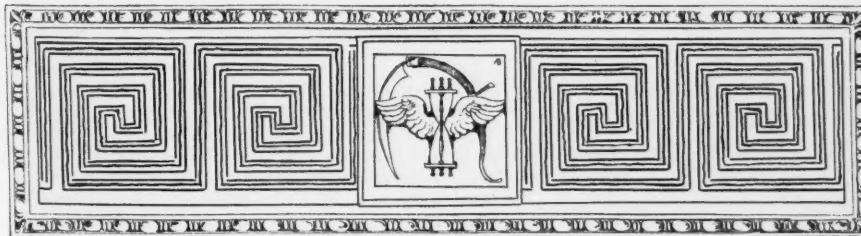
are not clean, or that you are not cooling your milk. Unless you correct what is wrong, we shall have to exclude your milk from the city.

A circular accompanies the letter, explaining that bacteria are not only dangerous, but unprofitable, because they cause the milk to sour, and telling how to prevent them.

By the combined efforts of the different managers of the milk campaign, the standard of New York's milk-supply has been raised materially. The men who have worked untiringly for this result deserve the city's heartiest vote of thanks. But they need the coöperation of the public.

Efficient as the Board of Health has proved itself within the limits of its authority, the vastness of New York's milk-supply and the wide territory covered by its milk-farms make anything but a general supervision impossible without an army of inspectors. The city cannot require by a law which affects all its citizens the desirable standard which would put the price of milk beyond the reach of its poorest citizens.

The future of the city's milk-supply depends upon the people. The Milk Commission has given New York "certified" milk at the necessary "certified" prices, and, what no other city has had before, safe "inspected" milk for very little more than the ordinary prices. This is the great achievement of the milk campaign. But, if the reform is to go further, the people must take the trouble to demand and get the pure milk which is within their reach.





From a photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.  
ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE TWEED

## THE LATER YEARS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

BEING HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS LITERARY LABORS,  
BUSINESS ADVERSITIES, FAMILY LIFE, AND LAST DAYS

TOLD IN LETTERS WRITTEN TO MARY ANNE WATTS HUGHES, WIFE OF  
DR. HUGHES, CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, AND GRANDMOTHER OF THOMAS  
HUGHES, AUTHOR OF THE "TOM BROWN" BOOKS

EDITED BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

With notes by Mrs. Hughes

CONCERNING STUTTERING, SINNING AND  
SUFFERING, BEING PAINTED, ETC.

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I answer your kind letter, immediately, not only to express my best — very best — thanks for all its contents, but also that you may not remain under the least doubt as to Broster. He is so far an empiric that he has not been regularly educated to medical practice, being bred a bookseller at Chester. But his powers of removing hesitation, or rather his skill in instructing persons to avoid or subdue that painful nervous affection, are

certainly wonderful. I have not seen Lady Morton since he attended her but learn on all hands that she is not like the same person in society. Her hesitation was of a peculiar kind, for she stopp'd dead short without any of those unpleasant attempts at pronouncing the Shibboleth which generally accompanies hesitation of speech. And there you stood or sate listening, not well knowing whether the speech had come to a natural or violent conclusion. I am informed she now speaks forward like any other person.

A Major Histed of the Royal Dragoons who

was inspecting our yeomanry here the other day told me he had been under Mr. Broster's care for a very embarrassing hesitation which interfered a good deal with his giving the word of command and making reports etc. in the course of his profession. I could scarce believe him, so absolutely had all appearance of the kind disappeared. Only watching him very closely I saw when he was about to address the Yeomanry a momentary embarrassment which instantly passed off and would have been totally undiscernible by any one who was not watching very close. So much for the feats of Mr. Broster whom I would certainly consult if I had occasion. There can be no danger of harm to the person, for his instructions are not accompanied by drugs or operations, or to the purse, for like those who cure smoky chimnies he proceeds on the principle of no cure no pay.

I am ashamed to rob you of Lord Falkland<sup>1</sup> who besides the very great value which every lover of Clarendon's history must set upon his character & talents has been happy in an Artist [probably Oliver] to convey his features to posterity. It is absolutely a sin to accept so valuable a present but then it would be an act of the most severe self denial to decline, and I fear we seldom long hesitate when the choice is between sinning and suffering. I once published a very few copies of poems written during the civil war by Patrick Carey a Catholic priest whom I afterwards discovered to have been a brother of Lord Falkland. I think I have two copies left, and will beg your acceptance of one by the first safe opportunity.

Sophia, poor soul, has kept her bed for near a week, dangerously ill at first with an inflammable complaint which has of late been fearfully frequent. Luckily we had near timely aid and skilful medical help, so that with bleeding and care she is now better, but still *couchante* as a Herald would say, but I trust will soon be able to do honour to the "Stones"<sup>2</sup> which I think much improved by the additions which Mr. Hughes has made to the ancient fabric. There is a John Bullishness about the whole, a dogged honesty and stubbornness of good sense, which make honest George Ridler out to be a pattern of old English Yeomanry. We laughed till we were like to die at the primitive display of Mr. & Mrs. Bull<sup>3</sup> in the one horse Chay. I give the bathers infinite credit for their address in contriving so effectual a punishment for interlopers. Many a man has been stripp'd for being himself flogg'd, but the situation of the honest Citizen must have been superb while, reserving the nakedness for his own part of the show, he transferred the flagellation to the back of old Nobbs. Leaving off the vagaries of this second Adam and Eve in a Tim Whisky, I must tell you that I have had another disappointment in an expected visitor of eminence; this was no less than Can-

ning who proposed rubbing up an old acquaintance by a visit at Abbotsford, when pop dies yon old Louis le désiré, and Mr. Secretary of state must go to his office to forward addresses of condolence and congratulation and renew the bands of amity between John Bull & Louis Baboon.

I recollect the passage in Dr. Plot<sup>4</sup> as I read it; but upon what authority comes the explanation—a very natural and probable one, and a sign that old Noll's saints were not quite so confident in their superiority to Satan as their gifted pretensions would have made one suppose. . . . I think you mentioned there was some old pamphlet giving an account of the stratagem. I did not get the drawing of poor John Leyden,<sup>5</sup> but I remember Heber saying he had got it for me, but somehow he forgot to send it me or it was mislaid. I will be much flattered by Mr. Berens letting me have a copy of it. I remember well sitting to him, and Heber reading Milton all the while. Since that time my block has been traced by many a brush of eminence, and at this very now, while I am writing to you, Mr. Landseer, who has drawn every dog in the house but myself, is at work upon me under all the disadvantages which my employment puts him to. He has drawn old Maida<sup>6</sup> in particular with much spirit indeed, and it is odd enough that though I sincerely wish old Mai had been younger I never thought of wishing the same advantage for myself. I am much obliged by Mr. Hughes's kind intentions in favor of Charles<sup>7</sup> who will be at Brazen Nose at the term. My kindest compliments attend the excellent Doctor, and I am always Dear Madam,

Your truly obliged and faithful

Walter Scott

October 6  
1824

*Notes by Mrs. Hughes.*—<sup>1</sup> An original miniature of Lord Falkland which I had sent Sir Walter.

<sup>2</sup> Your father had made large additions to Sir Walter's favourite ballad of "George Ridler," and I had sent him a copy.

<sup>3</sup> The ballad of the Magic Lay of the One horse Chay written by your father & published in Blackwood's Magazine for October 1824. It was founded on a fact which took place at Brighton the preceding August, & the loss of Mr. & Mrs. Bull's (for such were the names of the parties) cloaths was owing to their being stolen by a manœuvre of the Bathers.

<sup>4</sup> An extract from Dr. Plotts history of Oxfordshire containing an account of a stratagem practised to intimidate the Commissioners sent by the Long Parliament to value the Manor of Woodstock after the death of Charles 1st.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Berens had offered me a drawing of Sir Walter's friend Dr. Leyden & had formerly made one for him which he had not received.

<sup>6</sup> A favourite old deer-hound of the Ban & Buscar breed.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Charles Scott his youngest son. Your fa-

ther had offered to go to Oxford to introduce him to many of his friends, & to superintend his Outset.

The Lord Falkland spoken of in this letter, of whom Mrs. Hughes sent Sir Walter a miniature, was one of the moderates in the Parliament that impeached Stafford, but subsequently went over to the Royalist

"Scott's Familiar Letters," Vol. II (David Douglas & Co.: Edinburgh, 1894).

At this point I wish to interrupt the sequence of the letters, before resuming the series, which continues during the next five years or so, to insert an account, in form of a letter to his mother, of the life at Ab-



From a photograph

THE GARDEN FRONT, ABBOTSFORD

cause, being, as it appears, one of those moderate men who in times of stress seldom are frankly trusted by either party. He was killed at the battle of Newbury, 1643.

In 1820 Sir Walter, who had previously contributed an essay, with the hitherto unpublished poems of Patrick Carey, to the "Edinburgh Annual Register," published "Trivial Poems and Triolets" by this Carey, whom he compares with Lovelace as a poet. On page 230 of Lockhart's Life will be found a long extract from Scott's introduction to this volume of poems. The name of the Falkland family was, I think, generally spelled without the *e*—"Cary."

The six letters that follow, of which the first is of date November, 1824, and the last December, 1825, were published in

Abbotsford, given by Mr. John Hughes (father of Thomas Hughes, the author), who visited Sir Walter and Lady Scott in 1825.

#### WALTER SCOTT AT HOME

*Abbotsford—31 August*

MY DEAR MOTHER . . . Sir W. just as you have described him, for one can say no more, the ladies appearing to consider me quite as an old acquaintance; & what is most extraordinary of all, Urisk, the domestic brownie or goblin, in most gracious humour, which has continued. Yesterday we drove in the sociable to call on Mr. & Mrs. Lockhart; then to Melrose, where Lady & Miss Scott had a little shopping, while I looked at the Abbey. In the evening came Mr. Ballantyne, & two French gentlemen with introductory letters, who staid the day. Lady Scott, being evidently mistress of the language, took the first *fras de conver-*

sation; and guard was relieved soon by Sir Walter, whose bonhommie was remarkably conspicuous; particularly when the Gauls (who are gentlemanlike & speak English pretty well) did not understand anything, & required a French commentary; he then dashed freely at a language he does not much like, although I could see that the effort tried him. Miss Scott being somewhat shy of French, I was forced to do *mon possible*, to rest Sir W. occasionally; & the strangers were on the whole kept sufficiently employed. You may imagine how I have been poring over the armoury & the different curiosities, which I reconnoitred at a very early hour yesterday morning, not to be wasting time there when Sir W. was visible.

I forgot to mention the Lockharts. *She* I should think had most of her father of any of the family; carries it in her manner & countenance. Him I found very attentive & civil, as an old Oxonian; but there is an *aigre* manner in speaking of people & things in general, which warns you to be on your guard, & weigh what you say. Now with Sir Walter I find that reserve is quite out of the question; as he seems to understand & laugh at all the minor tricks of society. His manners seem in the same style of grand simplicity which distinguishes the higher style of painting and which was very much the characteristic of another man of no small celebrity, Prince Nugent. Allowing for the difference of a plain soldier & a man of genius, a man of action & a man of thought, as also for some difference in years, they remind me strikingly of one another; particularly in the art of making you perfectly at home; in the power of dispensing with what one may call the trash of human intercourse without any detriment to their own real consequence; & in short appearing never to think about themselves.

Sept. 1. I was summoned from my letter to accompany Sir Walter & the French gentlemen in a walk towards Huntly-Burn; (Thomas the Rhymers) which strikes me & struck them, as being the White Lady's hold. Some say Elvin Water; farther on.

You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that little Lockhart is in a state of health quite satisfactory to his parents & Lady S. The sea has done him much good, they say; & the child appears to me as healthy & alert as other children, with a very fresh colour; still rather slightly made, but what flesh he has is firm on him. Mrs. L. seems in very high spirits, as if she had nothing on her mind now; sung us some Gaelic & Border songs last night with much animation, delighted the French gents, though they frankly owned they did not clearly make it out; "mais c'est une espèce d'inspiration." . . .

Ever your affectionate  
J Hughes

. . . L. Eliz, I saw & have a daily laugh over Muckle mou'd Meg. . . .

The interval between the dates of the letter of Sir Walter last referred to, and the next, which is given *in extenso*, covered the sad time of the ruin of Messrs. Constable's publishing-house, in which by far the greater portion of Sir Walter's fortune also was involved. The equanimity and courage with which he faced his loss are manifest enough from the tone in which he writes.

#### SIR WALTER'S PLUCK IN ADVERSITY

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES AND MY WORTHY DOCTOR<sup>1</sup> I write immediately to give you the information which your kindness thinks of importance, I shall certainly lose a very large sum by the failure of my booksellers, whom all men considered as worth £150,000 & who I fear will not cut up, as they say, for one fourth of the money. But looking at the thing at the worst point of view I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of any one, since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned so far as yet appears, which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, and does not in the slightest degree innovate on any of my comforts. So what title have I to complain? I am far richer in point of income than Generals and Admirals who have led fleets and armies to battle. My family are all provided for in present or in prospect,<sup>2</sup> my estate remains in my family, my house and books in my own possession. I shall give up my house in Edinb. and retire to Abbotsford; where my wife and Anne will make their chief residence, during the time our courts sit, when I must attend, I will live at my club. If Anne wishes to see a little of the world in the gay season, they can have lodgings for two or three weeks; this plan we had indeed form'd before it became imperative.

At Abbotsford we will cut off all hospitality, which latterly consumed all my time, which was worse than the expence; this I intended to do at any rate; we part with an extra servant or two, manage our household economically, and in five years, were the public to stand my friend, I should receive much more than I have lost. But if I only pay all demands I shall be satisfied.

I shall be anxious to dispose of Mr. Charles so soon as his second year of Oxford is ended. I think of trying to get him into some diplomatic line, for which his habits and manners seem to suit him well.

I might certainly have borrowed large sums.

But to what good purpose? I must have owed that money, and a sense of obligation besides. Now, as I stand, the Banks are extremely sensible that I have been the means of great advantages to their establishments and have afforded me all the facilities I can desire to make my payments; and as they gained by my prosperity, they are handsomely disposed to be indulgent to my adversity, and what can an honest man wish for more?

Many people will think that because I see company easily my pleasures depend on society. But this is not the case; I am by nature a very lonely animal, and enjoy myself much at getting rid from a variety of things connected with public business etc., which I did because they were fixed on me but I am particularly happy to be rid of. And now let the matter be at rest for ever. It is a bad business, but might have been much worse.

I am my dear friends  
Most truly yours

Edinburgh  
6 February 1826

*Notes by Mrs. Hughes.*—<sup>1</sup> This was in answer to a letter jointly written by me & your Grandfather on hearing of the severe loss sustained by Sir Walter on the failure of Constable his publisher. A few days after I received a letter from a mutual friend (Mrs. Pringle of Yair) which corroborates the noble manner in which this heavy blow was borne by this excellent Man. She says "his works in the Press" (the life of Bonaparte & the Tale of Woodstock doubtless) "are valued at £20,000, & he has other property to convey over to his trustees who have it in their power to manage it in such a manner as will preserve Abbotsford; his son's wife is infest upon the property, as security for her jointure; under these circumstances his family must contrive to live upon the income arising from his public offices, about £1300 pr annum. From the above statement you will perceive the calamity of ruin appears to be averted, & I trust that it will only be a matter of inconvenience for them to struggle against until his prolific pen (which he will now have time to employ with greater advantage) may reinstate the family in ease and affluence. You have judged truly of the effect of diminished income upon Sir Walter in restraining the style of entertaining indiscriminately, which was in so many cases abused, & even when sanctioned by right & claim, had become such a tax upon his valuable time and domestic comfort, that he crows with glee at having commenc'd a most rigid system of economy, & says he will now have an apology for adopting a style of living much more agreeable to his taste than that to which he has been led on by insensible & almost irresistible degrees. 'They'll surely not kill the Hen that lays the eggs,' he good humouredly adds."

<sup>2</sup> Lady Scott's brother Mr. Charpentier had left £60,000 to her & her family at the death of his widow.

Later in the year Sir Walter was in London, apparently on business connected

with the Constable house, and there are two notes of no interest from him in London to Mrs. Hughes, preserved in the collection. We may go on to the next long letter, of December in the same year (1826), when he was returned to Abbotsford. There is a difference in the style of address in this letter,—the playful and familiar "Mistress Hughes,"—as well as a warmer tone in the signature, that show an increasing friendliness.

The "flattering proposal" of which he speaks in the beginning of the letter refers to a request by Dr. and Mrs. Hughes that he should be godfather to their new grandson, who was accordingly named "Walter Scott," after him, and in whom he took much interest.

#### A GODSON

MY DEAR MISTRESS HUGHES Your letter arrived between our leaving Edinburgh and our much more happy arrival at this place, so it is two days later in receiving an answer than I would have wished, I write immediately to express how much I shall feel honoured in accepting the flattering proposal of my friend<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hughes & having one more link of friendship to unite me to a family to whom I owe so much kindness. I am afraid I have little chance of discharging any parts of the more immediate duties of a Godfather, but then I have the salve to my conscience that the natural friends of the young Christian are much better qualified to discharge that important task than his spiritual kindred. I trust the youngster will live to be a happiness and honour to all concerned. By some chance I believe, excepting one intervening Robert, my grandfather, we are Walters for six descents, including my son. He is now rampaging up & down in hopes of going to Spain or Portugal, and his sister provoking him by singing in his ear

Oh set me on a foreign land  
With my good sword in my hand  
And the King's command to fight or die  
And shew me the man that will daunter me.

But the noble Captain frowns & considers this as trifling with the honour of the Regiment. For my part unless the French are perfectly mad I think there will be no long fight of it & though I would not spare in old border phrase my *calf's skin* in the service of the country yet when one counts chances you think otherwise when your children are concerned than you might have done had the case been your own.

Will you undertake dear Mrs. Hughes to make my most respectful and sincere acknowledgments acceptable to the Duke of Bucking-

ham for the splendid donations of the Irish Chronicles with which his Grace has been pleased to oblige me. It is a work executed in a style of magnificence becoming his Grace's high rank, & with attention to the great object of historical importance which renders its magnificence as useful as it is imposing. As I am conscious how little I deserved the high compliment conferred by his Grace's goodness I can only say that my sense of the obligation is proportionally increased by my own want of desert. My respectful compliments wait on the Duchess, whose kindness is not soon to be forgotten even when experienced during so short an interview as I had the honour of enjoying under your kind auspices. . . .

your much obliged & affectionate  
humble servant

*Walter Scott*

Abbotsford Melrose  
24 December 1826

Here we are for three weeks or till our beesves & brewis all fail us; would you could get Prince Housseins tapestry for a trip & light on us one Abbotsford evening with cousins by the score & piper & dancers & old songs & a little good claret & whisky punch & people contented to be happy as their fathers were before them upon the same occasion.

*Note by Mrs. Hughes.*—<sup>1</sup> To be godfather to  
Walter Hughes.

That which "you wish to see," in the beginning of the next letter, refers, as a note in Mrs. Hughes's hand tells us, to a copy of "Götz of Berlichingen," which he had translated in the very early days of his literary life. It was out of print.

HIS TRANSLATIONS FROM THE  
GERMAN, ETC.

*Abbotsford*  
*Sept 20th 1827*

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have great pleasure in sending you what you wish to see. I have cause however to be ashamed of the thing itself. It was undertaken when I did not understand German, and I am not able to revise it now because I have forgotten the little I then knew. I remember among other comical blunders I gallantly translated *Glatze* a bald head, into glasses, and made a landlord's drunken customers threaten his crockery instead of his noddle. It is quite at your service to keep or copy or do what you will with. When Lockhart & Sophia leave I will send you some similar attempts never published; one I think is a fine subject, the Fiesco of Schiller. I remember I used to read it to sobbing & weeping audiences, & no wonder; for whatever

may be thought of the translation, the original is sublime. These were the works of my nownage—not quite literally, but when I was about twenty two or twenty three, and certainly had no hope of doing any thing out of my own head. Where are the people who then listened to them—dead or thrown separate by the course of time & incidents which bear us asunder on the tide of time.

I have not forgotten the Duchess of Buckingham's condescending promise to accept a Mustard or Pepper; but it is difficult to get the real breed, & Spice who is the best I have seen has had no puppies this year. It is singular that the race is very difficult to perpetuate or preserve. Your horrible story of the brother & sister is admirable as it stands; but I think our literature does not willingly admit these odious involutions & perversions of passion in which the Greek poets seem to have delighted; so it is rather a tale for the chimney corner than a subject of anything for the public.

I have been greatly delighted with Lockhart's & Sophia's visit, and cannot express to you my sense of your kindness to them. I shall always think it my particular happiness when I can express in any way my sense of the extreme obligation I feel on that and every other account. Prince Houssein's tapestry it is vain to wish for but as the interval between London and Edinburgh has been contracted in my lifetime to one sixth part of the time which it formerly occupied, who knows how soon time & space may be actually abolished and Abbotsford be as near St. Paul's as White Chapel. Sophia will add news of us; the children are as well as possible. My kindest respects attend the kind & excellent Doctor & Mr. & Mrs. Hughes, and my blessing on my little Godson. I will send him a set of books one of these days to teach him Scottish history. I am in more than haste

Dear Mrs. Hughes  
Most respectfully & affectionately  
Yours  
*Walter Scott*

At the end of the same year, 1827, he writes again to Mrs. Hughes, with apologies for the interval of silence, a letter long enough to make amends. The reference that it contains to a book he is sending for his godson Walter Hughes (though scarcely of an age to appreciate it) is the first series of "Tales of a Grandfather," published about this time. Throughout all this time, while putting out his novels at the rate of more than one a year, he was at work at a variety of other literary business, notably his "Life of Buonaparte." The "valuable present" for which he returns thanks at the end of the letter was a

lock of Bonaparte's hair sent him by a friend of Mrs. Hughes.

"A PAIR OF NEW EYES FOR A GUINEA"  
—DOGS, ETC.

Edinburgh Decr 13  
1827

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been a great defaulter in not writing to you and the excellent friend to whose kindness I am so much obliged nor have I much to say in excuse for myself. The old divine tells us that the Devil's privy parlour is paved with good intentions; in that case I am afraid a great many of mine go to his sable Highness's share.

I admire your patience in copying out old Goetz, & I am sorry I have given away or lost a translation of Fiesco which is I think a finer thing. Some others I have, made at the same time I was German mad. If you would like to see them I could easily send them up to town but I think they are in general sad trash and if you read ever so little German you would see how inferior they are to the original. The publication of Goetz was a great era however in German literature, and served completely to free them from the French follies of unities & decencies of the scene and gave an impulse to their dramas which was unique of its kind; since that they have been often stark mad but never I think stupid. They either divert you by taking the most brilliant leaps through the hoop or else by tumbling into the custard, as the Newspapers averred the Champion did at the Lord Mayors dinner.

I am afraid you will find from my hand writing that I am becoming blinder than is convenient for my correspondents; my eyes, good servants in their day, fail me now sadly, not that I have any complaint in them, thank God, save that which arises from course of years and hard working. How I regret the hours that I wasted when a boy in reading by fire light. However heaven bless the memory of the honest man who invented spectacles and did more good than twenty besides. It is a fine privilege to have, that one can buy a pair of new eyes for a guinea when the old ones go wrong.

I have been writing of late for the benefit of those who need no spectacles, and the little book which accompanies this is designed for my Godson Walter S. Hughes, and I hope if it does him no great good it will do him no harm. You will recognize Johnnie and the front of Abbotsford. I hope you design to make out your pilgrimage there next spring or summer, to renew your reminiscences; you will find it much improved, and all the groves & glades, of which the places were but signified, appearing in actual perfection.

You are so fond of music that I think you

must be interested in some which I have lately heard. It was I think of an original character & which promised to be highly popular. I heard it first at Ravensworth Castle where my young friends the Misses Liddel sing like Sirens. The words were by Mrs. Hemans—"Twas a trumpet's lofty sound," Campbell's "Lord Ullin's daughter" & "Roland the brave" and one or two popular poems of the same character of poetry, and I have never heard music better matched with "immortal verses." I was at first told that [they] were all the composition of Mrs. Arkwright of Derbyshire, a daughter in law of Sr. R. Arkwright the celebrated inventor of the spinning machine, and daughter of fat Stephen Kemble brother of Mrs. Siddons & John Kemble; I remember her mother a most excellent actress & I believe the original Yarico. But I have since heard from Lady Wedderburne that in fact Mrs. Arkwright only wrote some of those beautiful tunes and that others, and particularly one which I greatly admired and for whose popularity should it be published I would become answerable, to the words of Mrs. Hemans "Twas a trumpet's lofty sound," is the production not of Mrs. Arkwright but of Miss Brown the sister of the Poetess—write or compose who will, it is I think very fine.

Now you will ask, what have I to do with all this? very little in truth only thus far, Mrs. A. is a wealthy lady & of course no one has any motive to obtrude opinions or interference; but Miss Brown is otherwise situated, and the question occurs why this gifted lady should not profit by a talent which would speedily realize a considerable independence. I am sure any music dealer of character who could prevail on this lady to publish some of this music would make an immense profit even by affording the Composer a handsome profit. I do not know the lady and have no knowledge of the musical world; but I am sorry that a person of such original genius should not turn it to some account. Now you know these good folks & may not be displeased to communicate to any respectable person the fact that such music exists and may, if I am rightly informed, be made the subject of treaty, and I presume it would not be difficult through Mrs. Hemans to put such a treaty into Miss Brown's power. The Mansfield family who are very musical and indeed all who have heard these melodies consider them as of the highest character. After all I am meddling in a matter [in] which I have not the least title to interfere excepting gratitude for the pleasure I have had in hearing the music of a lady that I never saw and am totally unknown to. I am vexed about Sophia; but she is happy in having your affectionate care and Mrs. Terry's kindness, and for the rest we must comfort ourselves with the proverb

Well betides  
Her who bides.

This was a proverb of my good mother's who had them applicable to all occasions of life in which emergencies were of course provided for. I hope from your diverting story of Johnnie that he also will be a proverb-monger; he seems to have profited by that of Sancho—my Mother whips me & I whip the top.

I enclose a letter to your most obliging friend acknowledging the receipt of his valuable present. My best love attends Dr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes, and I am always Dear Mrs. Hughes

Your truly faithful & obliged  
*Walter Scott*

I am happy to tell you that there is a small family of Mustard & Peppers. I have sent to Tom Purdie to keep such three or four of the two families as with the assistance of John Swan the forester shall be selected as the handsomest, in hopes I may be able, when I get to Abbotsford at Christmas, to select one worthy of the distinction of being preferred to the Duchess of Buckingham's service. Charles is with me just now studying history & public law together with modern languages; he begs most kind & grateful recollections to you, Dr. & Mr. Hughes.

The drawing that much resembles "Old Harden's Crest" in the following letter was an absurd likeness of the baby, Walter Hughes, Sir Walter's godson, done by his brother, and sent to the godfather by Mrs. Hughes. In the references to a desire to visit the Continent and to the Duke of Buckingham going up Etna on a mule we see the beginning, I think, of that journey to Italy which he made a year or two later in hopes of regaining his lost health.

THINKING OF THE CONTINENT—  
BEING A LION

Decr. 25th 1827  
*Edinburgh*

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received your note with old Goetz so you stand acquitted of that valuable work. I am not surprised at a good Welchwoman having the same indulgences for a Minion of the Moors which are proper to our Borderfolks.

Taffy was a Welchman  
And Taffy was a—Cymry the wise it call!

Johnnie's letter has tokens of an admirable Amanuensis; his drawing seems much to resemble "Old Harden's Crest" supposed to represent the spirit Threshiewat who used to

appear to light him through the Cheviot hills with a lanthorn in each hand, which for dignity sake has been since converted into the sun & moon by the Heralds. It indicates a hopeful disposition to the old trade & would entitle the little Walter to the old benediction of the border mother to her infant.

Weels me on your bonny craigie  
If ye live ye 'll steal a naigie  
Ride the country through & through  
And bring home many a Carlisle cou.

Through the Lowdens o'er the border  
Weel my baby may you further  
Harry the loons of the Low Cuntrie  
Syne to the border hame to me.

How delightful to think the Duke of Buckingham has been to the top of Etna on a mule. It encourages me in an idea I have [of] going to Sicily; certain troublesome matters are taking a favourable turn with me & whenever they will permit me I am resolved to visit the Continent. I am sure I am much more accustomed to endure any species of fatigue where my lameness does not impede me than most people, & have slept on the heather as soundly as ever I did in my bed, so I have great hopes I may get to the top of Etna; Lockhart will tell you that even in my age I can climb like a cat and in my boyhood was one of the boldest craigslistmen in the High School, as the Cats-neck on Salisbury Crags & the Kittle Nine-steps on the Castle rock could tell if they would speak. So I may get to the top of Etna yet. . . .

Always affectionately yours  
*Walter Scott*

I will be at Abbotsford till 10 January & afterwards return here. I need hardly say that my kindest & best wishes attend the excellent Doctor & your son with a blessing for the New Year for little Walter.

I am delighted you know Mrs. Barrington; she is a delightful person & indeed, having the instinct of a dog who knows he is welcome, so I like the whole Ravensworth family much more sincerely & affectionately than most families whom I have been acquainted with of late date. Nobody knows better how to distinguish those who receive me as a *Lion*, (on which occasions I am however always civil,) and those who are kind in my human capacity.

Spring of the following year (1828) finds Sir Walter again in London, engaged in business, but with leisure enough to take most kindly interest in the misfortunes of others, and notably in those of "poor Terry," the actor. The letter below shows his devoted and anxious attachment to his little grandson. The mutual affection be-

tween these two friends of such unequal years seems to have been unusually and touchingly great.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been ungratefully silent owing to the anxiety of the time which I have passed here latterly—now that our hopes begin to assume a more cheerful prospect I hasten to write. I had not been here a week before poor dear Johnnie [Lockhart] became very unwell, spit blood, with a fever and continual cough, and became so debilitated that the physicians thought him in the most instant danger. He was posted down to Brighton without delay, his father, mother and Anne going with him and settling themselves there, with such effect that thank God the poor little fellow is much better, and we have fair hope of his weathering this bad turn. Whether the constant care of his parents will keep alive the feeble plant God only knows, and to Him we must refer ourselves. . . .

Poor Terry's misfortunes have arisen from imprudence but nothing worse. . . . I apprehend he will be obliged to sell his share in the Adelphi worth about £5000 which will pay twelve or fourteen shillings in the pound. It is sad work. I lent him a sum of no great consequence intending that £200 should go to fit out his child when he could get an appointment; this too is lost in the wreck—what I may lose myself is of no consideration and I would give it all freely to see the poor fellow on his legs again.

I am trying what I can do for Alan Cunningham, and I trust may succeed—he is a real good fellow, and a clever one if he knew when he had said enough. Love to my excellent Doctor, your son, his lady and the Godson. The dogs for the Duchess are in health but have rather grown bigger than they should; I will send them by the next steamboat when I return to Edinburgh. Adieu Dear Madam. God bless you.

Walter Scott

Sussex Place 24 Regents Park  
7th May 1828

His trust that he might serve Alan Cunningham was well founded, for by his request each of Cunningham's two sons was given a cadetship in the East India Company's service.

Dr. and Mrs. Hughes were now thinking of making a tour to Scotland, and proposed a visit to Sir Walter at Abbotsford as its chief feature and attraction.

A BORN FIGHTER—A TROUT AT THE FLY  
AND ANOTHER WITH THE BOBBER

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I write immediately on the receipt of your kind letter to express

with how much pleasure Anne & I will receive your promised visit. You cannot come amiss to us in the week following the 14th, or any time afterwards you cannot come amiss, as we shall not be absent from Abbotsford where I have much to do—in imagination that is. You shall walk with me, and see if the pruners are doing their duty in the young plantations. I am happy Mr. Hughes proposes to accompany the good Doctor and you; his account of Boscobel and the subsequent adventures of Charles cannot fail to be interesting. It was a great pity that same Charles was but a worthless dog whom even the school of adversity did so little for, & yet there were likeable qualities about him—a sort of Royal *Roué* whom one could not but like even while you could not esteem him.

My two dogs went up from Leith about ten days since: they are grim tykes and should be hardy from their breed, but they are larger in size than I could wish owing to their being overfed; if they take the distemper Blane's medicine will cure them if given when the first symptoms of wheezing & running at the eyes are discovered; they should have a pretty strong dose but they are in fine condition & they have indeed been rather too much fed which has occasioned their great size. Tom Purdie was afraid the distemper would attack them when low in flesh, when it is generally fatal. If the Duchess thinks proper to have them vaccinated as in the case of human beings, it is I think a preventive. I am glad you like the Yon Chrem. He is rather a favourite of mine. But Henry Wynd's *Insouciance* always delighted me in the story. A man who played into such a mortal combat without knowing which side he was fighting on must have been a queer fellow any how. All this and much more we will talk of when you come to the North. I hope we shall have fine weather to greet you.

Think of my luck in getting for honest Alan Cunningham two appointments instead of one; the last is for the institution at Addiscombe where so clever a lad is sure to get on the Engineer's establishment, the best in India. I protest I scarce felt more pleasure than when first a fisher I caught two trouts at once, one at the fly another with the bobber, and, joy on joy, landed them both. Adieu, my kind [friend], & most respectful compliments to the excellent Doctor. I hold it no mean honour that he should undertake a fatiguing journey, and am delighted Mr. Hughes comes with you to take trouble off the Doctor's hands on the road, as well as to add to the pleasure of the visit.

Yours my dear Mrs. Hughes  
most gratefully  
Walter Scott

Standwich Place Edinburgh  
26 June 1828

Please God I quit this house at one o'clock P.M. Friday the 11th, when our potent, grave & reverend Signiors of the Court at Session commence vacations.

From July 18, 1828, when the last letter (which, with one or two others, is not printed here) was written, there is now a gap in the correspondence until October of the same year. But though no letters passed in the meantime, the two friends enjoyed a more pleasant and closer communion in the course of the visit that Dr. Hughes and his wife most successfully paid to Abbotsford in the summer of that year. It was a visit productive of mutual satisfaction and, if possible, increased friendliness. The reference to "Trulls" at the beginning of the letter refers to some small, thick Berkshire cheeses, so called in the local tongue, which Mrs. Hughes had sent the year before. By this time the authorship of the famous novels was public property, and it is interesting to note the quaint, unapologetic attitude in which he refers to the truth, which he had denied, being forced out of him. The "best news" of it, as he says, consists in the wonderfully better account of his grandson's health.

#### HIS REVISED WORKS, ETC.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I sent to the residence in Amen Corner not one book "as big as all dis cheese" but some score or two of books as big as a score of Trulls; they form the continuation of the translations of which you were kind enough to accept the first series. About these novels you know my feelings are something like those of Macbeth

"I am afraid to think on what I 've done  
Look on 't again I dare not."

As however the course of things have return'd them to be my property, I have thoughts (though it is a *great secret*) of making a revised edition with some illustrations. Amongst them I think of inserting the account of the affair of Cumnor Hall from Ashmole's antiquities of Berkshire; but to this I would like to add some notice of their present state, & of any traditions which may be still current about them, & for this material addition I must trust to Mr. John Hughes' and your kindness, as also for some thing, no great matter what, about Wayland Smith's stone; there is no hurry about this, and in the mean time I beg the favor of you to say nothing about the plan as I do not wish to lower the value of such copies as may be still in the Bookseller's hands,

which an annunciation of my intention might perhaps do. They are now getting very low in number, though the market was inundated by the sale of the roguish bookseller's great stock. We must try to make the new edition superior by illustrations and embellishments, as a faded beauty dresses and lays on a prudent touch of rouge to compensate for want of her juvenile graces. Your kind assistance in this matter will oblige much your indebted friend; the thing is really of very considerable importance, and if it succeeds will do much to rub off old scores incurred by the bankruptcy of my publishers.

Poor Alan Cunningham was like to lose one of his Cadetships by Lord Melville's removal to the Admiralty, but Lord Ellenborough has most handsomely engaged to make it good.

I dined with the Ettrick Shepherd, and an excellent rural feast we had; he had not forgotten your kindness. On that occasion I visited my old acquaintance, the Grey Mare's Tail, in a tremendous storm of wind and rain. The path was a perilous one but the sight of the torrent tumbling from an immense height into a bottomless cauldron swelled by rain, and contending in its fall with a tempest of wind, was very grand; indeed the solid rock on which we stood rocked to the roar of wind and rain. I wished you to have seen it.

But my best news you have probably already heard which is the apparent renovation of poor Johnnie's health, which I know you would learn with as much pleasure as any of his nearest friends; he is allowed to walk upright, and the spinal affection is said by Dr. Brodie to have ceased altogether.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. Hughes. Remember me most kindly to the dear and respected Doctor and to Mr. John Hughes. Your visit made us so happy that we cannot renounce a hope of its being renewed in spite of the recollection of the Steam Kettle.

Yours my dear friend with sincere respect & regard

Walter Scott

Abbotsford Octr. 9th or 10th 1828

The translation spoken of at the beginning of the next letter was a translation into French of "The Fair Maid of Perth." Sir Walter had given Mrs. Hughes copies of translations into French of many of the novels when she was at Abbotsford.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I add [to] your collection another translation as you seemed to like those which you cleared my hands of. I cannot tell how kind I felt your visit and how much I am obliged for your patience with wet days and slow movements. Alas! with every wish to make my weather & pace agreeable to

my friends I have now as little power of mending the last as of improving the first. My

“Jog on, jog on the greensward way”

is degenerated into a sad hobble; but while I can get good friends to keep me company I will not greatly regret it.

All are well here; dogs women and men—only Tom Purdie has cut his foot with an axe, so I want for a time his prop and stay. We have had a very pleasant visit from the Miss Ardens who filled the blank of evening melody which you left behind you. . . .

Believe me always

My dear Mrs. Hughes  
yours most faithfully  
*Walter Scott*

Sept 4th Abbotsford  
1828

Mrs. Hughes had sent Sir Walter an account of the Uffington legend of Wayland Smith for the new edition of “Kenilworth,” together with some anecdotes of Cumnor Hall. Terry was still in trouble, and in spite of all the efforts of his good friends they did not succeed in extricating him.

TERRY'S TROUBLES—A HINT  
ABOUT PLANTING

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Your active benevolence starts the game while others beat the bush. I think the Benefit is the best thing that can be devised for poor Terry! I have not the least interest with the dramatic sovereigns of the day; my old friends of the theatre are gone with John Kemble or become old with his marvellous sister, and I have not been even in a London theatre perhaps for ten years except the ill-fated Adelphi. I cannot say I have room for thinking that Terry had hard usage from his partner. His misfortunes were solely, so far as I could see, originated in his undertaking an enterprize requiring a free capital while he was under the necessity of meeting hourly a quantity of secret debt which was becoming daily more heavy by the addition of interest to principal. But the public always like to relish their benevolence towards an individual by making his misfortunes the medium of blaming some other person, so that their charitable feeling may have the flavour of a little scandal to take off its insipidity. All I could [do] would [be] to send my mite, and to try to scribble some doggrel by the way of prologue or epilogue. Good puffing might certainly be commanded and with the assistance of such I think a good thing might be made out for him. We might then try Edinburgh, where I think £100 or two might be [obtained]. I fear sadly his playing days are done.

The notes upon Wayland etc. are exactly what I want and make my task an easy one. For once you have told me of

“a wood  
Where a wood should not be.”

I know few positions which trees do not ornament but to plant out the curiosities whether of nature or antiquity is certainly a great mistake. I remember old Lord Abercorn, the uncle of the late Marquis excluding with great care from his walks & points of view, Gazebos & so forth, the fine old ruin of Craig Millar Castle which he termed a common prostitute, the beauties of which were seen all over the country.

The cheeses are arrived, and are excellent. They are some comfort to us in coming from the country, which we left with great reluctance on Tuesday last. So, like Ossian's, my dogs are howling in my empty hall. Christmas comes however with its blazing logs, fat beef and brown beer, and we look forward to Abbotsford once more. I forget if I had begun my manufacture of flakes (not flakes of wood) which Highlanders call Leggals and English hurdles. I made up about five or six hundred of them out of the young larches, weedings of my plantations, and I am happy to say they are selling very *bobishly*; the amount is a trifle but seems to promise future sales which will be every year more important.

Pray remember me most kindly to the Dr. & Mr. Hughes. The brace of Annes send kind remembrances, to which pray dear Mrs. Hughes add my kind compliments.

Always most truly  
yours,

*Walter Scott*

Edinburgh 15 Nov 1828

In the letter that follows, and again later, Sir Walter refers a good deal, and in a way that shows how much the horror and the human interest of their inhuman crime attracted him, to the murders committed by Burke and Hare. It was not merely as a student of human nature that he took a peculiar interest in them, but rather that the whole of Great Britain, and more especially Edinburgh, was at that time full of the case, with a sort of astoundment that such unsuspected possibilities could exist in our human nature, even in its most brutal degradation.

HOW SIR WALTER BRAVES HIS INFIRMITIES—THE CASE OF BURKE

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I am delighted that you & the good Doctor approve of the picture. It has one great advantage over the original that

such as it is it will remain while I myself feel strongly increase of infirmity with increase of time. I hope it is only this cold weather which benumbs me but I feel my lameness, which used to be little more than unsightly, is gradually increasing, and my walks have been much shortened since I saw you. But I should rather be thankful for the strength which I have enjoy'd under such adverse circumstances than surprised at its not being continued to the end of the Chapter. That my hands may not laugh at my feet I have turned child again and taken chilblains which almost prevent me from holding the pen. So much for grumbling; for the rest we are all as well as possible amid a scene of sickness; a typhus fever is almost universal here chiefly amongst children of the higher ranks who one would think secure from the disease by good living and healthy habitations; but so it is—and the disease does not affect the lower ranks whose dwellings and diet one would think expose them to such a scourge.

In the mean time we have the horrors of the West port to amuse us, and that we may appear wiser than our neighbours, we drive in our carriages filled with well dress'd females to see the wretched cellars in which these atrocities were perpetrated, and any one that can get a pair of shoes cobbled by Burke would preserve them with as much devotion as a Catholic would do the sandals of a saint which had pressed the holy soil of Palestine. I suspect Justice has done her best or worst to avenge these enormities, and one's natural feelings revolt to think that so many of the perpetrators must escape punishment. But you must recollect that it is a thousand times better that the greatest villain should escape than that public faith should be broken or the law wrested from its even tenour for the purpose of punishing them; & the Lord Advocate could not have convicted Burke<sup>1</sup> without the evidence of Hare & his wife, and even succeeded with difficulty, having their support. To break faith with the wretch would be to destroy, in a great measure, a great barrier which the public has hitherto enjoy'd against crime from the want of reliance of the wicked on each other. Hare therefore I fear must be left to the vengeance of heaven, unless the rabble were to make another Porteus job of it. I did not go to the scene of action, although the newspapers reported me one of the visitors. . . .

I am always with kindest wishes

Dear Mrs. Hughes  
Your truly obliged  
& faithful

*Walter Scott*

Edinburgh  
23 January  
1829

All the good wishes of the new year attend you & yours.

The "valuable & much valued token of regard" spoken of in the beginning of the next letter was a folio work on Pompeii from drawings by Colburne, which Dr. Hughes had sent Sir Walter. This letter is without date or signature, but the reference to Burke's execution fixes the date at the end of January, 1829. It is pathetic enough to think of the scribe of the immortal novels fumbling down the inspired words with his poor chilblainy fingers.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received yesterday your valuable & much valued token of regard & looked over the engravings with pride & pleasure; they are a great monument of modern art & console me for the little chance there is now left that I will ever see the places they represent. I have not looked over them save once, determined to have them immediately secured by the binder to save risque of accidents. Your wishes have been nearly accomplished; the she-hare has been well nigh hunted to death; she was recognized on the bridge, with a blind sickly child in her arms, and instantly assailed by the mob with snow balls & stones & even personal violence. I am told she was at one moment suspended over the banisters of the highest arch, & only held by the cloaths; it was well for her that her supporters had no chilblains. At length the Police rescued her, but I think it a chance that she loses her life if she ventures into the country, & in Edinburgh she cannot remain. Her Husband remains in Gaol till a deliverance is obtained from the court of Justiciary; the trial comes on on Monday. This Hare is a most hideous wretch, so much so that I was induced to remark him from having observed his extremely odious countenance once or twice in the street, where in general I am no observer of faces; but his is one which there is no passing without starting, & I recognized him easily by the prints. One was apt to say, & indeed I did say to myself, that if he was not some depraved villain, Nature did not write a legible hand.

Burke was executed yesterday morning; he died with firmness though overwhelmed with the hooting, cursing & execrations of an immense mob, which they hardly suspended during the prayers & psalm which in all other instances in my memory have passed undisturbed, Governor Wall being a solitary exception. The wretch was diseased with a cancer which the change of diet & the cold of his cell made cruelly painful. He was rather educated above the common class, which makes his Case extraordinary.

[<sup>1</sup> The wretch who murdered by suffocation in order to sell subjects for dissection.—THE EDITOR.]

The deaths amongst us are fearfully frequent and all the mirth and festivity of the season are silent. . . .

As for my old bones they continue pretty considerably tarnation stiff, as the transatlantic friends express it. We grow old as a garment & I never heard of immortal suits except in Chancery. Our snow is cleared off with immense rain, & the weather I hope will be more temperate.

Sophia's levee of masons, smiths, joiners, & so forth must be teasing, & she may reckon on at least 25 pr. cent additional for the very name of a *decorator*. But then they do their business well, whereas in Scotland, although our masons are most admirable & eke our plasterers, our joiners, smiths, & Jacks of all trade are atrociously bad. Not a door opens or shuts with accuracy, even in our best houses, for we do not or cannot get any thing but what are called *factory* locks, keys, hinges & so forth which, with want of exact *ruitering* as it is called, makes our rooms, however showy, rather uncomfortable. . . .

No date or signature is given, but the letter must have been written January 29, 1829.

All through these letters there are continued signs of anxiety, ups and downs of alternate hope and dejection, in regard to little Johnnie Lockhart's health, all revealing the charming tenderness and affection of Sir Walter's heart. Only a month after Terry's death Sir Walter lost another very valued friend, Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, to whom Sir Walter had not long before sent a set of his works with an inscription.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES A thousand thanks for all your kindness about Kenilworth, Wayland Smith, Abingdon, Cumnor Hall, & other particulars. I am not sure how far they may be all useful, for perhaps there may be no great policy in making holes in one's own work for the pleasure of darning them. Of course I know nothing more than Camden and his commentators told me about those places, and the rest so far as localities are concerned would be *hit or miss* work. But I am interested much in knowing the reality, as it really exists. I have got a list of Leicester's furniture at Kenilworth which seems to have been of the most splendid description. I will get some good hints from it. . . .

So poor Terry is gone—in a situation where life was not to be wished. It is a cruel view of human life to consider what small obstacles impede our voyage. . . . A little more nerve and courage to face his own affairs, and he might have been wealthy and prosperous.

But there is a better way of thinking on this subject. . . .

I am

Dear Mrs. Hughes

sincerely & affectionately yours

Walter Scott

Edinburgh

1st July 1830

In the following letter, where Sir Walter refers to Sir Henry Lee's picture, the reference is to an account that Mrs. Hughes had written him of a portrait she had lately seen in Wales, at Newallyn, of Sir Henry Lee of Litchley, with a dog exactly answering to the description of Bevis in "Woodstock."

MY DEAR LADY . . . I ought to be ashamed for having sent such Van-loads of stuff into the world, instead of which here am I *taylorizing* as my good mother would have said, that is capeing, collarling & turning my old novels to give them novelty [?] in some degree. *Entre nous*, the success has been hitherto more than our warmest calculations anticipated. This leaves me little time for any thing save exercise which I will not give up either for wealth or fame, but it cuts my correspondence sadly short.

I will be delighted to receive the drawing of Wayland Smith's dwelling which, with the anecdotes you have supplied me with, will make me rich in illustrations of Waverley [Kenilworth?]. . . .

The accident of Sir Henry Lee's picture is very odd. When I was a boy I used to be told that there was risque in presenting your pistol at people even though I knew they were unloaded, for the Devil might load them for the purpose of putting me to shame. Now I really sometimes think some little mischievous Demon takes a pleasure to guide my pen to realities when it is running as the owner supposes on some fiction. The publishers will be certainly desirous to have the picture copied if permission can be obtained. . . .

Your obliged & faithful friend,

Walter Scott

Abbotsford

August 24. [1829]

The next letter records the making of yet another gap in the thinning ranks of Sir Walter's surviving friends of his youth, by the death of Tom Purdie, his very faithful factotum and bailiff at Abbotsford, between whom and his master the bond was very much one of friendship rather than of servitude.

TOM PURDIE

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Were you ever engaged in a fair bout of setting to rights? but I need not ask; I know how little you would mind what annoys my ponderous person so much, and in my mind's eye I see you riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm like the fairy Whippity Stourie herself. Dr. Hughes will comprehend the excess of my annoyance in the task of turning all my books over each other to give a half yearly review of the lost, stolen and strayed, which disturbs my temper as much as the gallery stairs do my person. . . .

I have had a very severe loss in my old & faithful Gillian a Chriah that is Man of the belt, Thomas Purdie, and though I am on most occasions like Edward Bruce "who used not to make moan for others, & loved not that others should lament for him," yet on this occasion I have felt very acute sorrow. I was so much accustomed to the poor fellow that I feel as if I had lost feet & hands, so ready was he always to supply the want of either. Do I wish a tree to be cut down, I miss Tom with the Axe. —Do I meet a bad step, and there are such things in my walks as you well know, Tom's powerful arm is no more at my command. Besides all this, there is another grievance. I am naturally rather shy, you laugh when I say this but it is very true; I *am* naturally shy, though bronzed over by the practice of the law and a good deal of commerce with the world. But it is inexpressibly disagreeable to me to have all the gradations of familiarity to go through with another familiar till we are sufficiently intimate to be at ease with him. . . .

*Abbotsford*

I am sorry, but not surprised, at Sophia's illness; she is a most established coddler, and I think would be better if she would think so. But every one can bear an ill save the person that has it. I have Walter with me as large as life. I hope this cough and cough-like weather will not affect him. I do not know what his youth has to do with it. From fifteen to fifty I cannot boldly say that I had any complaint worse than a head ache of my own procuring.

*Edinburgh.*

My unfinished letter has skipped to & fro with me and has been written by fits & snatches. I sincerely hope this will find the excellent Doctor in good health. I will not forget to thank Mr. John Hughes for his extreme kindness. I have no news to send, unless I could suppose you would like to hear the quintessence of a debate between two gentlemen of the long robe about an Annuity of five pounds a year which is going on at my

ear, for I am sitting at the receipt of custom. I am dear Mrs. Hughes

most truly yours

*Walter Scott*

Parliament House  
1st Dec

In the spring of 1830 Sir Walter was in London for a while, but seems to have been very quiet there. In February, while in Edinburgh, he had been taken with a paralytic or apoplectic seizure, and although he wrote as copiously as ever during the remainder of the year, struggling to pay off liabilities incurred through no manner of fault of his own, it is certain that he was never again quite the man he had been before the attack. The following letter to Mrs. Hughes shows that he accepted this affliction, like every other, in a most brave and cheerful spirit of resignation. He was quite glad, however, when changes in the arrangements seemed likely to make it acceptable to the government that he should give up his position as clerk of session in the Edinburgh courts. In the reference in this letter to his official duties, that "connected me with the world as far as they went, & prescribed a certain number of duties which required attendance without demanding exertion," we see, I think, both his motive in keeping this comparatively humble office during all the days of his splendid fame, and also its real value to him.

## SIR WALTER'S DOGS AGAIN—HIS INCOME

MY DEAR MISTRESS HUGHES I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my children & friends in London this spring in order to gather my health together a little more firmly, for a town life is not very favourable to stomach complaints, especially to one who is on a short visit & like to be much about in London. I think I have been the better of my self denial, for two months of Abbotsford with daily walks have made me as stout as an old lion can well expect. We cannot be young again if we would, & I feel disposed to say, what perhaps is like the fox's judgment of the grapes, that I would not if I could. My domestic establishment is increased by a dog of Nimrod's kin, as large, but in make rather like to the greyhound, a most beautiful dog & well entitled to the Celtic name of Bran; he was bred on purpose for me by Cluny Macpherson the chief of the Clan Vonrigh, of course a high Highland chief; he is quite a puppy though Cluny tells me he has killed three deer and a roe,

perfectly good tempered, & sociable with Nimrod, Spice etc. etc. He is a dog of such high spirit that in chasing half a dozen of deer he would not touch the last but never rested till he turn'd the headmost stag who is usually thought the finest & boldest; so much for Mr. Bran the new favorite; you see he is Ossianic even in name. I am about, it would seem, to resign my official situation; if this Scottish bill passes I become supernumerary, no very pleasant office to stand on, and I think it is most probable, by some sacrifice in point of income, I will be permitted to retire upon a superannuation. Altho' I have no doubt that in the present days of economy Ministers will drive a hard bargain with me, yet I may make up the difference of my income by saving the expence of my house & residence here in the summer & depth of winter, & if I gain six months' time it will be hard if I cannot make something of it to balance my deficiencies. Besides I have some desire to go abroad, like the post horse in John Gilpin—

“right glad to miss  
The lumber of the wheels.”

And at any rate Abbotsford is a snug residence with plenty of walks in summer & of billets of wood in winter & room enough for exercise without doors, in good weather, & within doors when it is bad. At the same time, like the rest of the world, when I find an object long wished for become probable, I cannot term it certain, I am beginning to feel misgivings. My profession & official duties connected me with the world as far as they went, & prescribed a certain number of duties which required attendance without demanding exertion. I have seen other men miserable from laying down a routine of this kind and I cannot help thinking I shall regret even

“The drowsy bench the babbling hall”

and the whole employment of the day of Session, the attendance of my Brownie who prepared my papers mended my pens and like the Brownie of old time did every thing for me in the world without his principal having to reimburse him—a duty which fell on the unfortunate litigants. The society of my brethren, excellent friendly men whom I prefer for general society to what they call a literary set, as Gil Blas preferred his Commis to the poets of Fabrice, will leave a blank to be filled up, & I sometimes doubt if I shall love the country so much when I am at liberty constantly to reside there. But every thing yet is in *dubio* so do not say anything about it. The bill may not pass, or, passing, they are not unlikely to drive a bargain with me which would be too sore to submit to, for I am firmly resolved I will retain a sum large

enough to keep me in case of illness or incapacity, and if they will not grant it me, the old story goes on, for thank heaven my place is under the great seal of Scotland and cannot be diminished unless with my consent, and so I am provided with philosophical reasons to be contented, wag the world as it may. . . .

Yours always my dear Madam

with great sincerity,

Walter Scott

Edinburgh  
May 22. 1830

The next is a very interesting letter, as showing Sir Walter's probable views on what we should call to-day problems of psychical research. It is a model letter in its manner of telling a lady and a friend that you do not believe her statement.

SIR WALTER ON GHOSTS—PSYCHICAL  
RESEARCH

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have just got Bosobel & was just about to write my thanks & express the pleasure I had in the perusal when I beheld your kind letter to which, contrary to my rule, I dispatch an early answer. Your recollection is very vivid, & I doubt not sufficiently correct; still it falls short of legal testimony; the recollection of our childhood on such a topic as that of ghosts & goblins is apt to be strangely mixed with exaggerations, a sort of embroidery which your fancy is so apt to lend such strong colouring as misleads even its owners. Our law has wisely I think introduced a prescription of crimes, from the idea that human testimony becomes unsettled by the lapse of time & would be directed more by the imagination than the absolute recollection. I therefore, my dearest lady, paying the utmost credit to your testimony, yet the occurrence of so old a date must not alter my doubts; it winna believe for me. It would be very curious to see the Ghost diary properly certified, but on my word I cannot believe it ever to have had an existence; the story is never told the same way, though there is a kind of general resemblance.

My ghost was that of wicked Lord (name forgot) appeared & peeped into candles. Something there was too of a child's bones being discovered, but I never, I think, heard of the hoarse Butler, which is a well imagined circumstance. In short, the facts are all different, & yet the same, & hence my disbelief in apparition evidence. I do not believe my own experience would convert me; though I might tremble I would reverse the part played by the devils & certainly *not* believe. I wish you would write down Mrs. Ricketts story as well

as you remember it. Every such story on respectable foundation is a chapter in the history of the human mind. Still I think the balance of evidence preponderates so heavily upon the side of imputing all such appearances to natural causes that the mysterious stories "winna believe for me." I am sorry for it; I liked the thrill that attended the influence of these tales, & wish I were able to wander back through the mazes of Mrs. Radcliff's romances. But alas! I have been so long both a reader and a writer of such goodly matters that

"Dourness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot e'en startle me."

Let me be thankful that better & more valuable feelings remain uninjured, amid this apathy and indifference to things beyond our mental sphere. I was delighted with your account of the babyhood, and no less with the nursing, of my Godson. I suppose you are already quite Mistress of all the Chief-Wood annals, the crimes of Nimrod, and the history of the half strangled cur, not forgetting how Wats Poney [?] pinched his master & robbed him of his loathed bread on the King's highway with high overpowering force and mastery.

Our halls & chambers are now emptied of their autumn guests and Anne & I are drawing our chairs near to the fire with the view of a long & solitary winter. As the youngest of the two seems not to flinch from the prospect, it would be a shame for the old one to entertain any alarm. Sometimes however I think that a certain habitual routine becomes as natural to our habits as snuff to a snuff-taker; the practice gives him no pleasure but the absence of a means of employing time may in such cases become a want. For example, I can conceive that were we suddenly to get a shaggy skin like Bran, & dispense with all the operations of buttoning & unbuttoning which takes up so much of our time, we should feel at a loss how to dispose of half an hour in the morning & at night, which the most moderate at present employ in the toilette.

I send for the benefit of my Godson an order on Mr. Whitaker, Cadell's London associate, for little Walter's tales, as you can then give full directions about them in case you are out of town at Christmas. My kindest & most respectful compliments attend the Doctor, the excellent Bishop & your son & all friends. I send my blessing to the little youngster, which, like the Pope's, if it does little good can do him no harm. Always my dear Madam with sincere regard

Yours  
Walter Scott

And then we come to the last in the long series of correspondence:

#### NEARING THE END

MY DEAR LADY I have been what a Citizen calls in a sad melancholy way, from a disposition of the blood flying to the head, and I therefore am in arrears to all my correspondents including your esteem'd self. I forget what it was you wanted; a specimen of writing or some such matter for a friend which I will supply with pleasure. I do not know of any person in London who trades in low-country plaids, but they are very cheap, & easily come at. Lady Barrington's brother, Mr. Liddel, is here just now (in this house) and is to be here again before he leaves Scotland with his lady, who is just recovering from confinement. He could take care of any such number that you want, if I know the precise purpose. I am upon a regimen, & convinced of the necessity of it, though it is less genial than I could wish; but I hope I shall finely recover, as I am not yet at the conclusion of my sixtieth year, so my old age as Othello says is *not much*. Harry Liddel leaves me this morning but returns again with his Lady & supposing the plaid to be one of our shepherd's Plaids, I will have the pleasure of sending a pretty one to my fair friend.

. . . I should have been well long ago but for the worry of the times & the apprehensions they naturally [excited]. They will be worse I fear before they are better. Meantime excuse a short letter. I generally dictate my lamentations to Mr. Laidlaw & even now lessen the practice of writing with my own hand more than usual. . . . My excellent friend Dr. Hughes is I hope well. It is very true I had almost no audible voice at the Roxburghshire meeting, though they heard me pretty well, nor can I walk half a mile nor ride above two or three. Thank God what mental faculties I have are unimpaired, and I am without pain of any kind, eat well, drink well, & sleep well; but that is all, as the man in the play says. I am however,

Always sincerely & affectionately

Yours

Walter Scott

Abbotsford

4 April 1831.

The last words are not long to tell, the short clew of the remaining years of his life all too soon wound up. This last letter to Mrs. Hughes was written in the spring of 1831. In course of that year he finished and published "Count Robert of Paris," and wrote, even after his seizure in February, the whole of "Castle Dangerous." But his health constantly became more troublesome, and in the summer he set out on the voyage to Italy which had

long, I think, been in his mind. He spent the winter at Naples in much content, with rather tentative schemes of literary composition. Perhaps the brain to plan was more at command than the energy to execute. There are records of various expeditions to interesting places, in which

he took great delight; but his health made no real improvement, and on the homeward journey he was taken with a second and more alarming seizure. With much difficulty he was conveyed home, first to London, and at length to Abbotsford, where he died September 21, 1832.

## “CHILLS”

BY R. E. YOUNG

WITH PICTURES BY DENMAN FINK

**I**T was overflow-time on the Missouri. Up and down the river-line of Sweet-Corn Bottom the willows bent from the wind in a long, even stretch, lashed forward with a force that permitted no petty back-thrashing, the greatest tree and the least whipped into line relentlessly, with their beautiful, mournful fronds blown out before them in rigid veils.

Overflow-time on the Missouri, and in the back yards of Sweet-Corn Bottom rude, hastily constructed rafts were tied to stout trees, where they creaked and swung waitingly, while from the huddled, uncomfited masses aboard them came the sad lowing of cows, the sullen grunt of hogs, the restless cackle and quack of farm-fowls, and the long, disturbing note of horses, with the scent of danger in their wide nostrils.

Overflow-time, with many a family in Sweet-Corn Bottom living on scaffolding in their houses,—stoves in water, beds in water, themselves knee-deep in water,—yet clinging desperately to their drenched and drabbled Penates, fighting off rescue to the last call, with the “Sweet-Corner’s” tremendous and inexplicable ability to “stick it aout.”

“An’ listen at that win’! Jes listen at that win’!”

The voice, pitched in the high, malarial drawl of the Bottom, was braced against some crumbling force of character, just as the speaker, who was quite alone, was braced against his own crumbling gate. He stood with his big lean arms on the

gate-post; and his big lean hands, sprawling down and out, suggested how helpless he found himself in the circumstances confronting him, while the occasional hard knotting of his fingers showed how enraged he was at his helplessness. His hat had blown off, and his shock of fair hair stood out on the wind smoothly. Now and again he doubled up his fist and banged at the sweep of air, which, after the fashion of Missouri wind, sounded even mightier than it was.

*Ah-hooo-oooh!* it boomed in an uncompromising urge that went straight across Evening County.

“Yah-haow-aow!” The man lifted up his voice and yelled back viciously. “Why n’t you blow? Why n’t you blow me outen Sweet-Corn Bottom? You cayn’t do it. I say you cayn’t do it.” He raised his hand in a vivid despair, and hurled his final defiance: “Bring on your river; I ain’t a-goin’ to go!” The hand dropped tremblingly to the gate-post, and he leaned there yet more heavily till a woman came to the door of the cabin behind him.

“Ef he ain’t ev’m took to fightin’ the win’,” she muttered to herself, and then called sharply, “What you doin’, Chills?”

His manner changed at once in a half-humorous, half-sarcastic effort at evasion, while the grim smile on his face subtly and swiftly duplicated itself on hers. “Oh, jes passin’ a few remarks abaout the craps an’ the prospec’s with Ol’ Miss,” he answered.

“Ol’ Miss cert’n’y cand r’ar up whend she’s a min’ to.” The woman thought

fully regarded the river. Behind her words lay a profound fear which she would not allow to come to any free expression, but which creaked out on the slow whine of her voice. "But I would n't stan' aout thah no longer, 'Chills. You come on ind. You 'll git a chill."

As theague that was in his bones had begun to lay hold of him with a more savage grip, he turned at her bidding and passed through the door to his lounge in the corner, where he turned his face to the wall and lay in reminiscent misery.

He was a man who had quit caring about a year before. The girl he loved had gone across the river to Penangton to study music that long ago, and just after her departure he had begun to have chills, and just after he had begun to have chills the Sweet-Corners had begun to call him "Chills." If that was n't enough to make a man quit caring, he would be dog-goned. Whether it was because of the girl or because of the chills, or because of both, certain big resolves and intentions that he had started out with had gone all to pieces; he had become the wreck of himself, hiding in his corn like a weevil, only asking in a dumb, aching way that Fate leave him the corn as long as she left him; and it had taken the melting of all the snows in British Columbia and the middle Rockies, and all the river's cumulative menace to the corn, to sweep him out into the original current of his strong, vehement nature as he had been swept that morning.

While her son slept, or pretended to sleep, Mrs. Tucker took her pipe from the wooden mantel, sat down in a splint-bottom rocking-chair, and smoked and rocked determinedly. She had something to say to him, and presently she began to say it, as one coming up to a high mountain.

"The new man over to Sheep's Nose is mortal skairt ababout the water."

He was not interested in the mental attitude of the man at Sheep's Nose, and he intimated as much.

"Well, up to Mickenses' they ain't ev'm rigged up no raft. I dunno. They ain't so much higher 'n us, if so high."

The day when he cared whether the Micken family sank or swam had gone by.

"Berry Micken's pianner kim daown from Kan' City Tuesday."

A vast silence.

"Mrs. Micken 'laows that Berry learnt

some real pretty chunes over to Penangton this winter. Berry's home. She's growed into a mighty uprisin' girl. I reckon you would n't hardly know her, not seein' her 'thin a year."

He said he was willing enough not to.

"Y' ain't no call to talk like that, 'Chills, jes 'cause that chil' taken a few music lessons. She's sorter kin to you, anyhaow; not 'zactly blood-related, but—"

"Her grandpa's caow runned th'ough my gre't-uncle's pasture."

He shut his eyes fretfully; but his mother did not mean to stop until she had finished. As the point she wished to make became more elusive, she became more earnestly bent upon it.

"Wade," she began, settling her monotoned voice into his proper name as into a saddle, and taking a fresh grip on her subject, "ef the water keeps a-comin' like this, they goin' to be ketched nappin' over at Mickenses'. They ain't payin' no 'tention to it a' tall. Gramper Micken's quietin' 'em off, tellin' haow much higher 't was in '44, an' they jes laughin' at the idee of the river ever gittin' to them. I dunno. They our kin. Seems like somebody orter sorter keep an eye to 'em."

"I reckon they's enough men in that fambly 'thout me playin' guardien to it," he snarled, and got up and went to his room in a fit of black and unprofitable memory.

He did not appear again until next morning, when he dressed and got out to his barn-yard early.

"Pretty State, Mizzourah!" he said, taking in the appalling damage done in the flat land at the rear of the house overnight.

"Mighty pretty State! Takes a haouse, a flatboat, an' a cyclone-cellar to keep a man alive in it."

With the assistance of his hired man, he set about getting his cows and plow-horses from the barn and his pigs from the sty, and while he was doing it he worked out a problem in topography.

"They're three mild further up an' one mild further from. Ef it's this high here now, it'll be this high thah ababout a week before they're ready for it. Hope pianners cand swim."

When his animals were secured inside the fence-like barricade around the raft, fastened to a tree in the highest part of the barn-yard, he gave his final instructions to the hired man.

"Ef the water ketches you before I git back to-night, you stay by the raft till you have to cut her loose, an' then you stay by her till you git her daown-stream—an' then some."

"Where you go—" began the hired man, inquiringly; but Mr. Tucker had gone inside to his mother, who seized upon him with quick questions.

"Haow high's the water daown-stream, Wade? Daown to Mickenses'?—They our kin, Wade Tucker."

"Aw, daown thah? Red-eye Bayou 's busted."

She gave a gasp of alarmed, far-reading comprehension.

"You Wade Tucker, they our kin," she said sternly.

"Git ready while I hitch. Twist Road 's still outen the water."

The answer was grudgeful, but it satisfied her, and she darted into the house, while he tramped back to the barn-yard and began to harness an old and dilapidated mule to a still older and more dilapidated spring-wagon. As he worked he talked aloud, looking to the mule for sympathy, and dropping *d*'s and *t*'s from some words only to tack them to others, in the occasional way of Missouri when she is thinking hard. "I 'll be jim-gouged ef I go acrosst, though. I 'll go up an' raoust 'em aout at Mickenses', but I won't go acrosst. I said I would n', did n' I? Well, they ain't air' river runnin' cand raise me nowheres." The mule blinked sagely, as though it got the point of view without difficulty. "I 've foughten win', an' I 've foughten water, an' I 've foughten chills—an' be'n a high-mighty fool abaut Berry—right here; an' I 've out-stuck the win', an' out-swum the water, an' got usend to the chills, an'—an' remain a high-mighty fool abaut Berry."

Cheap result for the great young effort he had put forth as the biggest landowner in Sweet-Corn Bottom! It made him sick to think of it, and he called to his mother querulously. When she had locked her door she came out to the wagon empty-handed save for a roll which contained some clothing. She knew without his telling her that she might never get back, but if the destruction that menaced should come, it would be too dark and complete to be bettered by the saving of a pot here and a kettle there. Besides, the thing of

supreme value about the place was the thing she could not possibly pick up and carry away with her—the home feeling, the habit of it all. He let her clamber unaided to a seat beside him, where she sat solemnly, a gaunt brown figure, bent with the tragedy of the river.

As they came out into Twist Road a hundred ugly signs of impending disaster lifted from the water and swung landward like black crows. The ferry from Penangton, which had put out from the Morning County side on a mission of rescue, was beating about in mid-stream; out from shore there was a mightiness in the dull insistence of the body of water, which disintegrated reluctantly in the shallows, and became a white-lipped snarl against the bank.

At Sheep's Nose the man who lived in the shanty left the breakfast which he was cooking on a stove in the yard, and ran out to speak to them.

"Goin' acrossst?" he inquired anxiously. He had not been long in the Sweet-Corn country, and the ways of the river were awesome to him.

"Well, we ain't got our faces set 'zac'ly that way, air we?"

The Sheep's-Nose man shook his head. "I 'm goin' to skedoodle-daddle. You see?" He pointed with his stick to the piece of old shirt that waved from the roof-peak of the shanty, and then jabbed the stick into the air in various directions. "Ev'body 's waitin' fer that ferry 'cep'en Mickenses. They 're plumb foolish. Nothin' don't skeer 'em, 'cause ol' Pap Micken remembers '44. Some 'n' orter raoust 'em aout, 'pears to me. They got a nice new pianner up thah, too."

"Well, I reckon they know th' own business," grunted the younger man.

"Well, why you leavin' your place?"

"Goin' callin'."

But the Sheep's-Nose man refused to be jocular.

"Some Penangton men daown to the landin' yestiddy 'laowed the water 'd be over all your corn by t'-morrer," he announced with deep gloom.

"Ef the Penangton men knew more they 'd say less."

Farther up the road mother and son lapsed into their watchful scrutiny of the river, and the son bit into one similitude after another in a vain effort to express his opinion of all timid and unreason-



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tukey  
 "WADE TUCKER . . . STOOD UP ON THE WAGON-SEAT"

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able predictions. Under the impetus of his ugly temper the quaint equipage rattled along the winding road at a good rate of speed, and the nearer they came to the Micken farm the more apparent became that estimable family's lack of foresight. To be sure, the Mickens were in one of the few two-story houses in the Bottom, and were on a slight elevation; but they were also between the river, though ordinarily out of sight of it, and a chute known as Red-eye Bayou, and both river and chute were zestfully extending their spheres of operation that June morning. Wade Tucker stopped the mule and stood up on the wagon-seat to look at the spreading waters.

"Bee-es-wax! They goin' to be ketched in here like a shuck in a whirlwin'," he ejaculated, and sat down with emphasis.

As he headed his mule in toward the Micken gate, the Micken family flocked into the front yard in neighborly welcome. Standing there in the sun and wind, they showed that they were a lazy, laughing people, too comfort-loving to take quick alarm at anything.

"Thah 's Berry on the gallery, Chills. Thah 's Berry."

"Don't call me Chills," he said; for as his eye fell on that girl again he began wishing deliriously and resentfully that he was what he used to be. In the presence of her straight youth and vitality all weakness seemed monstrous. He would have given his chance against the river to have been able to cast from him the marks of ill health; he was sorry he had not put on his red necktie, glad he could still square his big shoulders out of their stoop when he wished to, and he resented in advance what the Mickens would inevitably have to say about his look of physical deterioration. Fortunately for him, the discussion of his appearance took place close to the gate, so that by the time he reached

the girl on the gallery he had worked the talk around to the river. Then she came to the top step and gave her hand to him in a pretty effort to act like the Penangton girls with whom she had been thrown that winter, and he had to shake hands with her just as though he had forgotten that she had preferred music to him. He held his head up stockily while she led him to the door where the Grandfather Micken was standing in waiting.

"Gramper," she said, "this is Mist' Tucker. You know—Wade?" She hesitated over the name by which she had known him all her life, and then let it come out on her smile shyly.

"W'y, Chills, that you? W'y, you ain't be'n sparkin' raoun' this clearin' in a long time. I'm mighty glad to see you. What you be'n doin' to yourself? I declah, you look like the little end er nothin'—sharpened."

"Ain't so weak but what I cand print my tracks yit," answered Chills, harshly. He turned abruptly from the old man, followed the others into the Mickens' "front room," and began at once to hammer at Berry Micken's father and brothers about the danger from the river.

But the exasperating grandfather was just behind him.

"Naow, Chills, you got the malary. River never kim up this high in '44," demurred the old man, as though argument ended there.

"Well, ain't you lived long enough in Sweet-Corn Bottom to know that the lan' don't lay like it did in '44? You're jes abaout a mild closeret to low water in this yere haouse than you was on this yere site in '44. What you take Mizzourah soil fer, pig-iron or clay?"

Mrs. Micken jostled the men with hospitable interruption.

"Jes reach up chairs. Ef the river's high as you say, Chills, you an' your maw cayn't git back noway, an' thah ain't nothin' to do but to be comf'ble 'long of us till the boat comes daown the river an' picks you up."

This setting of himself and his mother into the go-away class and the Mickens into the stick-it-out class was too much for the man who had pocketed his pride to come to warn his neighbors.

"Bee-es-wax!" he thundered. "Shet up naow, ev'body but me. I kim up here to

save somebody, an' I'm a-goin' to do it, ef 't ain't nobody but that dawg-gone pianner."

There was no escaping the compulsion in his eye, and Mr. Micken met it awkwardly.

"Well, what in the name er Gawd you want us to do, Chills?"

"Want one of you to go put up a rag fer the ferry. She won't git daown here before dark, an' we may be right well tickled to see her abaout then. Want some of you to tote all the furniture up-stairs. Want some of you to corral the cattle an' horses, so 't we cand run 'em aboard the ferry ef thah's room fer 'em. Want the rest of you to lug in some chunks to h'ist this pianner on to. Want all of you that don't wanter do what I say to go aout behin' the willows an' look at Red-eye Bayou."

"He's talkin' abaout what he knows abaout, paw." It was Berry Micken who spoke, but she had moved over by her piano, and it was plain that she was seconding him only because she feared for the piano's safety. Fortunately, however, it needed but the slight added weight of the opinion of one of their own household to scatter the now roused men to their several tasks, though they went about the work with laughing complaint. It was mid-afternoon before Chills would let them stop, and when they did stop, everything movable in the Micken house had been safely stowed up-stairs, and the piano was perched in mid-air, six feet above the front-room floor.

"It has a chanst," he said to Berry Micken, when he could bring himself to say anything to her.

"It uz a sight er work," she answered, with a soft, soothing sort of appreciation. "Ain't you orful hungry? I'm goin' to go set table right away." She passed close by him as she spoke. "Don't care to come he'p, do you?"

"An' remain a fool abaout Berry," he reminded himself as he followed her.

"Looks like the river's goin' to chase us clean acrosst, don't it?" she asked, innocently flirting the red table-cloth over the table to him.

He straightened out his end of the cloth conscientiously before he made any reply, and in replying he kept his eyes on the cloth.

"T ain't goin' to chase me acrosst. I ain't a-goin'."

"You ain't a—" she stared at him aghast. "W'y, haow come you to come up here ef you—"

"He'p you git acrosst," he interrupted stolidly. "You so fond of it over thah. I ain't. W'y, Berry, I could n't go acrosst. Ev'm ef I tried to, thah would n't be any of me in the man that 'd git aout on yether side. I 've putt jes that much into sayin' I wa'n't goin' to go—jes that much."

"Trouble with you is you putt too much into what you say, Wade," she said, rebelling, as his mother rebelled, at the hard tenacity of his character.

"Trouble with you was you did n't putt enough." But he had never found it easy to reproach her when he was facing the bright brown of her eyes, and he did not now. "Aw, well, yestiddy's sayin's ain't always to-day's doin's, air they?" he said, by way of dismissing a painful subject with philosophy, and fell into a sort of reverie, with his eyes on the green fields outside. "Yestiddy ain't to-day, yestiddy ain't to-day," he sighed.

She turned away from him to the safe and swung open its perforated tin doors upon a wonderful array of china with purple houses and purple trees upon its fat, bulging sides. When she came back to the table she had a sugar-bowl in one hand and a syrup-jug in the other.

"D' you take short sweet'nin' or long sweet'nin', Mist' Tucker?" she asked demurely, balancing her bowl and jug before him.

"Always took what I could git, but—"

"But yestiddy ain't to-day, is it?"

She was around the table from him, but she leaned over farther than there was any need of her doing to set down the jug and bowl; and Wade Tucker, whom malaria and misery had not yet made quite blind, attempted suddenly and under the impetus of strong emotion to get around that table. Unfortunately, however, he managed to wind his foot about a chair-leg a yard behind him, and went heavily to the floor. It was then that Grandfather Micken looked in at the dining-room door hungrily, and the situation was not helped by the grandfather's cheerful chuckle.

"Don't you care, Chills. Always that way. When we want to do our best we do our durndest."

When, a little after, the Mickens invited their guests to sit down to an abundant

dinner of pork and greens, preserves and pickles, it was noticeable that Wade Tucker had to be summoned from the far corn down close to the water's edge. All through the meal he talked nervously and continuously of what the river was doing, and at his suggestion the men followed him on another and final tour of the lower farm as soon as dinner was disposed of.

As the sun went down, the wisdom of his precautions began to show discouragingly. The river was making one of its unbelievable jumps, fearful and marvelous. Over its swollen, heaving body a light skiff laden with refugees could here and there be descried, cutting for the Penangton shore. Up and down the lowlands, through the gaps in the willows, other families were visible, surprised as the Mickens were being surprised, out in their yards, at windows and on roofs, waiting the coming of the ferry. It was a sober group that turned from the water at last and beat a funereal retreat to the house.

"Reckon you-all will take the boat along of mother," said Chills, without triumph, when they were back on the porch.

"Reckon," admitted Mr. Micken, mordosely. "D' you believe the water 's goin' to come over the first story, Chills?"

"Well, need n' ter fret. I 'll go up an' daown between my place an' yourn in the skift an' kinder watch."

"You Chills! Ain't you goin'?"

"Nary a go."

The Micken family broke into general protestation, and Berry Micken brushed his arm and said something in a low voice as she passed.

"What 'd say, Berry?" he asked; and as she did not answer him, but pressed hurriedly into the house, he left the rest of the Mickens to appease their consternation as best they might while he followed the girl.

She was back by the piano when he reached her, and she seemed to have forgotten him again. One of her slim brown arms was stretched up against a black claw-foot clinging and protectingly, and her head drooped on her arm.

"Had to wait so long fer it," she whispered with a little dry click of her tongue; "could n't bear to lose it."

"Wish I could save it fer you," he answered earnestly and honestly.

"Oh, no—ef only the fambly is saved. Is the ferry comin'?"



Drawn by Denman Fink. Halftone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE TWO ON LAND MOVED BACK A LITTLE WAY UP THE YARD TO WAIT"

"Tryin' to."

"Ef it cand git through to us, ain't you goin' acrosst sure enough?"

"Nope. Pianner 'd git lonesome by itself. Goin' to keep comp'ny with it."

Though she said nothing this time, her face fell into the same rigid lines it had shown out on the porch, and he knew that she was thinking now whatever she had been thinking then.

"What was it you said to me out thah on the gallery?" he queried; but she held up a hushing finger.

"Ferry 's comin', Wade. I hear paw hollerin' to 'em. We better go he'p git the child'en together."

They passed through the house, and the girl gathered the younger children about her, and marshaled them down the yard to a spot where a stout-trunked tree seemed to make feasible the securing of the advancing boat long enough for the gang-plank to be run down to the threatened people. Immediately, too, the trouble of getting the boat-ropes tied to the tree was upon the men, and the shouts and execrations of the rescue crew that had come over from Penangton rang through the trees so wildly that he could get no further word with her.

"Tree 'll come up by the roots: run the yether plank daown, boys—yether one, yether one! She won't hold. Whewee! but Ol' Miss sucks! Start them kids abooard—for Gawd's sake, Mis' Micken, throw them things daown! We ain't got room fer draownin' people, much lessen wax wreaths."

The Micken tribe and Mrs. Tucker were being guided up the teetering gang-plank by men up to their knees in water when Berry Micken sped away up the yard again. Chills saw her, but refrained from going after her until a few head of the most valuable cattle were cared for and the men were ordered aboard. He knew that he would find her at the piano, and when he reached the door and saw her standing in front of it, her arms folded tragically and tears upon her cheeks, he tiptoed in, despite the need of haste, and roused her gently.

"Ain't a minute to lose," he whispered, as he drew her away with him.

Out in the yard the man at the wheel was shouting like a lunatic: "Run for it, Chills! Run for it! Can't stand the strain.

Current's going to smash us into kingdom come."

Not for nothing was the Micken girl built like a fawn, with lithe, straight limbs. With her hand in his, they fled toward the boat, and Berry's light feet were near the gang-plank when, with a sly gulp and a great wrenching and tearing, the tree which held the rope came up by its roots and dragged helplessly and hinderingly behind the ferry. The boat shot downstream like an arrow in the vehement current; the two on land moved back a little way up the yard to wait, and the ferry pilot tried to return for them. It was a futile effort. The little stern wheel thrashed unavailingly around and around in the tremendous volume of water, and stayed the boat's progress with the current not at all. The rescued stood dumbly like sheep and stared across the widening gulf at the two who remained on the treacherous, water-eaten earth. Then a smitten mother-wail rang out on the air, and two brown and wrinkled women fell on their knees at the ferry rail, and held out clasped, imploring hands.

"Don't you pester, Mrs. Micken," shouted Chills, from the warmth of a new and vast self-confidence. "Berry an' I 'll foller in one the skiffs.—No, don't you try that, Mr. Micken! I cand save her if anybody cand."

The Micken girl's face was showing an unaccountable satisfaction, as of purpose fulfilled. She gave a little rocking laugh as she looked up into Chills's eyes.

"Did n't hear what I said up thah on the gallery jes naow, did you?"

No, he had not heard. What was it? Quick, what was it?

"Said I wa'n't goin' acrosst lessen you did."

Those on the ferry could see the two on land turn and run to the porch where the skiffs lay, could see them dragging one of the skiffs to the water; but they could not see the great awakening light on Chills's face.

"Goin' acrosst naow, Chills?" she asked, with her head tucked down and her eyes on the lapping water.

He was taking out the oars, and he rose from over them to say:

"Goin' where you go, Berry—but don't you call me Chills. I don't 'laow to chill again 's long 's I live."

Then he pulled her gently to the board which made a seat in front of him, and the skiff slid uneasily into the water. He marveled at the new strength in him as he beat his oars vigorously with the water's swell. The demands of the last few hours had routed the ague from his bones as if by magic, and as he zigzagged his boat toward the Morning County bank he knew that he had come back into his own. He tried with an ever-increasing earnestness, and with his thought bent always toward the girl at his side, to follow in the ferry's wake and to gain constantly a little here and a little there toward the Morning County hills; but big boat and little boat had gone three miles down the river without making much headway across when darkness began to fall. Very soon after that it became impossible to follow the larger boat, and they were swept on alone. It grew cool, and they could hear little but the urgent suck of the water beneath them, the faint whinny of horses, and the yelp of frenzied house-dogs. Great trees, roots up, passed them, and drowning cows went struggling by.

"Do you 'laow all yer corn 'll go, Wade?" she asked softly by and by.

"It's my calkerlation the water's knee-deep all over my corn right naow," he answered. Yesterday it would have been quite impossible for him to say that: it would have meant too much for him. Yet here he was forecasting his own doom lightly, as though, if his corn did go, he would still have reserve fields of rye, oats, wheat, and if the rye, oats, and wheat went, he would still have vaster possessions than he could count.

"Don't seem to be very worrisome to you no more, Wade."

"No, 't ain't," blithely answered the man with malaria. He was a thousand miles from the sodden bumpkin who had shaken and ached and resented on his lounge yesterday. "I don't go lessen you go!" Whether the water got his corn or not was an infinitesimal thing.

"Where air we naow?"

"Way daown pas' Penangton. Closin' in on Snipe Jut. See Pete Cramby's light?"

Silence again, the stars cutting warmly through the cold sky, the black, wild water, and the fright of the drowning animals.

She was a little wistful when she spoke again.

"We go a long way daown, but we don't git much further acrosst, Wade."

"Oh, we 'll git acrosst all right." He knew how safe they were, how powerful he had become, how certain of attainment. "We 'll git acrosst; don't you fret."

"I won't fret; don't you worry," she laughed, and then shrank back speechless before the look on his face.

"Thah 's a tree comin' like god-er-mighty!" he screamed; and even as his voice cut the air the big black roots snarled along the sides of the skiff, reached under, and rattled along the bottom; then, as the tree turned in savage resistance to the current, the skiff was drawn with the roots up and over. The boat shot into the air, the man stretched out his arms, and the girl lurched into them.

"WON'T you let me go?" she asked once. "You cand save yourself. Won't you let me go?"

"When we git acrosst," he answered.

"I DON'T go lessen you go!" A mighty choir was singing it through the willows as he splashed with his senseless burden through the mud toward the light in a cabin beyond the railroad levee on the Penangton side. "I don't go lessen you go!" The cabin walls fell back before the piercing music of it, the light inside flamed red and gold and gorgeous with it.

It was the first thing her lips formed when, a little later on, she revived in the warmth and comfort of the cabin. He was already able to see and hear again, and he got up from his chair and staggered toward the bed where she lay.

"Look, Berry; here I am, an' thah you are, corn or no corn, pianner or no pianner."

A bright new feeling of life caught them both as they faced each other, and made his thought leap gaily ahead and establish them on the Penangton hills in a long, safe future. "We 'll hang up here, ef you say so, Berry. You cand keep a pianner dry over here," he hurried on more and more tremulously. "You cand have a pianner, a' norgan, an' a jews'-harp. Dang ef I don't think a brass ban' would come in right handy, too."

# CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

FIRST MISSION TO GERMANY, 1879-1881

A DEBATE AT THE WHITE HOUSE BETWEEN PRESIDENT HAYES AND  
SECRETARY EVARTS—VISIT TO LONDON—LOST IN A FOG WITH  
BROWNING—BEACONSFIELD AT GUILDHALL—THE COURT OF WIL-  
LIAM I—FREDERICK THE GREAT A BOON TO AMERICAN DIPLO-  
MATS—EXTEMPORIZED AMERICANS IN GERMANY—TROU-  
BLE SOME CASES—AN UNBAPTIZED BRIDEGROOM—  
OTHER TYPICAL MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES  
—SOME DIPLOMATIC ACQUAINTANCES

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

N the spring of 1879 I was a third time brought into the diplomatic service, and in a way which surprised me. The President of the United States at that period was Mr. Hayes of Ohio. I had met him once at Cornell University, and had an interesting conversation with him, but never any other communication, directly or indirectly. Great, then, was my astonishment when, upon the death of Bayard Taylor just at the beginning of his career as minister in Germany, there came to me an offer of the position thus made vacant.

My first duty after accepting it was to visit Washington and receive instructions. Calling upon the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, and finding his rooms filled with people, I said: "Mr. Secretary, you are evidently very busy; I can come at any other time you may name." Thereupon he answered: "Come in, come in; there are just two rules at the State Department: one is that no business is ever done out of office hours, and the other is that no business is ever done *in* office hours." It was soon evident that this was a phrase to put me at ease rather than an exact statement of fact, and, after my conference with him,

several days were given to familiarizing myself with the correspondence of my immediate predecessors and with the views of the department on questions then pending between the two countries.

Dining at the White House next day, I heard Mr. Evarts withhold the President on a question which has always interested me: the admission of cabinet ministers to take part in the debates of Congress. Mr. Hayes presented the case in favor of their admission cogently; but the Secretary of State overmatched his chief. This greatly pleased me; for I had been long convinced that, next to the power given the Supreme Court, the best thing in the Constitution of the United States is that complete separation of the executive from the legislative power which prevents every congressional session becoming a perpetual gladiatorial combat or, say rather, a permanent game of foot-ball. Again and again I have heard European statesmen lament that their constitution-makers had adopted, in this respect, the British rather than the American system. What it is in France, with cabals organized to oust every new minister as soon as he is appointed, and to provide for a "new deal" from the first instant of

an old one, with an average of two or three changes of ministry every year as a result, we all know; and, with the exception of the German Parliament, Continental legis-

In Great Britain, having been evolved in obedience to its environment, it is successful; but it is successful nowhere else. I have always looked back with great com-



From a photograph by Adolphe Zimmermans, The Hague. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW D. WHITE

latures generally are just about as bad. Indeed, in some respects the Italian Parliament is worse. The British system would certainly have excluded such admirable Secretaries of State as Thomas Jefferson, Hamilton Fish, and John Hay; possibly even such as Quincy Adams and Seward.

placency upon such men as those above named in the State Department, and such as Hamilton, Gallatin, Chase, Stanton, and Gage in other departments, sitting quietly in their offices, giving calm thought to government business, and allowing the heathen to rage at their own sweet will in

both houses of Congress. Under the other system our republic would probably soon become as delectable as Venezuela, with its hundred and four revolutions in seventy years.<sup>1</sup>

On the day following I dined with the Secretary of State, and found him in his usual pleasant mood. Noting on his dinner-service the words, "Facta non verba," I called his attention to them as a singular motto for an eminent lawyer and orator; whereupon he said that, two old members of Congress dining with him recently, one of them asked the other what those words meant, to which the reply was given: "They mean, 'Victuals, not talk.'"

On the way to my post I stopped in London, and was taken to various interesting places. At the house of my old friend and Yale classmate George Washburn Smalley I met a number of very interesting people, and among these was especially impressed by Mr. Meredith Townshend, whose knowledge of American affairs seemed amazingly extensive and preternaturally accurate. At the house of Sir William Harcourt I met Lord Ripon, about that time Viceroy of India, whose views on dealings with Orientals interested me much. At the Royal Institution an old acquaintance was renewed with Tyndall and Huxley, and during an evening with the eminent painter Mr. Alma-Tadema, at his house in the suburbs, and especially when returning from it, I made a very pleasant acquaintance with the poet Browning. As his carriage did not arrive, I offered to take him home in mine; but hardly had we started when we found ourselves in a dense fog, and shortly it became evident that our driver had lost his way. As he wandered about for perhaps an hour, hoping to find some indication of it, Browning's conversation was very agreeable. It ran at first on current questions, then on travel, and finally on art—all very simply and naturally, with not a trace of posing or paradox. Remembering the obscurity of his verse, I was surprised at the lucidity of his talk. But at last, both of us becoming somewhat anxious, we called a halt and questioned the driver, who confessed that he had no idea where he was. As good, or ill, luck would have it, there just then emerged from the fog an empty hansom-cab, and finding that its driver knew

more than ours, I engaged him as a pilot, first to Browning's house, and then to my own.

One old friend, to whom I was especially indebted, was Sir Charles Reed, who had been my fellow-commissioner at the Paris and Philadelphia expositions. Thanks to him, I was invited to the dinner of the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, and it was gorgeous. As we lingered in the library, before going to the table, opportunity was given to study the various eminent guests with some care. First came Cairns, the Lord Chancellor, in all the glory of official robes and wig; then Lord Derby; then Lord Salisbury, who, if I remember rightly, was Minister of Foreign Affairs; then, after several other distinguished personages, most interesting of all, Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister. He was the last to arrive, and immediately after his coming he presented his arm to the Lady Mayor, and the procession took its way toward the great hall. From my seat, which was but a little way from the high table, I had a good opportunity to observe these men and to hear their speeches.

All was magnificent. Nothing of its kind could be more splendid than the massive gold and silver plate piled upon the Lord Mayor's table and behind it, nothing more sumptuous than the dinner, nothing more quaint than the ceremonial. Near the Lord Mayor, who was arrayed in his robes, chain, and all the glories of his office, stood the toast-master, who announced the toasts in a manner fit to make an American think himself dreaming; something, in fact, after this sort, in a queer, singsong way, with comical cadences, brought up at the end with a sharp snap: "Me Lawds, La-a-a-dies and Gentleme-e-e-n: by commawnd of the Right Honorable the Lawrd Marr, I cha-a-a-wrge you fill your glawse-e-e-s and drink to the health of the Right Honorable the Ur-r-r-l of Beck'nfield."

A main feature of the ceremony was the loving-cup. Down each long table a large silver tankard containing a pleasing beverage, of which the foundation seemed to be claret, was passed, and, as it came, each of us in turn arose, and, having received it solemnly from his neighbor, who drank to his health, drank in return, and then, turning to his next neighbor, drank to him; the

<sup>1</sup> See Lord Lansdowne's speech, December, 1902.

latter then received the cup, returned the compliment, and, in the same way, passed it on.

During the whole entertainment I had frequently turned my eyes toward the Prime Minister, and had been much impressed by his apparent stolidity. When he presented his arm to the Lady Mayorette, when he walked with her, and during all the time at table, he seemed much like a wooden image galvanized into life. When he rose to speak, there was the same wooden stiffness, and he went on in a kind of mechanical way until, suddenly, he darted out a brilliant statement regarding the policy of the government that aroused the whole audience; then, after more of the same wooden manner and mechanical procedure, another brilliant sentence; and so on to the end of the speech.

All the speeches were good and to the point. There were none of those despairing efforts to pump up fun which so frequently make American public dinners distressing. The speakers evidently bore in mind the fact that on the following day their statements would be pondered in the household of every well-to-do Englishman, would be telegraphed to foreign nations, and would be echoed back from friends and foes in all parts of the world.

After the regular speeches came a toast to the diplomatic corps, and the person selected to respond was our representative, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont. This he did exceedingly well, and in less than three minutes. Sundry American papers had indulged in diatribes against fulsome speeches at English banquets by some of Mr. Pierrepont's predecessors, and he had evidently determined that no such charge should be established against him.

My arrival in Berlin took place just at the beginning of the golden-wedding festivities of the old Emperor William I. There was a wonderful series of pageants at court,—historic-costume balls, gala operas, and the like,—but most memorable to me was the kindly welcome extended to us by all in authority, from the Emperor and Empress down. The cordiality of the diplomatic corps was also very pleasing, and during the presentations to the ruling family of the empire I noticed one thing especially: the great care with which they all, from the monarch to the youngest prince, had prepared themselves to begin

a conversation agreeable to the newcomer. One of these high personages started a discussion with me upon American shipping; another on American art; another on scenery in Colorado; another on our railways and steamers; still another on American dentists and dentistry; and, in case of a lack of other subjects, there was Niagara which they could always fall back upon.

The duty of a prince of the house of Hohenzollern is by no means light; it involves toil. In my time, when the present Emperor, then the young Prince William, brought his bride home, in addition to their other receptions of public bodies,—day after day, and hour after hour,—they received the diplomatic corps, who were arranged at the palace in a great circle, the ladies forming one half and the gentlemen the other. The young princess, accompanied by her train, beginning with the ladies, and the young prince, with his train, beginning with the gentlemen, each walked slowly around the interior of the entire circle, stopping at each foreign representative and speaking to him, often in the language of his own country, regarding some subject which might be supposed to interest him. It was really a surprising feat, for which, no doubt, they had been carefully prepared, but which would be found difficult even by many a well-trained scholar.

An American representative, in presenting his letter of credence from the President of the United States to the ruler of the German Empire, has one advantage in the fact that he has an admirable topic ready to his hand, such as perhaps no other minister has. This boon was given us by Frederick the Great. He, first of all Continental rulers, recognized the American States as an independent power, and therefore every American minister since, including myself, has found it convenient, on presenting the President's autograph letter to the king or emperor, to recall this event and to build upon it such an oratorical edifice as circumstances may warrant. The fact that the great Frederick recognized the new American republic, not from love of it, but on account of his detestation of England, provoked by her conduct during his desperate struggle against his Continental enemies, is of course, on such occasions, diplomatically kept in the background.

The great power in Germany at that time was the Chancellor, Prince Bismarck. Nothing could be more friendly and simple than his greeting, and however stately his official entertainments to the diplomatic corps might be, simplicity reigned at his family dinners, when his conversation was apparently frank and certainly delightful. To him I shall devote another chapter.

In those days an American minister at Berlin was likely to find his personal relations with the German Minister of Foreign Affairs cordial, but his official relations continuous war. Hardly a day passed without some skirmish regarding the rights of "German-Americans" in their fatherland. The old story constantly recurs in new forms. Generally it is sprung by some man who has left Germany just at the age for entering the army, has remained in America just long enough to secure naturalization, and then, without a thought of discharging any of his American duties, has come back to claim exemption from his German duties and to flout his American-citizen papers in the face of the authorities of the province where he was born. This is very galling to these authorities, from the fact that such Americans are often inclined to glory over their old schoolmates and associates who have not taken this means of escaping military duty; and it is no wonder that these brand-new citizens, if their papers are not perfectly regular, are sometimes held for desertion until the American representative can intervene.

Still other cases are those where fines have been imposed upon men of this class for non-appearance when summoned to military duty, and an American minister is expected to secure their remission.

To understand the position of Germany, let us suppose that our Civil War had left our Union—as at one time seemed likely—embracing merely a small number of Middle States and covering a space about as large as Texas, with a Confederacy on our southern boundary bitterly hostile; another hostile nation extending from the west bank of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; a Pacific Confederation jealous and fault-finding; British Dominions to the northward filled with a sense of commercial and personal grievances; and New England a separate and doubtful factor in the whole situation. In that case we, too, would have established a military system

akin to that of Germany; but whether we would have administered it as reasonably as Germany has done is very doubtful.

Fortunately for the United States and for me, there was in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, when I arrived, one of the most admirable men I have ever known in such a position—Baron von Bülow. He came of an illustrious family, had great influence with the old Emperor William, with Parliament, and in society, was independent, large in his views, and sincerely devoted to maintaining the best relations between his country and ours. In cases such as those just referred to he was very broad-minded, and in one of the first which I had to present to him, when I perhaps showed some nervousness, he said: "Mr. Minister, don't allow cases of this kind to vex you; I had rather give the United States two hundred doubtful cases every year than have the slightest ill feeling arise between us." This being the fact, it was comparatively easy to deal with him. Unfortunately, he died early during my stay, and some of the ministers who succeeded him had neither his independence nor his breadth of view.

It has sometimes seemed to me, while doing duty at the German capital in those days as minister, and at a more recent period as ambassador, that I could not enter my office without meeting some vexatious case. One day it was an American who, having thought that patriotism required him, in a crowded railway-carriage, loudly to denounce Germany, the German people, and the imperial government, had passed the night in a guard-house; another day it was one who, feeling called upon, in a restaurant, to proclaim very loudly and grossly his unfavorable opinion of the Emperor, was arrested; on still another occasion it was one of our fellow-citizens who, having thought that he ought to be married in Berlin as easily as in New York, had found himself entangled in a network of regulations, prescriptions, and prohibitions.

Of this latter sort there were in my time several curious cases. One morning a man came rushing into the legation in high excitement, exclaiming: "Mr. Minister, I am in the worst fix that any decent man was ever in. I want you to help me out of it"; and he then went on with a bitter tirade against everybody and everything in the German Empire. When his wrath had

effervesced somewhat he stated his case as follows: "Last year, while traveling through Germany, I fell in love with a young German lady, and after my return to America became engaged to her. I have now come for my bride. The wedding is fixed for next Thursday; our steamer passages are taken a day or two later. And I find that the authorities will not allow me to marry unless I present a multitude of papers such as I never dreamed of! Some of them it will take months to get, and some I can never get. My intended bride is in distress; her family evidently distrust me; the wedding is postponed indefinitely; and my business partner is cabling me to come back to America as soon as possible. I am asked for a baptismal certificate—a *Taufschein*. Now, so far as I know, I was never baptized. I am required to present a certificate showing the consent of my parents to my marriage—I, a man thirty years old and in a large business of my own! I am asked to give bonds for the payment of my debts in Germany. I owe no such debts; but I know no one who will give such a bond. I am notified that the banns must be published a certain number of times before the wedding. What kind of a country is this, anyhow?"

We did the best we could. In an interview with the Minister of Public Worship I was able to secure a dispensation from the publishing of the banns; then a bond was drawn up, which I signed and thus settled the question regarding possible debts in Germany. As to the baptismal certificate, I ordered inscribed, on the largest possible sheet of official paper, the gentleman's affidavit that, in the State of Ohio, where he was born, no *Taufschein*, or baptismal certificate, was required at the time of his birth, and to this was affixed with plenty of wax the largest seal of the legation. The form of the affidavit may be judged peculiar; but it was thought best not to startle the authorities with the admission that the man had not been baptized at all. They could easily believe that a State like Ohio, which some of them doubtless regarded as still in the backwoods and mainly tenanted by the aborigines, might have omitted, in days gone by, to require a *Taufschein*; but that an unbaptized Christian should offer himself to be married in Germany would perhaps have so paralyzed their powers of belief that permission for

the marriage might never have been secured.

In this and various other ways we overcame the difficulties, and though the wedding did not take place upon the appointed day, and the return to America had to be deferred, the couple at last, after marriage first before the public authorities and then in church, were able to depart in peace.

Another case was typical. One morning a gentleman came into the legation in the greatest distress; and I soon learned that this too was a marriage case, but very different from the other. This gentleman, a naturalized German-American in excellent standing, had come over to claim his bride. He had gone through all the formalities perfectly, and, as his business permitted it, had decided to reside a year abroad in order that he might take the furniture of his apartment back to America free of duty. This apartment, a large and beautiful suite of rooms, he had already rented, had furnished it very fully, and then, for the few days intervening before his marriage, had put it in the care of his married sister.

But alas! this sister's husband was a bankrupt, and hardly had she taken charge of the apartment when the furniture was seized by her husband's creditors, seals placed upon its doors by the authorities, "And," said the man, in his distress, "unless you do something it will take two years to reach the case on the calendar. Meantime I must pay the rent of the apartment and lose the entire use of it as well as of the furniture." "But," said I, "what can be done?" He answered: "My lawyer says that if you will ask it as a favor from the judge, he will grant an order bringing the case up immediately." To this I naturally answered that I could hardly interfere with a judge in any case before him. But his answer was pithy. Said he: "You are the American minister, and if you are not here to get Americans out of scrapes I would like to know what you *are* here for." This was unanswerable, and in the afternoon I drove in state to the judge, left an official card upon him, and then wrote stating the case carefully, and saying that, while I could not think of interfering in any case before him, still, as this matter appeared to me one of special hardship, if it could be reached at once the ends of justice would undoubtedly

be furthered thereby. That my application was successful was shown by the fact that the man thus rescued never returned to thank his benefactor.

A more important part of a minister's duty is in connection with the commercial relations between the two nations. At that time each country was attempting, by means of its tariffs, to get all the advantage possible, and there resulted various German regulations bearing heavily on some American products. This started questions which had to be met with especial care, requiring many interviews with the Foreign Office and with various members of the imperial cabinet.

In looking after commercial relations, a general oversight of the consuls throughout the empire was no small part of the minister's duty. The consular body was good—remarkably good when one considers the radically vicious policy which prevails in the selection and retention of its members. But the more I saw of it, the stronger became my conviction that the first thing needed is that, when our government secures a thoroughly good man in a consular position, it should keep him there, and, moreover, that it should establish a full system of promotions for merit. Under the present system, the rule is that as soon as a man is fit for the duties he is rotated out of office and supplanted by a man who has all his duties to learn. I am glad to say that of late years there have been many excellent exceptions to this rule; and one of my most earnest hopes, as a man loving my country and desirous of its high standing abroad, is that, more and more, the tendency, as regards both the consular and diplomatic service, may be in the direction of sending men carefully fitted for positions and of retaining them without regard to changes in the home administration.

Still another part of the minister's duty was the careful collection of facts regarding important subjects and the transmission of them to the State Department. These were embodied in despatches. Such subjects as railway management, the organization and administration of city governments, the growth of various industries, the creation of new schools of instruction, the development of public libraries, and the like, as well as a multitude of other practical matters, were thus dwelt upon.

It was also a duty of the minister to

keep a general oversight upon the interests of Americans within his jurisdiction. There are always a certain number of Americans in distress,—real, pretended, or imaginary,—and these must be looked after; then there are American statesmen seeking introductions or information, American scholars in quest of similar things in a different field, American merchants and manufacturers seeking access to men and establishments which will enable them to build up their own interests and those of their country. Most interesting of all to me were American students at the university and other advanced schools in Berlin and throughout Germany. To advise with them and note their progress formed a most pleasing relief from strictly official matters.

Least pleasing of all duties was looking after fugitives from justice or birds of prey evidently seeking new victims. On this latter point, I recall an experience which may throw some light on the German mode of watching doubtful persons. A young American had appeared in various public places wearing a naval uniform to which he was not entitled, declaring himself a son of the President of the United States, and apparently making ready for a career of scoundrelism. Consulting the Minister of Foreign Affairs one day, I mentioned this case, asking him to give me such information as came to him. He answered: "Remind me at your next visit, and perhaps I can show you something." On my calling, some days later, the minister handed me a paper on which was inscribed, apparently, not only every place the young man had visited during the past week, but everything he had done and said, his conversations in the restaurants being noted with especial care; and while the man was evidently worthless, he was clearly rather a fool than a scoundrel. On my expressing surprise at the fullness of this information, the minister seemed quite as much surprised at my supposing it possible for any good government to exist without such complete surveillance of suspected persons.

Another curious matter which then came up was the selling of sham diplomas by a pretended American university. It was brought to my notice in sundry letters, and finally by calls from one or two young Germans who were considering the ad-

visibility of buying a doctorate from a man who claimed to be president of the "University of Philadelphia." Although I showed them the worthlessness of such degrees, they evidently thought that to obtain one would aid them in their professions, and were inclined to make a purchase. From time to time there were slurs in the German papers upon all American institutions of learning, based upon advertisements of such diplomas, and finally my patriotic wrath was brought to a climax by a comedy at the Royal Theater, in which the rascal of the piece, having gone through a long career of scoundrelism, finally secures a diploma from the "University of *Pennsylvania*."

In view of this, I wrote not only despatches to the Secretary of State, but private letters to leading citizens of Philadelphia, calling their attention to the subject, and especially to the injury that this kind of thing was doing to the University of Pennsylvania, an institution of which every Philadelphian, and indeed every American, has a right to be proud. As a result the whole thing was broken up, and though it has been occasionally revived, it has not again inflicted such a stigma upon American education.

But perhaps the most annoying business of all arose from presentations at court. The mania of many of our fellow-citizens for mingling with birds of the finest feather has passed into a European proverb which is unjust to the great body of American citizens; but at present there seems to be no help for it, the reputation of the many suffering for the bad taste of the few. Nothing could exceed the pertinacity shown in some cases. Different rules prevail at different courts, and at the imperial court of Germany the rule for some years has been that persons eminent in those walks of life that are especially honored will always be welcome, and that the proper authority, on being notified of their presence, will extend such invitations as may seem warranted. Unfortunately, while some of the most worthy visitors did not make themselves known, some persons far less desirable took too much pains to attract notice. A satirist would find rich material in the archives of our embassies and legations abroad. I have found nowhere more elements of true comedy, and even broad farce, than in some of the

correspondence on this subject there embalmed.

But while this class of applicants is mainly made up of women, fairness compels me to say that there is a similar class of men. These are persons possessed of an insatiate, and at times almost insane, desire to be able, on their return, to say that they have talked with a crowned head.

Should the sovereign see one in ten of the persons from foreign nations who thus seek him, he would have no time for anything else. He therefore insists, like any private person in any country, on his right not to give his time to those who have no real claim upon him, and some very good fellow-citizens of ours have seemed almost inclined to make this feeling of his Majesty a *casus belli*.

On the other hand are large numbers of Americans making demands, and often very serious demands, of time and labor on their diplomatic representative which it is an honor and pleasure to render. Of these are such as, having gained a right to do so by excellent work in their respective fields at home, come abroad as legislators, or educators, or scientific investigators, or engineers, or scholars, or managers of worthy business enterprises, to extend their knowledge for the benefit of their country. No work has been more satisfactory to my conscience than the aid which I have been able to render to men and women of this sort.

Still, one has to make discriminations. I remember especially a very charming young lady of say sixteen summers, who came to me, saying that she had agreed to write some letters for a Western newspaper, and that she wished to visit all the leading prisons, reformatory institutions, and asylums of Germany. I looked into her pretty face, and soon showed her that the German government would never think of allowing a young lady like herself to inspect such places as those she named, and that, in my opinion, it was quite right; but I suggested a series of letters on a multitude of things which would certainly prove interesting and instructive, and which she might easily find in all parts of Germany. She took my advice, wrote many such letters, and the selections which she published proved to be delightful.

But at times zeal for improvements at home goes perilously far toward turning

the activity of an ambassador or minister from its proper channels. Scores of people write regarding schools for their children, instructors in music, cheap boarding-houses, and I have had an excellent fellow-citizen ask me to send him a peck of turnips. But if the applications are really from worthy persons, they can generally be dealt with in ways which require no especial labor—many of them through our consuls, to whom they more properly belong.

Those who really ask too much, insisting that the embassy shall look after their private business, may be reminded that the rules of the diplomatic service forbid such investigations in behalf of individuals without previous instructions from the State Department.

Of the lesser troublesome people may be named, first, those who are looking up their genealogies. A typical letter made up from various epistles, as a "composite" portrait is made out of different photographs, would run much as follows:

SIR: I have reason to suppose that I am descended from an old noble family in Germany. My grandfather's name was Max Schulze. He came, I think, from some part of Austria or Bavaria or Schleswig-Holstein. Please trace back my ancestry and let me know the result at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,  
*Mary Smith.*

Another more troublesome class is that of people seeking inheritances. A typical letter, compounded as above, would run somewhat as follows:

SIR: I am assured that a fortune of several millions of marks left by one John Müller, who died in some part of Germany two or three centuries ago, is held at the Imperial Treasury awaiting heirs. My grandmother's name was Miller. Please look the matter up and inform me as to my rights.

Yours truly,  
*John Myers.*

P.S. If you succeed in getting the money I will be glad to pay you handsomely for your services.

Such letters as this are easily answered. During this first sojourn of mine at Berlin as minister I caused a circular going over the whole ground to be carefully prepared

and to be forwarded to applicants. In this occur the following words:

We have yearly, from various parts of the United States, a large number of applications for information or aid regarding great estates in Germany supposed to be awaiting heirs. They are all more or less indefinite, many sad, and some ludicrous. . . . There are in Germany no large estates awaiting distribution to unknown heirs in the hands of the government or of anybody, and all efforts to discover such estates that the legation has ever made or heard of have proved fruitless.

Among the many odd applications received at that period, one revealed an American superstition by no means unusual. The circumstances which led to it were as follows:

An ample fund, said to be forty or fifty thousand dollars, had been brought together in Philadelphia for the erection of an equestrian statue to Washington, and it had been finally decided to intrust the commission to Professor Siemering, one of the most eminent of modern German sculptors. One day there came to me a letter from an American gentleman whom I had met occasionally many years before, asking me to furnish him with a full statement regarding Professor Siemering's works and reputation. As a result I made inquiries among the leading authorities on modern art, and, everything being most favorable, I at last visited his studio, and found a large number of designs and models of works on which he was then engaged, two or three being of the highest importance, among them the great war monument at Leipzig.

I also found that although he had executed and was executing important works for various other parts of Germany, he had not yet put up any great permanent work in Berlin, though the designs of the admirable temporary statues and decorations on the return of the troops from the Franco-Prussian War to the metropolis had been intrusted largely to him.

These facts I stated to my correspondent in a letter, and in due time received an answer in substance as follows:

SIR: Your letter confirms me in the opinion I had formed. The intrusting of the great statue of Washington to a man like Siemering is a job and an outrage. It is clear that he is

a mere pretender, since he has erected no statue as yet in Berlin. That statue of the Father of our Country ought to have been intrusted to native talent. I have a son fourteen years old who has already greatly distinguished himself. He has modeled a number of figures in butter and putty which all my friends think are most remarkable. I am satisfied that he could have produced a work which, by its originality and power, would have done honor to our country and to art.

Yours very truly,

Curious, too, was the following. One morning the mail brought me a large packet filled with little squares of cheap cotton cloth. I was greatly puzzled to know their purpose until, a few days later, there came a letter which, with changes of proper names, ran as follows:

*Podunk, —, 1880.*

SIR: We are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the — Church in this town, and we are getting ready some autograph bed-quilts. I have sent you a package of small squares of cotton cloth, which please take to the Emperor William and his wife, also to Prince Bismarck and the other princes and leading persons of Germany, asking them to write their names on them and send them to me as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

P.S. Tell them to be sure to write their names in the middle of the pieces, for fear that their autographs may get sewed in.

My associations with the diplomatic corps I found especially pleasing. The dean, as regarded seniority, was the Italian ambassador, Count Delaunay, a man of large experience and kindly manners. He gave me various interesting reminiscences of his relations with Cavour, and said that when he was associated with the great Italian statesman the latter was never able to get time for him except at five o'clock in the morning, and that this was their usual hour of work.

Another very interesting person was the representative of Great Britain, Lord Odo Russell. He was full of interesting reminiscences of his life at Washington, at Rome, and at Versailles with Bismarck. As to Rome, he gave me interesting stories of Pope Pius IX, who, he said, was inclined to be jocose, and even to speak in a spor-

tive way regarding exceedingly serious subjects.<sup>1</sup> As to Cavour, he thought him even a greater man than Bismarck; and this, from a man so intimate with the German Chancellor, was a testimony of no small value.

As to his recollections of Versailles, he was present at the proclamation of the Empire in the Galerie des Glaces, and described the scene to me very vividly.

His relations with Bismarck were very close, and the latter once paid him a compliment which sped far, saying that he always distrusted an Englishman who spoke French very correctly, but that there was one exception, Lord Odo Russell.

At the risk of repeating a twice-told tale, I may refer here to his visit to Bismarck when the latter complained that he was bothered to death with bores who took his most precious time, and asked Lord Odo how he got rid of them. After making some reply, the latter asked Bismarck what plan he had adopted. To this the Chancellor answered that he and Johanna (the princess) had hit upon a plan, which was that when she thought her husband had been bored long enough she came in with a bottle, and said: "Now, Otto, you know that it is time for you to take your medicine." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when in came the princess with the bottle and repeated the very words which her husband had just given. Both burst into titanic laughter, and parted on the best of terms.

At court festivities Lord Odo frequently became very weary, and as I was often in the same case, we from time to time went out of the main rooms together and sat down in some quiet nook for a talk. On one of these occasions, just after he had been made a peer with the title of Lord Ampthill, I said to him: "You must allow me to use my Yankee privilege of asking questions." On his assenting pleasantly to this, I asked: "Why is it that you are willing to give up the great historic name of Russell and take a name which no one ever heard of?" He answered: "I have noticed that when men who have been long in the diplomatic service return to England, they become, in many cases, listless and melancholy, and wander about with no friends and nothing to do. They have been so long abroad that they are no longer in touch with lead-

<sup>1</sup> One of these reminiscences I have given elsewhere.

ing men at home, and are therefore shelved. Entrance into the House of Lords gives a man something to do, with new friends and pleasing relations. As to the name, I would gladly have retained my own, but had no choice; in fact, when Lord John Russell was made an earl, his insisting on retaining his name was not especially liked. Various places on the Russell estates were submitted to me for my choice, and I took Ampthill."

Alas! his plans came to nothing. He died at his post before his retirement to England.

Among those then connected with the British embassy at Berlin, one of the most interesting was Colonel (now General) Lord Methuen, who has recently taken so honorable a part in the South African War. He was at that time a tall, awkward man, kindly, genial, who always reminded me of Thackeray's "Major Sugarplums." He had recently lost his wife, and was evidently in deep sorrow. One morning there came a curious bit of news regarding him. A few days before, walking in some remote part of the Thiergarten, he saw a working-man throw himself into the river, and instantly jumped into the icy stream after him, grappled him, pulled him out, laid him on the bank, and rapidly walked off. When news of it got out, he was taxed with it by various members of the diplomatic corps; but he awkwardly and blushingly pooh-poohed the whole matter.

One evening not long afterward, I witnessed a very pleasant scene connected with this rescue. As we were all assembled at some minor festivity in the private palace on the Linden, the old Emperor sent for the colonel, and on his coming up, his Majesty took from his own coat a medal of honor for life-saving and attached it to the breast of Methuen, who received it in a very awkward yet manly fashion.

The French ambassador was the Count de St. Vallier, one of the most agreeable men I have ever met, who deserved all the more credit for his amiable qualities because he constantly exercised them despite the most wretched health: during his splendid dinners at the French embassy he simply toyed with a bit of bread, not daring to eat anything.

We were first thrown specially together by a joint representation in favor of the double standard of value, which, under

instructions from our governments, we made to the German Foreign Office, and after that our relations became very friendly. Whenever the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday came round, he was sure to remember it and make a friendly call.

My liking for him once brought upon me one of the most embarrassing mishaps of my life. It was at Nice and at the table d'hôte of a great hotel on the Promenade des Anglais, where I was seated next a French countess who, though she had certainly reached her threescore years and ten, was still most agreeable. Day after day we chatted together, and all went well; but one evening, on our meeting at table as usual, she said: "I am told that you are the American minister at Berlin." I answered: "Yes, madam." She then said: "When I was a young woman, I was well acquainted with the mother of the present French ambassador there." At this I launched out into praises of Count St. Vallier, as well I might, speaking of the high regard felt for him at Berlin, the honors he had received from the German government, and the liking for him among his colleagues.

The countess listened in silence, and when I had finished, turned severely upon me, saying: "Monsieur, up to this moment I have believed you a man of honor; but now I really don't know what to think of you." Of course I was dumfounded, but presently the reason for the remark occurred to me, and I said: "Madam, M. de St. Vallier serves France. Whatever his private opinions may be, he no doubt feels it his duty to continue in the service of his country. It would certainly be a great pity if, at every change of government in France, every officer who did not agree with the new régime should leave the diplomatic service or the military service or the naval service, thus injuring the interests of France perhaps most seriously. Suppose the Comte de Chambord should be called to the throne of France, what would you think of Orleanists and Republicans who should immediately resign their places in the army, navy, and diplomatic service, thus embarrassing, perhaps fatally, the monarchy and the country?"

At this, to my horror, the lady went into hysterics and began screaming. She cried out: "Oui, monsieur, il reviendra, Henri

Cinq; il reviendra. Dieu est avec lui; il reviendra malgré tout," etc., and finally she jumped up and rushed out of the room. The eyes of the whole table were turned upon us, and I fully expected that some gallant Frenchman would come up and challenge me for insulting a lady; but no one moved, and presently all went on with their dinners. The next day the countess again appeared at my side, amiable as ever; but during the remainder of my stay I kept far from every possible allusion to politics.

The Turkish ambassador, Sadoullah Bey, was a kindly gentleman, who wandered about, as the French expressively say, "like a damned soul." Something seemed to weigh upon him heavily and steadily. A more melancholy human being I have never seen, and it did not surprise me, a few years later, to be told that, at one of the palace revolutions which changed the succession at Constantinople, he had been executed for complicity in the assassination of the Sultan.

The Russian ambassador, M. de Sabouroff, was a very agreeable man, and his rooms were made attractive by the wonderful collection of Tanagra statuettes which he had brought from Greece, where he had formerly been a minister.

In one matter he was especially helpful to me. One day I received from Washington a cipher despatch instructing me to exert all my influence to secure the release of Mme. —, who, though married to a former Russian secretary of legation, was the daughter of an American eminent in politics and diplomacy. The case was very serious. The Russian who had married this estimable lady had been concerned in various shady transactions, and, having left his wife and little children in Paris, had gone to Munich in the hope of covering up some doubtful matters which were coming to light. While on this errand he was seized and thrown into jail, whereupon he telegraphed his wife to come to him. His idea evidently was that when she arrived she also would be imprisoned, and that her family would then feel forced to intervene with the money necessary to get them both out. The first part of the program went as he had expected. His lovely wife, on arriving in Munich, was at once thrown into prison, and began thence sending to the Secretary of State and to me the most distressing letters and telegrams.

She had left her little children in Paris, and was in agony about them. With the aid of the Russian ambassador, who acknowledged that his compatriot was one of the worst wretches in existence, I obtained the release of the lady from prison after long negotiations. Unfortunately, I was obliged to secure that of her husband at the same time; but as he died not long afterward, he had no opportunity to do much more harm.

Yet another good friend was Herr von Nostitz-Wallwitz, representative of Saxony, and he was able, on one occasion, to render a real service to American education. Two or three young ladies, one of whom is now the admired head of one of the foremost American colleges for women, were studying at the University of Leipzig. I had given them letters to a number of professors there, and nothing could be better than the reports which reached me regarding their studies, conduct, and social standing. But one day came very distressing telegrams and letters, and presently the ladies themselves. A catastrophe had come. A decree had gone forth from the Saxon government at Dresden expelling all women students from the university, and these countrywomen of mine begged me to do what I could for them. Remembering that my Saxon colleague was the brother of the Prime Minister of Saxony, I at once went to him. On my presenting the case, he at first expressed amazement at the idea of women being admitted to the lecture-rooms of a German university; but as I showed him sundry letters, especially those from Professors George Curtius and Ebers, regarding these fair students, his conservatism melted away, and he presently entered heartily into my view, the result being that the decree was modified so that all women students then in the university were allowed to remain until the close of their studies; but no new ones were to be admitted afterward. Happily all has been changed, and to that, as to nearly all other German universities, women are now freely admitted.

Very amusing at times were exhibitions of gentle sarcasm on the part of sundry old diplomatists. They had lived long, had seen the seamy side of public affairs, and had lost their illusions. One evening, at a ball given by the Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, which was extremely splendid and

no less tedious, my attention was drawn to two of them. There had been some kind of absurd demonstration that day in one of the principal European parliaments, and coming upon my two colleagues, I alluded to it. "Yes," said Baron Jauru of Brazil, "that comes of the greatest lie prevalent in our times—the theory that the majority of mankind are *wise*. Now it is an absolute fact, which all history teaches, and to-day even more than ever, that all mankind are *fools*." "What you say is true," replied M. de Quade, the Danish minister, "but it is not the *whole* truth. Constitutional government also goes on the theory that all mankind are *good*. Now it is an absolute fact that all mankind are bad, utterly *bad*." "Yes," said Jauru, "I accept your amendment; mankind are fools and knaves." To this I demurred somewhat, and quoted Mr. Lincoln's remark: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." This restored their good humor, and I left them smilingly pondering over this nugget of Western wisdom.

Interesting to me was the contrast between my two colleagues from the extreme Orient. Then and since at Berlin I have known the Japanese Minister Aoki. Like all other Japanese diplomatic representatives I have met, whether there or elsewhere, he was an exceedingly accomplished man. At the first dinner given me after my arrival in Berlin he made an admirable speech in German, and could have spoken just as fluently and accurately in French or English.

On the other hand, Li Fong Pao, the Chinese representative, was a mandarin who steadily wore his Chinese costume, pigtail and all, and who, though jolly, could only speak through an interpreter who was almost as difficult to understand as the minister himself.

Thus far it seems the general rule that whereas the Japanese, like civilized nations in general, train men carefully for foreign service, in international law, modern languages, history, and the like, the Chinese, like ourselves, do little if anything of the kind. But I may add that recently there have been some symptoms of change on their part. One of the most admirable speeches during the Peace Conference at The Hague was made by a young and very

attractive Chinese attaché. It was in idiomatic French. Nothing could be more admirable as regarded either matter or manner, and many of the older members of the conference came afterward to congratulate him upon it. The ability shown by the Chinese Minister Wu at Washington would also seem to indicate that China has learned something as to the best way of maintaining her interests abroad.

This suggests another incident. In the year 1880 the newspapers informed us that the wife of the Chinese minister at Berlin had just sailed from China to join her husband. The matter seemed to arouse general interest, and telegrams announced her arrival at Suez, then at Marseilles, then at Cologne, and finally at Berlin. On the evening of her arrival at court, the diplomatic corps were assembled awaiting her appearance. Presently the great doors swung wide, and in came the Chinese minister with his wife: he a stalwart mandarin in the full attire of his rank; she a gentle creature in an exceedingly pretty Chinese costume, tripping along on her little feet, and behind her a long array of secretaries, interpreters, and the like, many in Chinese attire, but some in European court costume. After all of us had been duly presented to the lady by his Chinese Excellency, he brought her secretaries and presented them to his colleagues. Among these young diplomatists was a fine-looking man, evidently a European, in a superb court costume frogged and barred with gold lace. As my Chinese colleague introduced him to me in German, we continued in that language, when suddenly the secretary said to me in English: "Mr. White, I don't see why we should be talking in German. I was educated at Rochester University under your friend President Anderson, and I come from Waterloo in western New York." Had he dropped through the ceiling I could hardly have been more surprised. Neither Waterloo, though a thriving little town upon the Central Railroad, and not far from the city in which I have myself lived, nor even Rochester, with all the added power of its excellent university, seemed adequate to develop a being so gorgeous. On questioning him, I found that, having been graduated in America, he had gone to China with certain missionaries, and had then been taken into the Chinese service. It

gives me very great pleasure to say that at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and The Hague, where I have often met him since, he has proved to be a thoroughly intelligent and patriotic man faithful to China, while not unmindful of the interests of the United States; in one matter he rendered a very great service to both countries.

But a diplomatic representative who has a taste for public affairs makes acquaintances outside the diplomatic corps, and is likely to find his relations with the ministers of the German crown and with members of the Parliament very interesting. The character of German public men is deservedly high, and a diplomatist fit to

represent his country should bring all his study and experience to bear in eliciting information likely to be useful to his country from these as well as from all other sorts and conditions of men. My own acquaintance among these was large. I find in my diaries accounts of conversations with such men as Bismarck, Camphausen, Delbrück, Windhorst, Bennigsen, George von Bunsen, Lasker, Treitschke, Gneist, and others; but to take them up one after the other would require far too much space, and I must be content to jot down what I received from them wherever, in the course of these reminiscences, it may seem most pertinent.

(To be continued)



## THE TRAMP

A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

ON the first warm evening of the next spring Ma Gladden and Persephone sat on the front porch. The grass was already emerald in spots over the house-plot, and the climbing rose-bushes showed small, reddish leaves. At the end of the path that led to the road was a stile, upon which Pa Gladden sat in meditation. His eyes were fixed upon a sky of fiery splendor.

"I am shore, Persephone," observed the elder woman, "thet yer Pa Gladden air gittin' ready fer one of his old-fashioned tramps ag'in."

The younger woman eyed her affectionately, but asked no question.

"Pa uster git them spells erlong erbout every spring," went on Ma Gladden; "but sence he air older they hain't troubled him so reg'lar-like. 'Peared like he hed ter walk eroun' three er four days afore the season laid hold on him prupperly. Them

days I uster worrit terrible. When he went off the fust spring arter we war merried, I eenymost cried my eyes out. But law! Persephone, all men hez blood cranks o' one sort er ruther. Pa would allers turn up inside of a week jes ez happy ez a king, plumb satisfied with life, an' thet glad ter git back ter me thet it 'most paid fer all the worry. Lemme see, now. It air four years sence he walked plumb over ter Lexin'ton, an' brung hum my flowered shalli in his hand."

"He likes to walk a long ways—is that it?" asked Persephone, timidly.

"All the Gladdens war born trampers," declared Ma Gladden; "leastways, so I hed it from Mary Jane Ann, my cousin in Kansas, who heared thet from her mother. Not one o' them thet war airly in this valley ever minded a twenty-mile jaunt afore breakfast. An' thet, shorely ez the sap come up, nothin' would do them but

ter scatter out an' tromp a spell afore they could settle ter spring plowin'. When I hears that tale, I cools down erbout yer Pa Gladden's perceedin'. Whar war the use o' worritin' over a streak born in one, an' no wuss ner that? It might hev been suthin' bad. I jes let him go an' tromp."

"It is n't anything wrong," agreed Persephone; "if it makes him any happier, I would let him alone."

"Thet hev been my idee," went on Ma Gladden, her eyes on her husband, who had never moved. "It air, indeed, a harmless thing. I can't allers understand yer pa's mind, but it air a master one at connivin' an' contrivin'. Ez to these tromps, he air sorter 'shamed over them, an' uster make excuses. But law! now he slips off afore breakfast, an' Aby Early er Jason er some one comes up ter 'tend stock, an' I waits, allers hopin' an' prayin' that he wull return safe onctet more."

Persephone's eyes lighted up with a new comprehension. She realized the self-sacrifice, the vigil by night, the straining anxiety by day.

"I wonder if he would go if he knew that," she said to herself. Presently she went down the freshly raked path between the flower borders. The farmer turned with a smile, but he read the wistful question in her eyes.

"Whut air the trouble, my darter?"

For answer she leaned against his arm as he sat above her.

"Ye air suttinly better-lookin' every day ye live, Persephone," he went on. "Sence ye air erbout well ag'in, an' hum with us, we're truly happy. Air that anything special? Yer see, I am thinkin' erbout steppin' erway fer a few days, an' I warnt ter leave ye ter look arter yer Ma Gladden. She hain't ez young ez she onctet war, if she air spry an' lively."

"Must you go, Pa Gladden?"

"I calcilate I hev ter perceed a leetle onward," he returned, after a silence. "Ye see, I been tryin' ter discipline myself ag'in' that old wanderin' speerit dwellin' nateral in me when the spring air openin' an' work air pressin'. But it hev onctet more stirred up a fever that wull not let me be. Suthin' air callin' o' me."

"But do you find what calls you when you go out?" asked the young woman, earnestly.

"Ginerally speakin', I does," said the

farmer, "an' I allers arrives ter revivin' grace, not ter speak o' the quickenin' ter my fancy. A good long tromp, an' the plowin' in the south field, air my spring medicine, an' does me more good than any ermount o' yeller dock an' vinegar er saxifrage tea. I war settin' here, jes now, lookin' out at that yeller sky. Yeller allers hev been my fav'rite color, Persephone. It air the fustest one I remembers, an' t war my father's color afore me. He uster love ter lay orf erbout his mother,—'Liz'beth Thompson she war, with five brothers ter the Revylutionary War,—jes how his mother uster stand out in the cla'rin' they hed on Little Raccoon Creek in Virginny. Her ha'r war yeller an' thick till her death. All eroun' her feet, like leetle downy yeller chicks, war 'leven childern a-playin'. Thet war shorely a movin' sight, an' must hev got inter the blood. I do love yeller posies, an' skies like that over that. Last time but onctet I tromped, I went down east an' a leetle south. It air truly a purty country thar, an' the soil bein' kind, thar hain't no lack o' money. One day I passed afore a big yeller house settin' on a hill, an' that hev often riz up before me sence. It looked like the brightes' thing on earth ag'in' a blue sky. It hed green shettters an' a giddy-lookin' wire fence runnin' erlong the foot o' the hill. The grass war thick an' short, an' a wide gravel path cut clean eroun' the hill one side an' up ter the porch, thet war shorely a showy thing. But, Persephone, squar' in front of that house war a tombstun set—a big, thick stun with a name cut in deep."

"My!" gasped Persephone. "That is all of a piece with Mr. Ritter's burying his first wife under the parlor window."

"Somewhut," replied the farmer; "but I hev reasoned on it, an' that idee air natural. Whut air allers botherin' me war a face I seen ter the upper windy. I could n't see it plain, but it 'peared ter me sort o' implorin'. Ez yer Ma Gladden hev hed occasion ter remark several times in this life, I 'm a soft-hearted old fool when I feels like that 's any implorin' of me goin' on. Lately I been calcilatin' ter sa'nter down in that durrection an' ease up my mind. I won't be satisfied till I do, nuther."

"Oh, but this is such a big, wide country. How can you find that place? How can you?"

He patted her arm.

"Oncet on a time a feller from up-State brought a basket o' pigeons inter the Valley an' onloosed them leetle birds on Paynter's Knob. They flew eroun' fer a spell, settlin' their minds, an' then made a bee-line fer their hum. How'd they know? Waal, them air the things folks hain't come ter yet. I wull feel the way, that's all."

He got down from the stile, and walked beside his adopted daughter up the path that narrowed under the rose-bushes. To his soft, quavering singing she added her fresh, sweeter notes; so that, in the falling darkness, Ma Gladden knew of their coming by the quaint processional:

"The Lord my Shepherd is,  
No blighting want I know;  
By verdant fields and gentlest streams  
My footsteps ever go."

## II

BEHOLD now the vagrant tramping man on the open road and wandering in April woods! Above him burst the maple buds, under his feet the coloring of the skunk-cabbage changed into telltale purple. He heard the clucking calls of the newly arrived robins, and wondered delightedly whence, so round and prosperous, came these chipper fellows. He hailed the bees on the first tassels of the willows, and watched for an hour a velvety butterfly emerge from its bark tomb and feebly try its unused wings in the noon sunshine.

Sin and worry and toil were forgotten. Once again Pa Gladden was young, once again free and a child of nature. After he climbed out from the Long Valley, following his mysterious orientation, the whole world lay before him. The first night he passed at a roadside farm-house, where the young farmer was both curious and garrulous.

"Don't it worry ye none ter leave yer farm-work?"

"Son, when ye air some older, other things wull lay hold on ye besides work."

His wife, with a babe over her shoulder, smiled at the stranger.

"I am allers tellin' him he air thinkin' of nothin' but work, work. It makes life hard."

"So it do," assented Pa Gladden; "an' yet, it air jes erbout whut balances us. But

take some time ter smile an' pray, ter love God an' be happy."

The farmer's wife refused his money the next morning. She had a lunch for him in a small tin pail, and watched him on his way.

"I hev an idee," she said shyly, "thet ye air goin' on a dooty. Ye hev thet air. God go with ye! My mother war a religious woman."

The second night he slept at a country road-house, a place he liked much less. The melodious, rhythmical rain fell for hours. It kept him awake, but his meditations were not sad, only tender and reminiscent of long-gone days. For three hours next morning he kept to the beaten road, but, the sun coming up hot and drying the grass, by ten o'clock he again took to the pastures and fields.

To-day the bird world was rampant. Through the woods, now faintly blurred with green, flew and darted and sprang and hopped those songsters which had mated and made homes. They were rapturous in the return of spring. Sweeter than any other sound to his heart was the bluebird's clear and confiding tremolo in the misty aisles of the woodland. Three days he went by road and field, over brambly paths and along creeks and brooks, traveling on patiently. His way was along a dirt road with much woodland on each side and few houses visible. As he went onward, there turned into the road a peddler's wagon with a fine, shiny top. On the high seat sat a jolly red-bearded man with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Howdy, stranger? Which way you bound?" asked the peddler, stopping his horses.

"Ter the south," replied Pa Gladden; "an' sence ye hev put yer nags' noses in the durrection, whut wull be the damage fer a leetle lift?"

"By your looks you are good company," replied the peddler, hunching himself over; "so climb over that wheel and go as far along as I am going, anyhow."

Pa Gladden made himself comfortable, and surveyed approvingly the backs of two plump horses.

"I 'm out huntin'," he said, "but with my wits an' my tongue instead of with a gun. I 'm huntin' an oncommon-lookin' house in these parts that no man that sees it air likely ter disremember."

"It might be yellow," retorted the red-bearded man, catching his humor, "and high set on a hill, like."

"Thar air a tricky bit o' fence in front," drawled Pa Gladden.

"Even so," laughed the peddler; "and if you will kindly mention a most uncommon ornament to the front premises, I think I can at once match you."

"Precisely," cried Pa Gladden; "it air a tombstun fit fer the buryin' of a governor hisself. It air high an' broad, an' a name air cut thet deep ye kin eenymost read it from the road ez ye pass."

"You've called it right off," said the peddler, "and are traveling toward it. That is the old Judy place, but fineified up by the present Mis' Judy under the superovising of a New Yorruk architect. Where did you come to hear about it? Are you kin to the Judys or to her? I never have heared her maiden name. She was from New Yorruk State."

"I hain't no kin ter the fambly," said Pa Gladden, "but I intend ter visit that, frien'ly-like."

"Certain?" queried the peddler, much surprised. "Well, you hain't one of them big doctors, for they don't travel afoot. Nor a lawyer, for she despises them. Nor a farmer for her ground, beca'se she has got year-tenants on every piece. I can't guess your errant, stranger."

"Jes a-visitin'," said Pa Gladden, pleasantly; "but I don't mind tellin' ye I hev never met Mis' Judy, an' would plumb take it kindly ef ye would onfold a leetle discourse ez ter whut sort o' folks they air."

"There is n't any folks left but old Mis' Judy," replied the peddler, happy to have a tale to tell—"only a sick old woman that is might' nigh to her end. Since you don't know her, I will make free to say, stranger, that you want to keep your weather-eye open. She always has been a master hand at money-making and trading, and there are few men that ever come down that hill that she has n't beat someway. I used to trade with her when first I commenced to run a wagon, but she beat me so, I quit turning in there. If Loueller, that half-breed that lives with Mis' Judy, wants anything, she hangs out a towel on the roseb'ry-bushes, and I blows my horn for her to come down to the gate."

"Ez I hev nothin' ter buy er ter sell, Mr. Peddler," said Pa Gladden, "this old

pusson wull not likely do me any great damage. Don't ye kerry me past any turnin' leadin' off ter that yeller house, but jes continny yer tale o' these folks that I'm ter call on when I do corner up with them."

"I tell you, there is only one old woman left," said the peddler. "The race has run out in short order. The story has been in these parts since the land was settled. They do say that the first Vince Judy killed a man overseas, stole his money, and come to America. To hide himself, he clumb clean over the Blue Ridge, and lit in here erbout as soon as anybody. He was a bad old man, and his son Gilbert was just as bad, but got killed when he was in the Mexican War—but not in battle. The grandson, the last Vince Judy, got the place and the money and his full share of the meanness. He was a hoss man, and all the time had some out on different tracks. Stranger, Vince Judy was a ramin' onbeliever, and had a scorn for 'most everything common folks holds to and lives by. When his niggers were freed, he turned them off the place without clothes or tools or food. He would n't let one of them come back. The white men round his stables were the worst sort. No one thought he would marry, but once he came home from the East with Mis' Judy. She was a clipper—um-um!"

"I suppose I understand ye," put in Pa Gladden, mildly, "though my lines hev never been laid ermong that sort o' female pussons."

"If you has a picture in your eye of a reg'lar rip-tearing, rip-snorting sort of female, you understands, old gentleman," said the peddler. "Mis' Judy, when I first seen her, was a sight to remember—one of them sooty-eyed women that have red cheeks, natural er otherwise, waving black hair, and teeth like chany ones. Sech women-folks are promisin' at first sight, but too keen, er a man would have to go out of business. A man that does business in women's fixin's and the household necessities calkilates on the general run in looking to profits. But Mis' Judy was too smart for me. Take table-linnings, for instance. 'How much for that dozen of fringed reds?' When me, knowing her, would fall to mere nothing, she would jeer at me. 'Yer the thief of the world,' she'd say, 'for I can call you the figure to a

cent that you paid for them at the wholesale house.' And she could, she could, nine times out o' ten. Now that is no way for a man of family to get his living, and as I was n't driving a peddler's wagon round the country for my health, I quit turning in there. But law! the poor woman had to take it out on some one. Vince Judy took it out on her. You see, he thought she was teetotally his, and that is the way some men have of owning things."

"Thet air shorely one view ter take o' merried life," remarked Pa Gladden; "but I believe ye air speakin' with jedgment. Some men looks on that wives with less o' actooal consarn than they gives ter their cattle."

"He nagged her from dawn till dark," continued the peddler; "he ginerally opened up with the fact, as he stated it, that she come to him empty-handed, and empty-handed she should stay. Well, Vince died onnateral, like the rest. He went over to Lexin'ton to race-meetin', and took three or four hosses. One of them kicked him, and he was brought home on a cot. He never set up once. Mis' Judy nursed him and kept watching. Got thin as a shadder. When he died no one ever did know what happened. She was lying on the floor in a faint, and there was a hundred little bits of paper on the coverlid. She come into everything by an old will made when they were first married. She has n't got a soul to give it to, they say. Lord! I got seven children and she has n't got one. Curious how some things are divided."

"Does she live there alone?"

"Only a bright woman named Loueller, and the family living in the farm-house. She is about bedrid now—got a mortal disease. So that wicked money has plumb run out. I don't want any of it. Ruther run a peddling-wagon myself than to touch it. Now, stranger, if you strike down the lane we are nigh to, it will bring you into the river road. Keep to your left, and in a quarter of a mile you will see thet Judy house without fail."

"Why did they put thet stun in the front yard?"

"It was in the old will that she stood by. He made it when he was plumb mad jealous. He laid it out in his mind that any man that come to court Mis' Judy after he was gone must pass over his grave

to do it. But there's a saying about more ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter, ye know, and Mis' Judy was that ingenious she laid out to stand by the will and get up to the house around the slope. In five years the grass was all grown over the front walk and no trace left. She kept improvin' on and on until she has a place as yeller as a circus. But you will see for yourself."

Bidding his loquacious companion a grateful good-by, Pa Gladden went down a field lane and over a brook. Here he bathed his face and smoothed his thin locks. At last he came before the strangely gay house.

A substantial mansion it had been originally, square, high, and roomy. Upon it had later been superimposed ornate dormer-windows, and at the end of the side wings were great bays with galleried railings about them.

He looked earnestly above the pillared portico. Surely a white face looked out once and again, and—yes, truly a hand beckoned.

"I air a man thet hez no wish ter meddle," said Pa Gladden to himself, "but shorely my way air plain."

He walked slowly up the neatly graveled driveway, past beds of blooming crocuses and daffodils. The wide front door was open, and at the side hitching-rails stood a carriage with well-kept horses. Pa Gladden waited a moment at the open door. There seemed to come out of the wall beside him a shrill whistle and the words:

"For God's sake, don't let the doctors carry me away from my home!"

For a moment Pa Gladden was at a loss; then he remembered the speaking-tubes Persephone had told him of in the houses of the wealthy.

"One of them new hollerin'-pipes, shorely," he concluded, eying its mouth-piece, "an' runnin' straight up ter Mis' Judy herself. I calkilate I kin make myself beknown ter her thet way."

He cleared his throat, and then called up the tube gently:

"Air I speakin' ter Mis' Judy?"

"Yes. Who are you? What do you want?"

"Folks calls me Pa Gladden, ma'am. I air from Long Valley way."

"Pa Gladden?"

"Yes, 'm—that air, ter 'most ev'ry pusson down our way."

"Are you a timid man?"

"I don't calkilate I air."

Quickly came the words:

"Go into the house and make those men go away. They want to take me to a hospital to be operated on. I prefer to die as I am."

Pa Gladden's face was a study. "Waal, I been through some quare things in my time, an' I s'pose that the grit air still stored up fer this one."

He wiped his dusty feet and entered the wide hall. A confused sound, with now and again a peremptory knock, guided him up the broad and well-carpeted stairway. So absorbed were several persons about a closed and locked door in the upper hall that no one heard him till a travel-stained farmer, hat in hand, stood among them.

"Howdy?" he said. "I come to see Mis' Judy."

"She is too ill to attend to any business now," said one of the men.

"This air no business," returned Pa Gladden; "at least, not ez ye calkilate it, my son. Mis' Judy sent fer me, an' dyin' would on'y make it even better fer me ter be nigh 'er."

"A preacher?" asked another man.

"Not a preacher," returned Pa Gladden; "jes a common, every-day farmer. Now, gentlemen, ef ye wull show me the way, I wull leave ye ter yer counsels. Er"—with a wave of the hand—"mebbe this nuss wull kindly obleege me."

"Mrs. Judy is so ill she is not at all herself," said another man, shortly, "and has locked herself into her room there. She will not let any one in."

Pa Gladden wheeled about and looked at the high white door. Above was an open transom guarded by strong iron bars. He turned to face the men again.

"So!"

One of the men explained:

"Two of us are doctors who have been in consultation on Mrs. Judy's case. This is her man of business. This is her nurse, who feels that she and her patient should not stay so far from medical aid in so serious a case. We have just decided that it is best for Mrs. Judy to go to a hospital in the city, where she can be taken care of properly."

"I understands, gentlemen," said Pa Gladden, "that in yer own minds ye air doin' the best thing; but, gentlemen, this air Mis' Judy's hum. I need n't ast ye all jes whut she hev said ter ye"—here he stepped backward and placed himself in front of the door; "but she air old an' dyin', an', like many old an' sick folks, would shorely ruther die at hum than ter hev any sort o' tinkerin' done ter her that may let her live a leetle while longer. I am suttin, gentlemen, that Mis' Judy thanks ye fer yer improvin' thorts, but she hain't desirin', none whutever, ter be moved ter a hospital."

"How do you know?" asked the lawyer, red and vexed.

Pa Gladden cast upon him a look of reproach.

"She hev told me that fac'," he asserted.

"What right have you to mix in this?" fumed the man. "Mrs. Judy has no living relatives—I mean, that we know of at the present."

"It won't do fer ye ter be suttin sure jes whar her kin will crop up," said Pa Gladden. "Them thar fambly trees hez lots o' sprangly branches shootin' out here an' thar. Now it air shorely an onpossible contrivin', gentlemen, that ye kin kerry a rich woman, onwullin', outen her own house ter a hospital, er any sech place, 'thout the papers. S'pose we a'journ this meetin' till ye gits them in proper shape, an' in the meantime, ef darter here—who hez a good face an' nice eyes—wull stay erlong with Mis' Judy, I 'll help find some one else ter be comp'ny an' cheer her up. An', gentlemen, ez ye air mos' prunable goin' straight back ter the city, jes look in on Dr. Torrence, ez I calls Elder Torrence, an' ast him erbout yer old Pa Gladden o' the Crossroads settlement. He wull entirely enlighten yer mind ez ter whuther Mis' Judy air in safe an' honest hands, an' any promises kep'. Mis' Judy don't expect ter stir from here, but ter be peaceful an' let alone plumb ter the end."

He sat down upon a chair by the door and as benignly as ever regarded the consultation of the three men at the lower end of the hall.

"Let 'em argify all they want," said Pa Gladden, cheerfully, to the nurse. "I calkilate that Mis' Judy hain't goin' ter open up that door till I say so, an' I 'll set here

ter-night afore I gives in an inch. But they won't risk it. Ye see, this pore woman with money hed ter hev a next frien', an' I feel eennymost shore that the Lord sent me down ter act out the part. He air pullin' the wires, an' I'm goin' through the motions. Them men air bustin' afeard they air in deep water now. They won't bother her no more."

Two hours later, when the strangers had long gone, the pleasant little nurse slipped into the dining-room, where the strange visitor was eating a sumptuous meal under the obsequious attentions of Louella.

"She wants to see you when you have finished your supper, Mr. Gladden."

"Pa Gladden, darter, ter all nice, brave girls like you shorely be. Waal, I've been fed like a preacher, ef I don't look like one, an' ez soon ez Loueller finds me a shoe-bresh, I wull step up."

His heart smote him as he looked at the wan and withered old face before him.

"I heard you—every word," she said. "Who sent you here to save me from that dreadful thing?"

"Ef ye hev ast fer help, air thar any special need fer ye ter question, Mis' Judy?"

"Man, how I have prayed to believe in some one that was true and honest!"

Seeing that Death had set his seal upon her, Pa Gladden was very gentle. So she heard of the long memory of her suffering face, and of the grace-giving tramp through the springtime woods. The worn woman listened eagerly.

"Do you know of that grave out there?"

"A man that durrected me said it war Mr. Judy's own."

"A sign of folly. He made a will when he brought me here. It bound me to stay here, him to leave me his money. He swore in those days that no man should ever seek me save over his grave, and he said he would be buried in the very doorway. He wanted what he wanted, body and soul. There he lies, but the path goes around. No one came; they were afraid. The Judy money brought bad luck; nobody wanted it, man or woman. Listen"—and she told it off on her long fingers. "Old Vince Judy was paralyzed while swearing. Gilbert Judy was stabbed in the back and robbed in Mexico. Vince Judy, my husband that was, was bad to the core.

I knew it when I married him. I wanted the money those days. He was killed by a horse. Not one of them died a peaceful death, and here I lie, uneasy in mind and suffering in body. I want to tell you," went on the old woman. "They brought him home and laid him in that room—there; and I went in and nursed him to the end. I went in there, and I stayed with him; and when he came to die, I made him tear up his last will. I got up on the bed on my knees and told him I would have the money—that the law would give me my share anyhow, and I would have it all."

"Ye must hev a powerful object tellin' me," said Pa Gladden, "fer ye air talkin' beyant yer strength. Waal, ye got the money, an' hev lived with it fer years. An' now ye can't take it with ye, so ye kin leave it ter the glory o' God. Thet money should do good, an' wipe out them black sins done in its name. Ye kin shorely make it a blessin' an' not a cuss."

"But the way?" cried the sick woman. "If I knew the way I would have peace. I have prayed for something to help me decide."

"It does 'pear like I hev been sort o' choosed out ter help an' ter console ye," said Pa Gladden. "But I hain't hed no glimmer o' my dooty toward thet money. Ef ye hev no objections, we hed better lift up our souls in prayer erbout this matter."

He knelt down.

"God o' redeemin' love, thet hez shorely durrected me here ter help an' ter counsel our sister, look down on this pore, sufferin' one. She air wishin' ter atone an' ter be guided by thy hand in placin' suttin' sin-money whar it wull shorely redeem itself. Look down on her desires, an' guide her, an' give her everlastin' peace, an' let thy servant help her."

Mrs. Judy wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You do believe I will be saved, don't you?"

"Believe? Why, Mis' Judy, I am plumb shore. Ye war settin' here, day an' night, implorin' o' the Lord fer help; an' me, afur off, air sent ye, over stick, brake, an' stone. In Bible times thar war speerits sent ter men on special occasions; but, it seems, the Lord works more ez human ter human. If I air chosen ter set down in judgment on this money, I wull try ter

study out suthin' ter please ye an' the Lord."

"You must do it," said the sick woman, "and there is no time to lose. Two weeks only the doctors have given me. I know about the property, and it is in order, but my pen drops when I go to say what shall be done with it. I have made no will."

"Ye fergits thet ye air an' hev been turble ill an' weak," soothed Pa Gladden, "an' the mind air allers hinged right on ter the body. Now I wanter peruse on this matter a leetle. Mebbe, ef the Lord sent me, he wull let my mind churn up suthin' er other thet wull suit ye. In my time I hev engineered some few things erlong, but that hev allers been a great movin' power ter my back."

It was not until nine o'clock the next morning that Pa Gladden asked to see Mrs. Judy again. His "perusin'" was much more profound and deliberate than ever before. That first night he walked through the wide rooms restlessly until Louella came to show him where he was to sleep. His rest was like that of a child, and he awoke at dawn to go on a long tramp through dewy woods. He returned laden with late violets and dogwood blooms for Mrs. Judy. His breakfast had waited some time, but Louella was only too glad to serve him.

"Don' yuh-all go 'way none," she said. "I jes thinks I hez ter run ebry day. I hears quare cryin's some nights. Ef that nuss heared dem, she nebbah stay ter git 'er hat on. My Lawd, Mr. Good Man, don' yuh leab us erlone none!"

"It might be angels' speerits whisperin', likely ez any other," said Pa Gladden. "Don' yer remember in the Bible whar he gives angels charge o' folks?"

Louella was ghastly.

"Mist' Man, yuh-all got a good, brave heart, but I can't stay hyar. I don' wanter meet no angels. I hain't good enough."

Mrs. Judy spoke when he went to her. "I have slept peacefully," she said.

"Truly thet air cheerin'," returned the farmer, "an' ye must shorely hev some one with ye, ef we hev ter tie them down with the idee o' dooty. I hev walked with yer trouble, an' slep' with it in my heart, Mis' Judy, an' shorely thet air makin' it like my own. Mis' Judy, ter lay out sin-money air a most solemn trust. Jes s'pose ye war walkin' long with me on the other

side o' Jordan, in them sweet fields o' Eden, an' approachin' the tree o' life, like it says in thet soothin' hymn. Now, ef we war lookin' over ter this pore, troubled place we hev allers lived on, jes these same premises, whut would ye like ter see roun' here, Mis' Judy?"

The deep eyes looked at him as if striv ing to read his thought; but Pa Gladden was smiling.

"I 'm seein' this big, fine yeller house gay an' heartsome-lookin' ez it hev never been yet," he went on; "all the doors an' the windys open, an' music, an' lots o' leetle childern runnin' all over the premises an' this big house-lot. An' they air throwin' roses an' daisies over thet stun whar the name air cut. It air truly a beautiful sight. Some o' them childern air cripples in leetle chairs an' wagons, an' thar air nusses erbout ter keer fer the babies tumblin' in the grass. It 'pears ter me thet these leetle childern air from the towns whar thar air no fresh air ner green stuff. Thet air whut I sees—an', Mis' Judy, it air shorely the thing thet hez its roots deepes' down; fer it 'pears ter me thet yer money kin hev no better uses than ter do fer leetle childern when they air sick er helpless."

"Roses and daisies on that stone—placed there by little hands?"

"Every day in the summer-time!" cried Pa Gladden; "an' laffin' eroun' it, knowin' ye war so friendly to all o' em, an' wanted 'em ter be happy. Talk erbout yer memory bein' green! Why, Mis' Judy, yer memory would jes flower right out afore the hull world. 'Mis' Judy,' folks would say, 'oh, she had the kind heart in her! She left every cent to pore sick childern.' Thar would be thet grand picture of ye thet air down in the hall. It air shorely a thing wuth comin' miles ter see. Ter them leetle folks thet wull be passin' in an' out o' here fer years an' years yer would allers be thet most beautiful Mis' Judy thet air hangin' up thar—ha'ntin' their dreams an' leetle idees o' fairies an' princesses an' sech fancy folks. Now, Mis' Judy, thet air my idee, lookin' over from the other side. I dunno jes how it wull strike ye—but it air shorely my fust glimmer o' light."

The dawn of a smile was in the old woman's eyes.

"It is a good idea, and it comforts me. But, Pa Gladden, come nearer. Tell me

something of yourself. Can I help you any?"

Pa Gladden's reply was prompt:

"No, Mis' Judy, no. The pore chil dern wull shorely need all that ye hev. Besides, my Drusilly an' me an' my adopted darter, Persephone Riggs, would not like ter hev money thet hed any taint erbout it, fust er last. We air pore enough, but air a leetle petic'lar ez ter airnin' an' ter gittin' jes right. Ye hev said yerself that the Judy money must atone fer black sin, an' ye air right. Ef ye comes ter any peace erlong o' this visit, I hev been more 'n paid fer my tromp."

Later the sick woman begged to hear of Pa Gladden's life and his experiences. Quite his genial and loquacious self, the farmer pictured, before the invalid, his life in the Long Valley, the Dutch and the Crossroads settlements, and told of all those happenings that were marked with white stones, such as that of the little Christmas fellow, the saving of "leetle Billy," and the rescue of his adopted daughter. These took on a new meaning to him as he watched her face brighten and her lips part in something akin to a smile.

"God has been good to you," she said.

When Pa Gladden went in to see the old woman after his breakfast the next morning, the white face seemed almost transfigured.

"Air it all balanced up now, Mis' Judy?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "there does n't seem to be anything to worry about."

"Thank God, thank God! Now shorely I must be movin' on. My farm-work air now pluckin' me by the heel, although I hed some done by Aby Early while I tuk this hollerday. But that air one thing I wanter do, Mis' Judy: I wull not leave ye here alone. Ef ye air agreeable, I wull ast my adopted darter Persephone Riggs, fer my sake, ter visit ye. She wull shorely do her Christian dooty. Ye must treat her fairly, Mis' Judy, an' remember that she air the very apple o' my eye."

### III

PA GLADDEN, warned by the collie's barking, looked out of the door of the big barn.

A figure, bareheaded, running and laughing, came over the slope toward him.

It was Persephone, her light print gown gathered up from the reach of bush and brier in one hand, that also carried a pair of large shiny shoes. From under the other arm dangled a pair of trousers and a clean shirt, while the hand on that side held a black tie, a handkerchief, and a collar.

"Sence Gabriel blowed his horn!" exclaimed Pa Gladden, "here comes my hull Sunday wardrobe propelled by Persephone. Thar must be a sore an' suddint need o' my makin' a splendidiferous appearance up ter the house. Waal, I 'll be gittin' ready fer them clothes, I wull."

He was lathered to the eyelids when Persephone jumped in upon him.

"What are you doing? Why, you must have seen me coming!"

"My eyesight hain't failin' me yet," returned Pa Gladden, dryly. "I seen my galluses flyin' when ye rounded that hill, an' a clean shirt clasped ag'in' ye a second later. I 'm agreeable ter any happenin' on hand that air callin' fer any sech performance on yer part. Now whut air up? Hev we got a s'prise-party?"

"Something like it," laughed Persephone; "a whole carriage-load of men, anyhow. There are Dr. Torrence and a stranger, Elder Becks and Dr. Briskett. I did n't wait to hear what they were here for, but as soon as I saw who it was, I grabbed your things and ran right out here to fix you up nice."

"Ye air shorely a comfort," said Pa Gladden; "an' ef ye wull jes step out an' peruse the landscape over fer erbout a second er two, I wull then thank ye kindly ter struggle with me over that collar an' tie. Then we wull sa'nter up the path together, like we wore good clothes ter do our chores in every day, an' no mistake erbout it. I wonder jes whut hev brung all o' 'em here ter onces. I swanny, I air plumb in a fidget."

"They are your friends," said Persephone, as she retreated, "so don't get nervous. I am sure it's good news. Dr. Briskett was cracking jokes out in the road."

In a few moments the pair walked briskly back over the path. Ma Gladden, her hand over her eyes, was ringing the big bell vigorously.

"I thort Persephone sorter went inter the airth," she beamed on her recon-

structed spouse, "but I see that she hed ample reasons fer absentin' herself. They air settin' on the front porch, laughin' an' jokin'."

The four men had disposed themselves as if entirely at home.

"Yes, we are going to stay to dinner, Ma Gladden," said the doctor. "We brought some news, though, that we all want you folks to hear. So sit down and hear it first. It will give you a good appetite. Have you had any dreams or anything lately, Pa Gladden?"

Pa blushed rosy red and looked embarrassed.

"I know ye like ter poke fun at me, doc, but ye hain't ez old ner ez l'arned ez ye wull be some day. I hev been leadin' a hard-workin', common existence. I guess the Lord air musin' on somebody else jes now."

"He has not forgotten you, Pa Gladden," said Dr. Torrence. "Did you know that a Mrs. Vincent Judy's will was opened in the city last Saturday? She had put it into a trust company's hands right after making it, and it was not to be opened for a month."

"Waal, waal!" said Pa Gladden. "I takes it kindly that ye all come cl'ar up here ter tell me erbout it. I do calkilate that she made a sort o' home fer pore children, did n't she, now?"

"How do you know? Yes; she left her beautiful home as a convalescent hospital for poor children and her fortune to keep it up. Dr. Briskett, a gentleman appointed by the trust company, and myself are the trustees. Whose work is this, we would like to know?" asked the clergyman.

Pa Gladden looked his astonishment.

"Waal, I told her all erbout ye, ter be shore," said he, "but I never hed the least idee my words would cut any sech ice ez that. I am shore thet home wull be run right an' prupperly. Waal, thet air fine news. Ter be shore it air!"

"Persephone gets a hundred dollars and a good horse," said Doc Briskett, humorously. "We will have her riding it at all the fairs, and making a great sensation."

"Not she," retorted Pa Gladden; "Persephone war n't cut out fer showin' off in public. An' jedgin' from the way she kin

over the hill arter me a spell back, shank's mare air erbout her best holt. But shorely it air a big compulment an' respec', ez Persephone war with Mis' Judy ter the last an' done a woman's part by her. We wull put the money in bank an' stable the nag."

"There is another piece of news, Brother Gladden," said Elder Becks. "Which of your friends shall tell you?"

Pa Gladden glanced from Dr. Torrence to Elder Becks and on to Dr. Briskett.

"I shorely dunno which one, I air so close boun' ter ye all. But doc, here, air uther givin' out good an' bad news. Whut air it, doc?"

Dr. Briskett cleared his throat.

"Well, Mrs. Judy left you her own little fortune, except the hundred dollars to Persephone. It has never been mixed up with the Judy money, but, left her by her father, has been hidden in a bank for years. It is about ten thousand dollars now, a nice little nest-egg to get old on. We are really beginning to think that you are a pretty slick whistle. She states that you alone brought her great peace of mind in her last days, and when everything else had failed. We are rejoicing with your good luck, Pa Gladden; but we are also mighty curious to know how you met her, and what passed between you and her. This is a city lawyer that Dr. Torrence brought down here to hear the story."

Pa Gladden rubbed his hands together, and stared at the men.

"I kin tell ye," he said slowly, "but whether ye wull believe it or not air another thing."

He told the story, and there was a silence when he finished, although Ma Gladden's eyes were wet with tears.

"Ye men may think me clean daft," he finished, "but ye hev hed the God's truth. An' I wull say, erlong with yer Ma Gladden, that yer news hev give us a mighty fine appetite fer dinner, an' thet ef it takes every yeller-legged fowl on this place ter git up a prupper meal fer ye all, we suttinly won't grudge it ter ye. Fly to, Persephone an' Ma Gladden, an' we wull show these here city chaps that all the dreamin' we do out here don't interfere with our squar' meals an' our appetites in disposin' of them same."

## MEMORANDA

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

HE walking delegates of a higher civilization, who have nothing to divide, look upon the notion of property as a purely artificial creation of human society. According to these advanced philosophers, the time will come when no man shall be allowed to call anything his. The beneficent law which takes away an author's rights in his own books just at the period when old age is creeping upon him seems to me a handsome stride toward the longed-for millennium.

I NOTICE the announcement of a new edition of "The Two First Centuries of Florentine Literature," by Professor Pasquale Villari. I am not acquainted with the work in question, but I trust that Professor Villari makes it plain to the reader how both centuries happened to be first.

AMERICAN humorists are nearly as ephemeral as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Each generation has its own crop, and, as a rule, insists on cultivating a new kind. That of 1860, if it were to break into blossom at the present moment, would probably be left to fade upon the stem. Humor is a delicate shrub, with the passing hectic flush of its time. The current-topic variety is especially subject to very early frosts, as is also the dialectic species. Mark Twain's humor is not to be classed with the fragile plants; it has a serious root striking deep down into rich earth, and I think it will go on flowering indefinitely.

A NOT too enchanting glimpse of Tennyson is incidentally given by Charles Brookfield, the English actor, in his "Random Recollections." Mr. Brookfield's father was, on one occasion, dining at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with George Venables, Frank Lushington, Alfred Tennyson,

and others. "After dinner," relates the random recollector, "the poet insisted upon putting his feet on the table, tilting back his chair *more Americana*. There were strangers in the room, and he was expostulated with for his uncouthness, but in vain. 'Do put down your feet!' pleaded his host. 'Why should I?' retorted Tennyson. 'I'm very comfortable as I am.' 'Every one's staring at you,' said another. 'Let 'em stare,' replied the poet, placidly. 'Alfred,' said my father, 'people will think you're Longfellow.' Down went the feet." That *more Americana* of Brookfield the younger is delicious with its fine insular flavor, but the holding up of Longfellow—the soul of gentleness, the prince of courtesy—as a bugaboo of bad manners is simply inimitable. It will take England years and years to detect the full unconscious humor of it.

*À propos de bottes.* The difference between an English audience and a French audience at the theater is marked. The Frenchman brings down a witicism on the wing. The Briton pauses for it to alight and give him reasonable time for deliberate aim. In English playhouses an appreciable number of seconds usually precede the smile or the ripple of laughter that follows a facetious turn of the least fineness. I disclaim all responsibility for this statement of my personal observation, since it has recently been indorsed by one of London's most eminent actors.

THE fate of the man who does not hesitate is that of the woman who does.

DR. HOLMES had an odd liking for ingenious desk-accessories in the way of pencil-sharpeners, paper-weights, penholders, etc. The latest contrivances in this fashion—probably dropped down to him by the inventor angling for a nibble of commenda-

tion—were always making one another's acquaintance on his study table. He once said to me: "I'm waiting for somebody to invent a mucilage-brush that you can't by any chance put into your inkstand. It would save me frequent moments of humiliation."

THE claim of this country to call itself "The Land of the Free" must be held in abeyance until every man in it, whether he belongs or does not belong to a labor organization, shall have the right to work for his daily bread.

GREAT orators who are not also great writers become very indistinct historical shadows to the generations immediately following them. The spell vanishes with the voice. A man's voice is almost the only part of him entirely obliterated by death. The violet of his native land may be made of his ashes, but nature in her economy seems to have taken no care of his intonations, unless she perpetuates them in restless waves of air surging about the poles. The well-graced actor who leaves no perceptible record of his genius has a decided advantage over the mere orator. The tradition of the player's method and presence is associated with works of enduring beauty. Turning to the pages of the dramatist, we can picture to ourselves the greatness of Garrick or Siddons in this or that scene, in this or that character. It is not so easy to conjure up the impassioned orator from the pages of a dry and possibly illogical argument in favor of or against some long-ago-explored measure of government. The laurels of an orator who is not a master of literary art wither quickly.

POETS are made as well as born, the proverb notwithstanding. They are made possible by the general love of poetry and the consequent demand for it. When this is non-existent, poets become mute. The atmosphere stifles them. There would have been no Shakspere had there been no Elizabethan audience.

THE surest way to kill a fanatical law is relentlessly to enforce it. Its unwisdom or injustice thus becomes manifest. If the law decreed that a murderer should undergo prolonged torture before being elec-

trrocuted, and such decree were carried out to the letter, the death penalty in Massachusetts would be abolished to-morrow. In some States it appears to have been repealed simply to prevent the decimation of voters. The instant I detect in myself any homicidal tendency, I shall take up my residence in Maine.

DIALECT tempered with slang is an admirable medium of communication between persons who have nothing to say and persons who would not care for anything properly said.

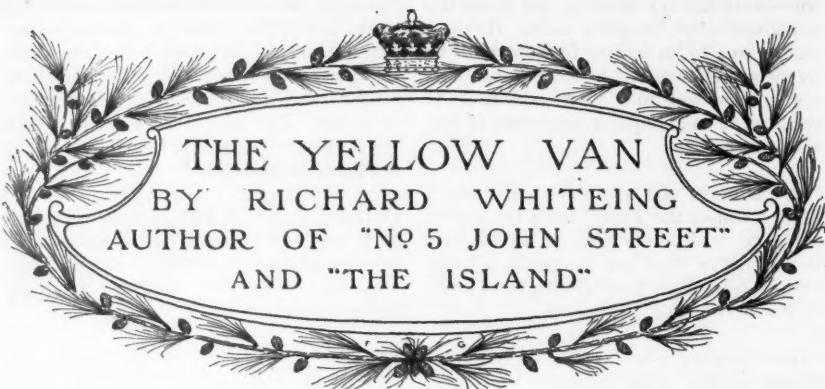
THOUGH *Iago* was not exactly the kind of person one would select as a superintendent for a Sunday-school, his advice to young *Roderigo* was wisdom itself—"Put money in thy purse." Whoever disparages money disparages every step in the progress of the human race. I listened the other day to a sermon in which gold was personified as a sort of glittering devil tempting mortals to their ruin. I had an instant of natural hesitation when the contribution-plate was passed around immediately afterward. Personally, I believe that the possession of gold has ruined fewer men than the lack of it. What noble enterprises have been checked and what fine souls have been blighted in the gloom of poverty the world will never know. "After the love of knowledge," says Buckle, "there is no one passion which has done so much good to mankind as the love of money."

A DEAD author appears to be bereft of all earthly rights. He is no sooner dead than old magazines and newspapers are ransacked in search of matters which, for reasons sufficient to him, he had carefully excluded from the definitive edition of his collected writings.

He gave the people of his best;  
His worst he kept, his best he gave.

One can imagine a poet tempted to address some such appeal as this to any possible future publisher of his poems:

"Take what thou wilt, a lyric or a line,  
Take all, take nothing—and God  
send thee cheer!  
But my anathema on thee and thine  
If thou add'st aught to what is  
printed here."



THE YELLOW VAN  
BY RICHARD WHITEING  
AUTHOR OF "N<sup>o</sup> 5 JOHN STREET"  
AND "THE ISLAND"

xxx

THE Square-Toed faction of the court held the field, and all was moral improvement at Allonby Castle. The frivulous Pointed Toes were still in eclipse. Mr. Raif saw that the chance of his life had come, and he made the most of it. If he could interest the royal visitors in his ministrations to the village poor, it might be the first step to a bishopric. He was a sort of despatch agent of blessings, earthly and divine. With him the model township was a sheepfold, with a shepherd who was the beneficent tyrant of its flock. In short, he was the middleman fighting for his own, an extremity in which the middleman is dour. He was keen to detect any infringement of his priestly right to the control of the human conscience. His choice example of the inadequacy of religious instruction in the board schools was an unfortunate reference to the columbines of Solomon which he professed to have had from a town-bred child.

And in so far as he consented in his own mind to share the dignities and the emoluments of agency, he could act only with the nobility and gentry. These and the clergy combined were the appointed leaders of the people; and Mr. Raif was as sure that the latter wanted leading in body and in soul as any of his forerunners. He held firmly to the view of religion as mainly an affair of apparatus that finds so much favor in our day. When in London he always attended the ministrations of a colleague who allured to brighter worlds by means of lantern-slides

sandwiched in between the prayers and the sermon, and by catchy advertisements of the variety-show of the Sunday to come. These methods, as being specially suited to the treatment of the working-classes, were much admired by the superior clergy. Their inventor was understood to be assiduously preaching the art of standing on his head in the pulpit by way of crowning the edifice of the conversion of England.

Mr. Raif was much interested just now in a scheme for winning Job Gurt, the village sot, to total abstinence. The blacksmith had fallen on evil times in spite of his "good money." As his potations increased with plentiful earnings, his staying power at work naturally diminished. He had finally been compelled to make overtures for assistance, through his wife, to the domestic chaplain, and had been given to understand that redress of grievance must precede the grant of charitable supplies. Job was interesting as a character so materially minded that he could only conceive the resurrection of the body as an effect of pins and needles after unrefreshing sleep. The chaplain had formed the laudable design of wrestling for the possession of him with the powers of darkness as represented by the Knuckle of Veal. He seemed likely to be successful: Job had capitulated on the imminence of a Saturday night without the prospect of a Sunday's dinner.

On the Friday evening, accordingly, the penitent was seated in the little club-house of the model village, with a determination to make himself as merry as circumstances

admitted. Mr. Raif was prepared to meet him more than half-way. The gathering was avowedly for a convivial purpose, but its members were to wet their whistles with mineral waters for the bacchanalian songs dear to the old condition of lapse. Mr. Raif was in some measure the patentee of it, and he was proud of the achievement. With the one exception of the intoxicant, the associations were to be as nearly like those of the Knuckle of Veal as the circumstances allowed. The scheme was based on the idea of the coffee-tavern, in which the tippler is supposed to accept harmless liquors as a full and sufficient equivalent for strong drink, by having permission to call for them at a dirty bar. Its inventor had forgotten that, with all its faults, the bar of perdition is at least bright and clean.

The struggle won the sympathetic attention of the village. There was a crowd about the club-house door to witness the arrival of Job. It was felt that his was a test case, and, moreover, that Satan was prepared to regard it in that light. Discomfited in this encounter, the fiend would probably trouble Slocum no more.

Half-past seven was the time for the revel, and at that hour the wretched Job entered the institute with Mr. Grimber, as a kind of sponsor, by his side. The retired cockney tallow-chandler was as yet no convert, but he had come down, by invitation, to see how he liked it, and to report afterward to his own soul.

Mr. Raif was at the door to meet them; and shaking both cordially by the hand, he invited Job's attention to the fact that it was a fine evening with perhaps less success than he had a right to expect.

The blacksmith looked round the room, and found it at once as near to the pleasures of imagination and yet as far from those of sense as the star in the poem. The floor was sanded; the long, hard settle by the fireplace yielded hardly a point in discomfort to the like contrivance at the Knuckle of Veal. There were real pipes over the mantelpiece, long and white, as though they were meant for business. From sheer force of habit the unhappy man stretched out his hand for one of them, and, addressing the boy in waiting, —made up with real apron and real shirt-sleeves,—called for a screw of tobacco.

“A very natural mistake,” said Mr.

Raif, urbanely, but with a frown that silenced the rising titter. “Bring a little soap and water: Job might like to blow a bubble or two. We are no foes to innocent recreation here. We welcome it, in fact.”

It was brought, and Mr. Raif blew a few bubbles by way of example. One of them made its way out of the window. It was followed on the opening of its journey into infinite space with a shout by the urchins, and a smile, as of happy omen, by Mrs. Gurt and other matrons who had now joined the group.

Job shook his head, relinquished the pipe, and pushed the dish of soap-suds from him as he might have done some new variety of tipple repugnant to the conservatism of his British taste.

“Not me,” he whispered to his henchman.

“Time 's flying, Jasper,” said Mr. Raif. “I think we 'd better get on.”

The man addressed, an old shepherd whose guiding principle of action seemed to be to stand well with paason, took the chair without further invitation, and with the brief remark, “Give your orders, gents.”

“Now, Gurt,” cried Mr. Raif, cheerily, “ginger-beer, soda, lemonade—squash, if you fancy it; but it 'll cost you a ha'penny more.”

“Pop,” murmured Job, in the tone of a dying man.

“Gents,” said the chairman, when all were served, “the usual loyal. Charge your glasses. The Queen!” It was part of Mr. Raif's method to begin the evening with this toast as a happy compromise between a brutish indifference to the providential order and inadmissible prayer.

Job sipped his ginger-beer as a sign that he wished no harm to constituted authority, but, for the rest, seemed to reserve his opinion. The others, who were better used to it, drank with less evident distaste.

Mr. Raif was the only person who showed no misgiving. He was quite convinced that this was the entirely proper way with the humbler classes. You trained them, and they obeyed as naturally as shrubs took their cue from the volition of the gardener. He patted Job on the back as though he were a kind of scapegoat for the inflictions of the whole party. “That 's right, boys; keep it up. I must leave you now. Sing, drink anything you like—with in the rules. There they are on the wall.

And don't forget Rule XIII—break up at half-past nine."

There was silence after he left. It might have been a perfectly tolerable silence if it had not been so heavily charged with self-consciousness and the sense of playing a part.

"I s'pose we 'd better go on," said Jasper, looking timidly at the door by which their tyrant had left.

"Aye; sing a bit, an' get it over, man," said another. "He 'll 'ear 'e pretty sharp if ye doan't. Then we might have a game at baggytelle."

"Well, could n't ye tune up a bit, Job?" asked Jasper. "'In Cellar Deep'—D' ye ken John Peel?'—any blessed thing ye like. I've heared ye're a pretty good performer."

"Mate, I ain't got a note in me," moaned Job, from the depths of his anatomy, "to save my life."

"Give us 'Cellar Deep,' Jasper; that may start un."

The chairman accordingly cleared his throat and set out in his quavering way through a bacchanalian poem of a whole-hearted depravity of taste that makes it unique in the language:

"In cel-lar deep I sit and keep  
My soul from cares op-pres-sing,  
Com-pan-ion mine, the good Rhine wine,  
Earth's sweet-est, tru-est bless-ing.  
With so-lemn pate let wis-dom prate  
Of what we should be think-ing:  
Give me my glass; my days shall pass  
In drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing."

Done as it was on this occasion in split sodas, it is the very triumph of make-believe. But in the idle singing of our empty day it has probably been the cause of more hypocrisy than any other song in the world. Its reckless burden shows how easily it may have lent itself to mere pot-valiancy at the best of times. Few could have hoped to live up to this ideal, even in the Georgian ages of faith. And in ours it is almost confessedly the hollow lie of the smug tradesman at his masonic dinner and of the basso of the carnival club. The syllabic pauses in the measure of the chorus are obligatory for their effect of intensity of conviction. And when the last one of them has been rendered, with due effect, from the very depths of being, one is transported to a world of good-fellowship which seems a foretaste of the stars. There is no time so

propitious for the borrowing of half-crowns. But in our decorous day it is no more than a reminiscence of some golden age when rack punch produced no headache and Irish twist was good for the bile. The basso is only playing at it, and is probably the most exemplary of bank-clerks. His hearers are only playing at it; but their occasional sips of real strong waters are great helps to the make-believe of the game. Yet there are limits to this power of illusion; and, for all but the strongest natures, tea and cocoa and even temperance champagne are a too abrupt descent from the heights of artificial stimulation which they are supposed to feign.

The first verse was enough for poor Job. After an ineffectual attempt to bear his part in the chorus, he set down his untasted cup of institute coffee and staggered forth into the night, brushing from his path the inquisitive group at the door.

"Blessed if he ain't got 's load in spite of 'em," said one of the women.

"Nay," said his more experienced spouse, sorrowfully; "it 's only temper this time, I reckon—and the wuss of the two."

All expected to see him wend his way to the Knuckle of Veal, but they were deceived. He made straight for his own cottage, pursued by the echoes of

"Pour out the Rhine wine, let it flow  
Like a full and shining river,"

which the company were now washing down with sassafras, a new beverage just introduced to their notice by Mr. Raif.

### XXXI

SATURDAY afternoon, and Job in a bit of fairyland all by himself, smoking his pipe on the trunk of a fallen tree. He has not wholly lapsed, in spite of the bitter experience of yesterday. The pipe may be a backsliding, but there is still a good half-mile of innocence between him and the can of the Knuckle of Veal. He is in a broad glade of woodland, bright in the sunshine of winter, and indestructibly beautiful all the year round. There is temptation, however, at each end, for at the farther one stands the inn of the Duke and the Ditcher. Both houses are rooted only less deep in time than the wood itself. The

latter is part of an old royal chase where thousands of fat bucks have died the death according to the laws of forestry. Nothing can exceed the charm of this winding way between the two taverns, with its tiny river, broadening here and there into pools where the fish often play at hide-and-seek with the flashes of light and with the flies caught in their ray. But all this, being a thing of use and wont, is quite thrown away upon Job. He is certainly not thinking of its history, running back into the very Saxon time, of its weird old manor-house, where they hatched one of the deadliest plots in English annals, of its caves once haunted by the outlaw bands whose industry was plunder. Every tree may conceivably have its story of tryst and council, and even of summary execution when the deer-stealer caught red-handed was hoisted high in the wind. Wicked old trees they look, for all their beauty. Most of their coating of bark is gone forever, and some lie grim and unrepentant in their ruin, where the winter storms, rather than the woodman, have cut them down.

So there sits Job on one of them, musing on the hardness of the road to Jordan, and between two portals of Paradise barred to him by his vow. His back is turned on the village and on the Knuckle of Veal, but for this very reason his face is toward that point of the compass where the Duke and the Ditcher is visible to the eye of faith. Look which way he will, in fact, there is a snare of the enemy. And presently a fellow-creature comes in sight, in the person of Mr. Grimber, strolling from the hamlet served by the last-named house.

"Day, Job."

"Day, Mr. Grimber."

The slight distinction in the mode of salutation was due to Grimber as a man of independent means.

"Home all right last night, Job?"

"Could n't very well go wrong, as I see."

Mr. Grimber, as already explained, had squired Job in his quest of repentance. He had no excesses of his own to correct, but he had thought it neighborly to stand by a friend in his hour of trial.

"Nice thing to be able to get up in the mornin' without a head on ye."

"It is that," said Job, dutifully.

"And with your money in your pocket."

"That's so."

"A week more of it, and you'll be like me."

He said it with a certain sadness, for, to tell the truth, he pitied his crony in the prospect. His secret longing was for something to give a pulse to life. It was the stronger now that, for Job's sake, he had cut himself off from his modest potation and the chatter of the inn. It is all very well to be the perfect ratepayer, but that Nirvana of civic propriety has its drawbacks and its trials. It is attainable only by a series of negations, and these are hard fare for the spirit of man. Grimber hardly knew what was the matter with him, except that he was weary of his own perfections. He had never done wrong, in so far as he could detect the thing by his limited knowledge of its opposite, yet he had still missed his reward. His religion was a matter of what he regarded as "decent observance"—a silk hat on Sundays, a black coat, alertness in the responses, a recognizable contribution to the volume of the hymn. His domestic icon was a lithograph of a royal family that he honored not only with his lips but with his heart. He called one of its members, who was prudence personified, "our sailor prince," and tried to figure him to consciousness as a rollicking blade. He was of that lowest middle class that is a bulwark of Britain, and at once its pride and its despair. His gospel was convention, his law the fiat of his betters in church and state. His life as a retired tallow-chandler was almost absolutely without events. Its terrific sensations were the unwonted recurrence of a grand bezique and a sequence in the same hand; its herculean labors, the turning out of the corner cupboard this day week, or the fortnightly polishing of a watch-case with shammy leather without injury to the works. And yet and yet—People behind-hand with their rent, and actually without hope of mercy for unpaid rates, seemed sometimes to get so much more out of life.

"Which way are you walking?" he said to Job.

"Yourn, if you like."

"I was thinkin' of gettin' 'ome again."

So they turned toward the hamlet, still following the fairy pathway of the glade.

"I sometimes feel funny-like, in a manner of speakin'," Mr. Grimber said.

It was a difficult complaint to diagnose

on such indications. Job did not make the attempt. "I've felt that way myself," was his reply.

The hamlet was now in sight, its most conspicuous object an ornamental glass ball, quicksilvered in laundry blue, which marked the garden-patch of Mr. Grimber's home.

"Will you come in and have a bottle o'-pop?" said Mr. Grimber. "Or, stop a minute: I'll bring it outside. It's cleanin'-up day, an' she might fancy there was mud on our boots."

"If there was any other place, we need n't trouble her, need us?" said Job.

There was a creaking noise overhead: it was the sign of the Duke and the Ditcher swinging gently in the breeze.

"Match that for music if you can," said Job, apostrophizing an observant bird.

Mr. Grimber looked up at the same moment, and their eyes met.

"Just one," said Job. In another moment they were in the parlor of the inn.

What is the philosophy of this wretched habit? Possibly mere association of ideas. Certain it is that, hitherto of all creatures the most forlorn, Job no sooner had an earthenware pitcher before him, nay, sniffed its mere coming in the ale-house reek, than he became quite another man. And, curiously enough, nature, powerless over him till now, began to woo him with effect. He chirruped responsively to a robin on the window-sill, plucked a twig from the garden and put it in his coat. To feel this top of the morning in one's blood without the help of fermentations must be the triumph of the strenuous life. Perhaps, indeed, there is no feeling it without some extraneous aid: it is as hard a problem as ever to lift yourself in your own basket. Natures are to be known and classed by the aids they seek. Shall it be woman's eyes, stringed instruments, or a bottle and a jug?

It was much the same with Grimber. Both men, clown and tallow-chandler, became in a trice humane, courteous, affable, preventive, according to their degree and their breeding in every service of the gentler life—extraordinary creatures that we are.

"We known each other a long time, Mr. Grimber."

"An' respected each other, I 'ope, Mr. Gurt; 't any rate, I—"

"Call me Job, if you doan' mind. Funny I never 'eared your Christian name."

"It ain't much of a one for friendship—Ebenezer. Grim's what she calls me."

"You're a trump-card, Grim."

"I do my best."

"I ain't used this place much: my end's the Knuckle o' Veal."

"Nor me, either. This one's a bit too near the 'ouse."

"An', besides, there is n't the same company. I will say that, Grim."

"Ever hear the story o' the sign?"

"Yes, an' want to 'ear it ag'in."

"Well, it's like this. Years an' years ago there was another Duke of Allonby, an' he was 'untin' in these parts—in the days when 'untin' was somethin' like. He 'ad young noblemen to 'old' is sterrups for 'im when 'e mounted, an' 'e was as good as a king. Well, one day he'd gone on so greedy after a fat buck that he lost all 'is people an' 'e finds 'isself alone.

"There was a ditcher at work by the roadside, an' the duke 'e runs up to ask 'is way. But, afore he could get a start, the ditcher 'e says: 'Young man, they say the duke's a-'untin' in these parts; I'll stand a jug o' ale if you can point 'im out. I bin 'is bondman for thirty year,' 'e says, 'an' I've a fancy to see the look of 'im before I die.'

"'Brown ale?' says the duke.

"'Brown an' nappy,' says the ditcher.

"'Come wi' me,' says the duke.

"'Ow 'm I to know it's 'im before I part wi' my money?' says the ditcher. 'E was no fool.

"'E 'll be the only man wearin' 'is 'at,' says the duke, 'when all the others is standin' around.'

"'Then I can show ye where they others is,' says the ditcher.

"So they jogged on till they came to a great open place—over yonder to this day—where all the nobility an' gentry was standin' about, with a sort o' worried look, waitin' for their master.

"The moment they see 'im, down they goes on their knees, off goes their 'ats (bonnets they called 'em in those times, both male an' female), an' they begins 'ornblowin' for joy.

"'Which be the duke?' says the ditcher.

"'Well, us two is the only ones kivered,' says t' other: 'so it must be either you or me.'

"Down drops the ditcher on both knees, with 'is 'ands up. 'Spare a poor man's life, my lord,' says 'e.

"Where's that jug of ale?" says the duke, laughin'; an' they rode off to this very 'ouse to 'ave it, with all the others trampin' behind.

"When they'd finished it, the duke 'e stands 'im one more, an' then, 'I make you my 'ead forester,' 'e says—just like that. Them was the days!"

"An' all dead an' gone," said Job.

"We must be stirrin', lad," said Grimer, relapsing into melancholy. "Enough's as good as a feast."

"You might see me a bit o' the way 'ome," said Job. "I'm close to the Knuckle."

"I know it, lad; too close. There's your trouble, Job."

"I like your company. I never knew the kind o' man you was till this day."

"I—she!"

They went back through the wood talking of good men aging, good men gone, touching life with the poetry without which it is a dead thing to the dullest soul. The lowest wretch lives on only for the hope of hours like these. We must idealize human relations or die. Every man is a poet, if only the few sing. The British navvy, that thing of granite, is quite mawkish in his cups, and gushes with a fervor that would put a miss in her teens to shame. The boor of Teniers sees heaven as a transparency through the bottom of his upturned can. The whole business of saint, sage, and social reformer is to help us to see it without a headache next morning. Music is perhaps only an alcoholic wave purged of its grossness. Where would the devil be but for the dullness of some lives? Their talk was worthy of the wood, of the sunshine, of the luminous shade below it, of the whole beautiful world.

Then they came to the Knuckle of Veal.

The Knuckle of Veal understood it all in a glance, and gave them "the time of day," but took no other notice, as they fell into their accustomed places.

It was as old in memories as the Duke and the Ditcher, and just such another shanty of prehistoric planks in the upper story, rough-cast, and Elizabethan brick-work in the lower, tile and thatch above, blackened beams to hold it all together, old brown outhouses where Jack Ostler had

called to Tom Tapster in the earliest coaching times, and thirty farmers' chaises, all with yellow wheels, had been put up on market-days; a tap-room with a fireplace of wrought iron whereto generations of shepherds watching their flocks by night had stolen from the hills for furtive comfort to talk the Armada and the landing of the Dutch king; a wainscot pock-marked all over with the incised initials of countless dead, monumental in its way, as deciphered by that Academy of Inscriptions, the ale-bench and the oldest inhabitant. What are you to do with such a place but keep out of it? And in this they failed.

"Only a drain this time," said Grimer. "I've got my measure."

"Tol-lol! tol-lol!" sang Job. "Give us a toast, old corpse-light!"

It was purely accidental, but unfortunate. Grimer's father had been an undertaker.

"Who're ye gettin' at?" he said, putting down his glass.

"It's my fun, like," explained Job. "No offense, cocky."

"I don't like your fun," said Grimer. "I bin a ratepayer for forty year."

"Ratepayer yourself," said Job, incoherently.

"Wish I could return the compliment."

"That's a snack 't me, I s'pose."

"Take it as y' like."

There was sullen silence for a while.

Job resumed: "Pity to spoil a good meetin'. Will y' 'ave a sentiment from me?"

"Out with it."

"'Eart to 'eart an' 'and to 'and."

"That's better," said the other, returning his grip.

"Tol-lol! tol-lol!" sang Job.

"Must be going now," said Grimer.

"I'll see yer a bit of the way."

"Mean to say you think I'm—"

"For 'eart to 'eart an' 'and to 'and; that's all," said Job.

They sallied forth again, arm in arm. The scene was divine to both of them now, as they stepped aside to save a winter flower, giggled at the reflection of the scudding clouds in the pool—veritable babes in the wood.

"It's a gran' world," said Job. "Take it fro' me."

"Never thought there was so many respec'ble people in it."

"A gran' life, Grim—gran' feller-creaturs! You're one."

"Oh, as for that—"

"Never thought it, all the years I've known yer. Fancied you was a bit of a milksop."

"No offense; fancied it myself sometimes."

"This 'ere religion they talk s'much about—should n't wonder if it was somethin' like what we're feelin' now. Eh, Grim?"

"T ain't all apostles an' colicks taken cold, lay your life."

"One more at the Ditcher—eh, Grim? Then you'll see me a bit of the way back?"

Job had scarcely spoken when a shawled female figure came in sight, and his fellow-sinner was plucked from him as for translation to another sphere. It was done, not by a gesture, not by so much as a word: a single glance sufficed; but it was one of the right sort. He was alone.

It was a bereavement, yet St. Francis himself could hardly have been at less loss for companionship. Nature, which Job had had about him for half a century without his being aware of it, was there in visible presence at last. "Chip, chip, birdikin!" he cried to a sparrow in the path.

Cold obstruction had gone out of the whole frame of things, moral and physical. There was no more effort in the world. He walked on air, and with as much ease as any nymph of Guido's "Aurora." Earth was one vast pneumatic tire.

"Danged if I could n't finish it mysen now!" he muttered, as he neared the Knuckle again. And he sat down on a fallen trunk, all smooth and silvery with eld, and resumed, as from the balked innings of the night before:

"In wo-man's smile there may be guile;  
She's skilled in arts de-ceiv-ing,  
And she may be most false to me  
When most I am be-liev-ing.  
Friend more sin-cere I che-rish here,  
While lips to glass I'm link-ing,  
And com-fort true the whole year through—"

He was about to collect himself for the supreme effort of the bass note when a composite apparition of a most extraordinary character came in full view at an angle of the glade. It consisted of the royal and ducal party from the castle, in

charge of Mr. Raif. The princess and the duchess led the way, with the domestic chaplain as cicerone. The personages of the suite were a little in the background, with young Mr. Gooding. A knot of villagers haunting the footsteps of the great folks brought up the rear. Mrs. Gurt was among these, and Constable Peascod seemed to have them all in custody, as for some prospective offense. Arthur took a mean advantage of his being out of his sister's range of vision by showing that he still had the heart to smile. The faces of the others expressed blank consternation, though a close observer might have detected that the royal personage was ready on short notice to give way. But Augusta's bearing awed all within reach of her glance. She looked stern displeasure, her beautiful head thrown back, her color coming and going, her lips firm-set. And, as a slight change of position brought him under her gaze, Mr. Gooding became as demure as the rest, and looked sadly toward the ground.

As for Mr. Raif, he was overwhelmed with confusion. It was the opportunity of a lifetime spoiled, and he gasped dismay as the bishopric seemed to fade off forever into the things that might have been. He had been leading the party round the whole circle of his good works—the model village, and all its apparatus of automatic virtue, and the village proper, with its selected poor in evidence and the others out of sight. He had arranged his itinerary so as to conclude the demonstration with a distant view of the Knuckle of Veal as a section of the inferno from which he had just rescued a soul in torment, when this wretched mischance occurred.

The only person quite at his ease was the offender. He beamed serenely on the whole party, and then tried to fix the princess herself with a smile that had in it unfathomed depths of ineptitude.

"Why, Gurt, what is the meaning of—" began Mr. Raif; but the rest was beyond his power.

"Is drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing," gurgled the miserable creature, to conclude his stave.

"Gurt, you're intox—"

"John Barleycorn beats me, gents. I'm 'appy when I'm beat. Good aft'noon, all."

It was too painful to last. The royal

party turned toward the castle as though they had pressing business in that quarter, and Constable Peascod laid hands on Job.

"Know the sayin', sir," cried the delinquent in a parting shot at Mr. Raif, "When you die it's for a long time?"

The village was about to relieve its long-pent-up feelings with a titter, when it was checked by a glance at Mrs. Gurt. She followed her wretched partner to the lock-up as she might have followed him to his grave; and there was despair in her face as he was led off, still wearing his fatuous smile. Like many a woman before her, she was asking herself one of the bitterest of all questions—whether drink might not be a more terrible thing to bear in a man than infidelity itself. And, after all, infidelity of a kind it was, and the grossest. It was a counter-influence to hers, and that thought made for jealousy in its most corroding pang. The more sordid her triumphant rival, the more galling the sense of her own inferiority of attraction. A living woman, after all, was a worthier conqueror. It was champion against champion, and discomfiture by nothing more humiliating than the luck of the lists. But defeat by a mere swinish appetite!

"Tell him I think he's a brute beast, Mrs. Jukes," she said to the inspector's wife. "And—jest loosen his neck-han-kecher, if you doan' mind."

He was frivolous still, and insisted on giving his name as Tobit for the charge-sheet.

There was this excuse for him: the rural station was hardly a place to bring a man to repentance with a sharp turn—prison, if you like, but still a prison in Arcadia. An old cottage converted to its present uses, it was rather a residence for the two constables in charge than a house of detention. Its red brick stained with age, its latticed windows overlooking a churchyard which seemed but a change-house on the road to heaven, its walls of loam and timber overhanging a ground floor that had once been upright but was now not ashamed of looking tired, were all perfect beauty. So was the low doorway, with the neatly dressed children playing on the step, under the eye of a fatherly official at the desk within, while the house-mother hustled to and fro between the sitting-room and kitchen to make tea. Arcadia, in spite of the handcuffs hanging over the porch, a

feeble effort of the law to look terrible belied by everything else in the place. Emblems merely—no more. An emblem, too, the strange antediluvian contrivance—a sort of scaffold-pole with a hook at the end—that ran the whole length of the side wall. It was a relic of the days when the villagers struggled with fire as best they might, the men fishing for goods and chattels with this unwieldy rod, and the women praying for a good catch. As for the two cells, they were but a mild joke perpetrated at the expense of the outhouses in the back yard. Job was consigned to one of them that happened to be empty; the other still held the logs for the winter fire.

The inspector's wife had brought him a cup of tea when he was locked in. She presently revisited his dungeon, though not officially, to ask him, through the air-hole in the door, if he would like another lump of sugar. But there was a change. He was beginning to be that most abject thing on earth, a sot whose Dutch courage, Dutch friendship, Dutch faith, hope, and charity, are passing off. The singing had ceased; the voice within was one of weeping and lamentation. He was the victim now. He moaned over his sorrows, the injustice of the world to lowly merit, his desertion by his friends. He had been his own worst enemy, but only in being too good, too considerate, too helpful toward the human race.

The woman, who could have passed a competitive examination in all the symptoms, withdrew without another word.

Leftsniveling—perhaps over the thought of a motherland drowning, not even in malmsey, but in swipes.

#### xxxii

THE next day brought the visit of the royal pair to a close. They left on Monday, with the same ceremony as before, and with an air of benignant weariness. The Points breathed once more, and fresh arrivals added a reinforcement to their ranks. It seemed like old times again. The Square-Toed age could not have lasted; really distinguished persons were beginning to yawn. The castle wore an unmistakable air of high spirits. The joy of living began to dispute the empire of sensation with the mere pious opinion of the certainty of death.

There was a check, though—not to say

a chill. The public scene was not altogether what it should be. The war dragged on, the government still cried for more men, and the occasional obligation of mourning left the whole scheme of gaiety at the mercy of the accidents of a guerrilla campaign.

With this came matter of still more serious concern in the illness of the sovereign. It was nothing; yet, at her age, anything might give cause for anxiety. There was a consequent damping down of the fires of excitement, no more. A house-party is not easily robbed of its rights.

"Guess what we've been doing all this afternoon," said Mary Liddicot to Mr. Gooding, who was taking her in to dinner.

"Making mittens for the soldiers."

"Don't be absurd. Playing bridge."

"Don't take a mean advantage: I dare n't echo the reproof."

"Where's the absurdity? Everybody does it. Lady Felicia Rawton is simply mad about it."

"And a matron of four-and-twenty—fie!"

"She and Di and Twiggy Penstone had a compartment to themselves, and played all the way down in the train."

"We seem to want a foot-note about 'Di,'" said the youth.

"Oh, Di, from 'Diamond cut diamond.' Muriel Paryngton's so sharp. Have n't you that sort of thing among men? They used to call Tom—"

"And may I trouble you for 'Twiggy'?"

"Never mind all that. It's a most fascinating game."

"Mind you don't win all their money. But I suppose you only play for hair-pins."

"What do you take us for—babies?"

"Not all of you, upon my sacred honor."

"Real coin of the realm, if you please. Sixpenny points sometimes."

"Sorry for somebody—don't know for which one just yet, some of you look so clever at the game."

"Nonsense: it's nearly all luck and—what's your funny American word for it?—bluff: being cheeky, you know, not being afraid. And as for excitement, well—whist with your blood running cold."

"No wonder I could n't find you after luncheon."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Can the grave?"

"It was a girls' party in Lady Felicia's

room. She chaperons Di and Twiggy. She's not my chaperon, you know; I belong to Augusta. But don't you dare say a word to *her*."

"And they offered to take you in. I see."

"I wonder if you mean anything ill-natured. Anyhow, I'm going to drop the subject. What a fine day for the time of year!"

Mr. Gooding took the rebuke in good part, and, on his return to the drawing-room, discreetly avoided not only the topic but Mary herself. In fact, he sought the shelter of a tropical plant, and sat idly toying with an album of views of Allonby, and sometimes surveying the party over the edge of the cover.

Lady Felicia found him out, for all that. She was a handsome young woman,—a sort of creature of polished steel, all compact, in physique and in manner,—a mighty huntress, but showing traces of the abuse of violent exercise in an unnatural flush of cheek and fire of eye; for the rest, as cold and hard as a bar of Bessemer.

"The oracle in his cave," she said, with a smile.

"No; only the hermit, at worst."

"What's wrong with Lake Shore?" she said abruptly. "They seem to have a fit of the jumps."

Mr. Gooding found it hard to avoid these questions now that his reputation was established as the agent of a trust. He was supposed to know all about everything in the way of getting rich.

"I'm afraid they're out of my line," he said.

"I know what that means: 'Don't bother me to-night.' Never mind; perhaps you'll be more compassionate to-morrow."

She returned to the lounge on which she had left her two charges. One of these, Muriel Paryngton, Lord Paryngton's daughter, a girl as tall and well knit as her protectress, had an extraordinary repose of bearing, an effect of nature not unassisted by art. The other, Ethel Penstone, was a little creature whose dark eyes and languorous vivacity of manner gave her an exotic charm.

Mary joined them presently, and, after chatting awhile, they withdrew, one by one, as though to their rooms.

"They're going to play bridge with that chicken," said Mr. Gooding to himself;

"and I think I'm going to sit up till they leave off."

The four were in Lady Felicia's sitting-room now. The maids were dismissed for the night, all but Felicia's, a discreet hand of middle age whom nothing could scare. Then, almost without a word wasted on small talk, the game began. The luck of the cut paired Mary with the hostess, and Twiggy with Muriel, for the first game.

"Penny points?" said Felicia, with a cold smile to her partner. "You're no novice now."

At the end of half an hour Mary was the richer by a couple of pounds. It was a new experience for her, the winning of money worth the count, and it had a fascination of its own. Her father had been almost her only antagonist at cards, and her contests with him had rarely left her the better or worse by more than a florin. But forty shillings! It was like a beginning of income. First earnings always mark a new epoch in life.

"Look at it!" she laughed.

"Millionaire soon, at this rate," said Muriel.

Then there were ups and downs; and Polly blundered, and Di—for they became all nicknames now—bit her lip, and "Fliss" laughingly said, "Better luck next time," and Twiggy, whose mother owned mines in Bilbao, alone seemed unaware that anything had happened either way.

Finally, with a serious change in the luck, poor Polly lost all her winnings and something more in a single deal.

"I think I'll go to bed now," she said.

"Try a change of partners and sixpenny points," said Lady Felicia, dryly. "It may change the luck. We can book it, you know, Polly. Di's the clearing-house; and we'll settle up at the end."

"Change packs, too, while we're about it," said Muriel. She swept the two in play to the floor, where they lay like so much wreckage of the woods, and drew fresh ones from a neat morocco box stamped with her monogram. Whatever else was not in that honorable young person's luggage, this was never left behind. It was an object of even greater anxiety to her maid than the jewel-case.

Mary mated with Ethel Penstone this time, Muriel as dealer, and—sixpenny points.

Ethel shuffled. It was a pretty sight.

Her effortless fingers simply shed the cards; and it was really difficult to regard these as the devil's playthings while they dropped so gracefully from the direction of the sky. The very rhythm in their slight rustle over the polished surfaces was music of a kind. The bared white arm was quite motionless; only the wrist moved, and that almost imperceptibly but for a point of light in her diamond bracelet that rose and fell with an even beat.

They examined their cards, their brows, smooth or troubled, marking degrees of proficiency in the game. Mary pursued her studies with a frown.

Muriel, as dealer, had the right to decide on the trump suit; but she passed it on to Lady Felicia, with the formula: "Partner, I'll leave it to you."

Felicia having made her choice, the initiative in raising the value of the stakes came to Ethel as leader. She decided to double, so the points became shilling ones at a stroke. Mary checked herself in futile dissent with a gasp. The next moment she was all aglow with the gambler's everlasting hope of a miracle.

The charm of this delightful game is that the stake, big or little, has the illusory nature of all matter in the best philosophic systems. It is a single grain of sand at one moment; at another, by doubling and redoubling at the will of individual players, it becomes a whole Sahara.

Ethel led, with an engaging indifference to results which marked her proceedings from first to last. Felicia, becoming ex-officio dummy as partner of the dealer, exposed her hand on the table and simply watched the game. If Mary had been able to look up, she might have found a sort of terror in the steely eyes. The watcher's interests, however, were in excellent keeping, for dummy's hand was played by Muriel.

It was a scene of strange contrasts, the old and the new. The players, with their charm of age and sex and evening toilets, sat in a turret-chamber with walls a yard thick, glowing in the electric light. The middle ages had blinked and shivered here in the glare of pine torches stuck in the wall, in the fitful warmth of log fires with the open casement for their chimney, and in breezes that sometimes inflated the tapestry like a balloon. There was tapestry still, but it was only part of a decorative

scheme, of which innumerable curios in the precious metals, and trifles of every imaginable description in hardly less precious fancy leather, with bronzes, water-colors, sofas, rugs, skins of the chase, and a heavy Persian carpet as a welcome substitute for green rushes, formed the details.

But the strangest contrast was in the young women themselves. The stern game unsexed them, and they became as hard as men in the like condition. They were playing for money,—playing for an income, in the case of Muriel,—and they took on the fierce, relentless manner of all who are fighting for life. The environment is everything. Put Milton's Eve at the pit mouth, to which so many of her daughters have drifted, and softness and sweet attractive grace will no longer be her distinguishing charm. Give the Dorothea of Cervantes a tough hand to play for her bread and butter, or at any rate for her pins, and she will have the characteristics, if not exactly the manners, of the betting-ring. They were hard and curt in question and answer, with scant consideration for one another's little weaknesses and little ways. Man, the idealizer, might have been troubled had he heard and seen. Mr. Gooding kept the chamber under observation from his window in a rectangular wing. It was lucky that nothing more reached him than a ray of light from the chink of a curtain imperfectly closed.

#### XXXIII

PAST one o'clock and a cloudy morning, and ten minutes for refreshment. They rose, stretched themselves. Felicia sent for her dressing-gown, and her maid, on returning with it, noiselessly mended the fire, so as to cause no scandal to a house at rest. She then put cigarettes on the table, with tea, and waters weak and strong—the latter in the form of cognac from her ladyship's dressing-case. They chatted awhile, chiefly in slang and nicknames—all but Mary, who was now forty pounds to the bad. She was ready to run for it now in sheer terror, but she was held back by two considerations—the fear of ridicule, the forlorn hope of recovering her losses.

Play resumed, but with no change of partners, the victors having generously offered the others their revenge. The house is fast asleep, save perhaps for the distant smoking-room, where Tom Penniquicke

and his cronies still take up their wondrous tale of the shortcomings of their order. His subject to-night is the scandal of the card-table in great houses. The best and the worst of all talk is not so much what is said as what is assumed. The thing assumed here is the cancerous corruption of a section of society—the matron ready to pay in kind the gambling debts she is unable to pay in specie; the girl held in pawn by the profligate with the dread of exposure.

Mr. Gooding, no longer cheered, or rather tormented, by the wandering ray, turns in, under the delusive belief that the sitting is at an end. He is much mistaken. They are at two-shilling points now. Mary owes sixty pounds, and is ready for anything, in her desperate desire to recover herself.

Has her chance come? Muriel deals her a capital hand in hearts—king, knave, nine, and smaller fry, with equally fair cards of other suits; and, at the same time, declares hearts for the trump.

Ethel declines to double, but passes it on to her partner. Now is the time for the manceuvre by which Mary herself has been so heavily hit.

She doubles.

Muriel redoubles as calmly as if she were taking a stroke at croquet.

Mary hopes that none may hear her heart beat under the shock of surprise; but it is all or nothing now. She redoubles.

Then they close for the shock of battle.

Ethel, by way of response to her partner's suggestion of great strength in trumps, leads out her single heart.

Alas! the strong man holdeth only on a well-known condition. Muriel, by the sheer luck of the deal, has a still better hand than Mary, and, with ace, queen, ten, and other trumps at command, is able promptly to put the lead into dummy's hand.

It is the Sedan of poor Mary's plan of campaign, not ill devised as it was on the ordinary calculation of chances.

Dummy leads hearts, and Muriel is able to "sit over" Mary every time.

When a conflict has reached this stage, the humane spectator withdraws. No one cares to look on sheer butchery.

Mary makes no count in trumps, and finally loses four tricks, counting sixty-four each, on a score already working out at something over a thousand.

Her total loss now stands at one hundred and fifty pounds.

The game is over; the dawn will be here soon. They rise for leave-taking, but not so hurriedly as to preclude a kiss all round.

Gamblers are rarely nice to look at after an all-night sitting, and these young people are no exception to the rule. They are the mere wreckage of the stately order in which they entered the arena yesterday for their triumphs of the drawing-room. Their hair is a tangle of shreds of coiffure; their eyes are lusterless and rimmed with the stains of fatigue; their lips are dry. Toilets that were studied compositions in the carelessness of art are now all astray in the muddle of mere untidiness. Their unwashed hands have sought brow and cheek in the anguish of the struggle, and left their mark.

The room is even worse than its occupants. It is the room that awaits the housemaid every morning in all our houses, but aggravated in the grossness of its effects: rugs, table-covers, all awry, soda-water bottles littering the floor, even a tumbler or two with a sediment of stale drink, stumps of cigarettes, cards crunched underfoot—in a word, disgusting, and more than ever so in its association with a sex of which refinement of habit is the essential charm. Yet the innermost misery of all is not in these things, but 'in the fact that girlhood has, for the first time in social history, been smirched with these revolting associations. Wicked old women have played for gain in all ages. It has been reserved for ours to admit young ones who ought to be innocent to the partnership of such unholy rites.

"Settling day to-morrow, dear, if you don't mind," whispers Lady Felicia in Mary's ear. "We're leaving after luncheon."

It says much for Mary's innocence that she takes no thought of her trinkets in this emergency, and, in short, never once remembers that beyond an angry father may be found a placid "uncle" at need. It is but a stage, no doubt, in the experience of modern girlhood, but it is most refreshing to the beholder while it lasts.

So she gives only a feeble smile in response, rushes to her room, and, with the most shocking terrors of remorse, throws herself on her bed with "Gambler! gambler! gambler!" singing in her ears.

Mr. Gooding might almost as well have

made a night of it, too, for all the comfort he had of his couch. He rose after fitful slumbers, and drew his curtains to look for dawn. It was almost broad daylight. A cloaked female figure paced the terrace below at a rate that signified either a cold morning or a troubled mind. A single glance at the figure showed him that it was Mary, so he decided for the troubled mind. He rose, and was soon by her side.

The poor creature was in torment. She had lost what with her means and opportunities she could never recover. Her debt of honor was even more binding than any other, but how was it to be paid at short notice? Her allowance, reduced as it had voluntarily been on her part since the beginning of her father's troubles, would never suffice. The thought of the poor old man was maddening. Was she, his mainstay in trouble, to be a second Tom?

But she was brave still, and she returned the young man's greeting with composure.

"You are out early," she said. The hard, dry voice, with all the youth gone out of it, told half her tale.

"Looking for an appetite for breakfast. You have n't seen anything of the sort about?"

"If I had," she returned in the same cheerless tone, "I am afraid I should have appropriated it, for I came first."

"I surrender my claims in any case."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that at all," she said impatiently, her self-command yielding a little, in spite of her, to the appalling friction of the nerves that was going on within.

"I dare n't ask questions."

She felt that she was betraying herself, and tried to change her tone.

"Well, if you want to know, I was thinking of the strangest thing in the world."

"Oh, please share the joke with a friend."

"It is n't a joke," she said, with a quickness that went straight to his heart. "It was just this: I wonder how women earn money when they happen to want to do it, you know."

"Augusta could tell you."

"Oh, but I mean quick—quick!"

"They don't play bridge with old hands," returned the youth, who saw that his moment had come. "That's the negative of the process, anyway."

"Who told you?" she said, almost fiercely.

"Yourself."

"So you 've turned against me!" she cried, with trembling lip and the tears welling to her eyes.

It was unreasonable, but only the more flattering. He thought of the bank-notes in his pocket-book, and how easily, in other circumstances, a loan might settle the whole business.

"How I wish you were a man!" he said.

"Oh, say anything you like," said Mary. "I suppose I deserve it. Tell me I am lowered in your good opinion; tell me you would never have thought it of me. But remember I only began it out of bravado, and, at any rate, I 'm no worse than—"

"Than?"

"Your American girls."

"I assure you, they are not half as brave as you think."

"You know they are."

"If some of them could hear you, they might say 'Do tell!'"

"I know what you are thinking of me."

"I wonder if you do."

"You made me do it."

"I?"

"What you said about the hair-pins. I was n't going to show I was afraid before—before a foreigner. If I had been an American girl, you would have said it was all right."

"As in honor bound."

"You know they do just as they like."

"Perhaps. You see, there are so many things they don't like."

Silent misery.

"I did n't play for the money, whatever you think of me. I began just to show I was n't afraid. Then I went on to get back what I 'd lost. I 'd do that again, if I could get another chance."

"That 's the spirit and—there 's the breakfast-bell."

Lady Felicia sought him out at the meal, after her wont. "I hope you are in a kinder frame of mind this morning."

"At peace with all mankind."

"And that includes womankind?"

"Unquestionably."

"Then don't trifle; there 's a good boy." She had the share-list in her hand, and followed one of the entries with her pencil for pointer. "They 've dropped again."

"Just like them. It 's an uncertain game. Why not stick to bridge, Lady Felicia?"

She laughed uneasily, and looked at him, still smiling, but with a world of mischief in her eye.

"She 's told you."

"I 've found out."

"Telling is n't the ethics of the game."

"Oh, the moment you bring ethics into it, where are we? All sorts of questions may arise: players of approved strength against weaklings; a chaperon with young girls in her charge; perhaps even the obligations of guest to host in a strange house."

"It was all fair—the luck of the game."

"Bridge is not a gamble, Lady Felicia; if it were, that would only make the case worse."

"It is like the great game, life itself," she said: "the best wins."

"That 's just it: the best head. The deal is only the accident of birth. With two such players as Lady Felicia and Miss Paryngton, invocations to Fortune would be all thrown away."

"Muriel 's not such a wonder," she said; "it 's only that Mary 's such a child."

"That 's just it again—such a child."

"It will be a lesson for her."

"I am afraid the duke would hardly like to think of her receiving the lesson at Allonby."

"Is it a threat?"

"By no means; only a warning."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Only to play the game, Lady Felicia."

This time her ladyship cowered beneath his gaze.

He saw nothing of Mary, or of any of them, till luncheon, and then the whole scene had changed. The girl was radiant.

"We 've been playing all the morning," she said,—"same partners. They would have me in,—was n't it nice of them?—and I 've won it all back but twenty pounds."

"I should stop there," said the youth, "and put up my votive tablet at once."

"Only too happy," she said. "But you were wrong. I told you it was all luck. I seemed to win hand over hand. Even Muriel was stupid; and I never saw Felicia play so badly. Will you own you were all wrong, and make it up?"

"I 'll own anything, now that you 're all right," he said.

Felicia winged a rankling shaft as she took her leave. "Lucky Mary, with a

friend who threatens to tell!" she whispered with the parting kiss.

They were still at the hall door when a groom came in sight. He was from Liddicot, and the bearer of a scrawl from her father:

For God's sake, Polly, come home at once!

"What is it?" she faltered.

"News from Mr. Tom, miss. But don't you take on: he's only wounded."

It was the last straw. With the strangest little upward look and smile, as of depreciation of fresh trouble, she fainted.

ANOTHER and a far more dreadful message of doom was to come next day to Allonby,

to all England, and to all the Britains. The last of the Points were leaving the castle, still on their endless round of pleasure, when even they were startled by the thunderclap of the Queen's death. They seemed to fall apart from one another under the shock, and to be converted in a moment from a band of revelers in full cry into a flying crowd of phantoms scattering before the presence of a great reality. The flag fell half-mast at the castle, and with sorrow in the household, sorrow in the state, the great bell tolled the end of an epoch. For such it was, whatever else was to come for the Queen's realm in the providence of God.

(To be continued)

## TO HER WHO LOVED HIM BEST OF ALL

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "Hohenzollern," etc.



HEN "Evidenced by Service" was published it met with an instant and overwhelming success. His friends—and in truth most readers were that, for he was a popular author and had written much—finished its perusal with three states of emotion striving for the mastery—surprise, admiration, and regret. His other books, while they had all been honest, wholesome, pleasing novels, had not led them to expect anything at once so deep, so brilliant, so subtle as this. In each human being, it has been said, there is at least one real book, one real romance. This was his.

The conception of the novel was so startling and original, it was worked out on such strong and unusual lines, the characters were so finely drawn, and the affection of the woman who filled the center of the story was evidenced in so strange and powerful a way, by an act of unprecedented service to, and sacrifice for, her lover, that his warmest admirers even, to say nothing of the public generally, were

lost in admiration. The critics, even the great ones whose words have weight, praised the book without a dissenting voice; the presses put forth edition after edition, and the book-stores could hardly keep pace with the eager buyers. It was the literary sensation not only of the day, and of the season, but of the year.

The regret of it all was that he was no longer alive to enjoy his belated but unequivocal triumph. He had been an old-fashioned author in many respects, never making use of a secretary or a type-writer, for instance, but writing his books laboriously out in longhand. They found him dead one morning seated before his desk, his head bowed upon his left arm, and that arm upon the manuscript of this last story. The pen was still clasped in his hand. He was indifferent now to praise or blame, success or failure. He had been a hard, persistent worker with his busy pen all his life, and it was a great pity that success came so late—too late.

The last words that he had written had

been traced upon the top sheet of paper, blank save for this significant line of dedication :

**To her who loves me  
best of all**

There was no explanation vouchsafed as to who was in his mind when he wrote, not the faintest clue anywhere by which the identity of that unknown woman could be discovered. There was some little speculation about it among the critics for a time, some natural curiosity in the public mind at first; but the matter soon ceased to interest in the larger appeal to discussion made by the wonderful book itself, and the question dropped from the view of every one except five women. To them it became of vital moment indeed, for each one of the five loved him, and the question, "Is it I?" was at once of serious import so soon as it was formulated by five undecided jealous hearts.

It so happened that not one of them had seen the dedication until the book had been published, for the manuscript had been sent by his literary executors to the publisher without inspection or revision by any member of his family or by any of the others. In one way or another the book came into the hands of each one of them about the same time, and the five women faced the problem without reading the book,—that was a secondary matter,—and strove to solve it at the same instant from the dedication alone.

THE first to consider it was an old, bowed, white-haired woman of threescore and ten years—a woman bereft of her only son, who sat alone waiting the end. She wondered, at first dully and then with awakening apprehension, if she had been in his thoughts as he had traced the words. What love is there that humanity may feel that equals a mother's love? She had borne him; in her bosom he had lain; she had carried him in her arms as a child; her knee had been his altar in infancy. Over him, around him, about him, her fostering care had been thrown. She had trained him, developed him. It was largely due to her labor and love that he was what he was.

There had been other children born to her. One by one they had gone. He only

had been left alive. To him only had she turned at last. Did he mean her? Had this great work that crowned his life been dedicated to her? Surely none had loved him as she. By right, then, she could claim it from all the world—from wife, from child, from friend, she thought with the quiet but exceeding bitter jealousy of the old.

"Evidenced by Service." She read the title over again. She had scarcely noted it before. What did that mean? Was it love that was evidenced? How stood she there? Had she loved him by that test? Had she served him in the end as in the beginning? Had her devotion wavered or faltered? Was there a taint of self in it? Her conscience smote her at the thoughts. He had been worried, harassed, straitened in many ways in these latter years. She had seen it, she had known it. Had she aggravated his trouble? Had she done what she could for him, had she given or demanded? There had been quarrels, causeless, foolish, jealous quarrels with his wife, dissensions between them on account of him. Had it been her fault? Had she shown the spirit of love, of comity, of self-sacrifice? Had she thought of him or herself first? Had she striven to make him happy? Was it she, after all? His look reproached her because there was only love and consideration for her in it—no reproof for his mother. She sat staring aimlessly before her in the silence, so old, so lonely, the book neglected in her lap. Was it she? O God, was it she?

WHAT of another woman? He had been fond of quoting to his wife, she now remembered, that little word of Scripture, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." And to-day that broken-hearted wife sat alone before his desk in the study on the top floor of their home, which she had so infrequently visited when he lived and worked there, but which now seemed the only room in that lonely house in which she could bear to abide, for there everything spoke to her of him. She lifted the book to her lips and confidently appropriated to herself the dedication. He had thought of her then. Thank God! Yes. In those closing hours, in that last night before he went to sleep to awake elsewhere, he had thought of her, of her. She kissed the page with a passionate in-

tensity. No one had loved him as she. He must have known it.

But stop! Doubt came into her heart also. Did he, had he known it? Had she known it herself, until after? Ah, no. She must be honest with herself now, and if she had not, how could he have known? There had been quarrels, differences, dissensions, petty bickerings, ill tempers—her fault, her fault. She had not entered into his work, had not understood him, had not sympathized with him as she might. She had been captious, indifferent, exacting. Had she? Had he been first in her thoughts before all the rest? He was so tired, not himself, and she had not comprehended. He had died alone, over his book, pen in hand, like the knight in his harness. What had he said last to her? Or she to him? When had she kissed him last in life?

He had worked so hard, so faithfully, for her and her children. Had she worked for him? Had she kept from him all trouble, all annoyance, that she might have done? Or had she loaded these things upon his already burdened shoulders? Had she been a helpmate to him? "Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him?" Service? Had she evidenced aught by that supreme test? There was his mother—there were so many things. They crowded swiftly upon her.

Had she ever known him before? Ah, now she knew him. None knew him as she. He had been so kind to her, so gentle with her, so indulgent to her. How had she repaid him? She remembered again so many things he had said and done—things full of meaning to her now, different meaning, better meaning. The illumination of a great sorrow was upon her, the enlightenment of a great loss was poured into her soul. She knew him at last. She saw him as he was. She loved him now as none other could. She understood him as never before, and it was too late, too late! Could he have meant her when he wrote those last words? Could he have fathomed her heart in spite of herself? Or was there some other one? Who could it be?

She laid the book down on the desk, where his head had lain when he died, rested her head on her hands, and stared at it in a cold agony of jealous indecision, as one fascinated. Like the mother, she

had no tears. She was praying, praying in vain for one word of assurance.

IN the privacy of her chamber sat his daughter. She was a girl of eighteen, with all the undimmed enthusiasm of her years. She had been proud of her father, passionately attached to him. Fond of her mother, yes, but the two stood on such different planes that there was no comparison. She took the book in her hand and bedewed the page with her tears—the easy tears of youth. She had been such a comfort to him in many ways, he had said sometimes. She had understood him less, but had worshipped him more. Had he meant her?

There was a childish jealousy in the query in her heart, jealousy of her mother, of her grandmother, of everybody. What was the test he himself had laid down? The highest test of love, service? Had she served him? Had she helped him as she might have done? Had she been a daughter indeed? Alas! there arose before her moments of folly, of petulance, of scenes that had tried him almost beyond endurance. If she only had not done it! If she only had always been what he fain would have made her, what she could so easily have been! It was not she, fond, foolish little child. Would God it might have been!

AWAY out West a woman who had lived unmarried all these years for love of him pressed the book to her heart, which cried out, in jealous pain she could not stifle, that he must have meant her, there could be no other. They had been boy and girl lovers together and were to have been married. She was young and foolish; they quarreled. It was her fault. He went away and married some one else. She had never seen him since then, and she had repented only once—that was all her life. When too late she discovered that she had loved him with a passion like that Francesca bore Paolo, or Petrarch held for Laura.

And he had loved her. If things had been different and they had been together, how her love would have uplifted him, ennobled him! She knew that she would have made him a better wife than any other; that she would have understood him, sympathized with him, helped him, aided him, as none other could. He must have felt it. The compulsion of her passion

must have been upon him. He must have known it. Her heart must have spoken to him in some ethereal hour. Sometimes the dying see visions. Had he seen at last and believed? And was she wrought within the fabric of his final dream?

Yet she, too, had failed him. She had robbed him of the treasure of her affection. When she might have been all to him she had elected to be nothing. Could that be explained or brushed aside? Service? She had given him none at all. She had loved him as none other. But had he understood? No, the book was not for her; she could not claim it by desert, however much her desire. He would never know it. He could never understand. Her heart might break with impotent passion, it could make no difference now.

OUT where they laid him on the slope of the hill fronting the east, a woman held the book in her trembling hand and looked down at the green mound stretching monotonously from her feet. There were withered flowers upon it, blossoms as evanescent as remembrance. She stood there unheeding the soft drip of the rain drenching the wretched garments enshrouding her figure, a ghastly, haggard woman, fallen as low as humanity could fall and yet be human.

Late one night years ago he had been walking along the deserted river front of the great city in search of local color for one of his novels, and he had pulled from the water at the risk of his life this wretched creature, sick with the hideous horror of her situation, and striving to end it all with one plunge into the icy flood. Nor had his services ceased there. He had provided for her, found a place of rest for her, helped her, in his strong and quiet way, to make something out of herself, put her in the way of becoming a good woman once more.

No one had ever spoken to her as he.

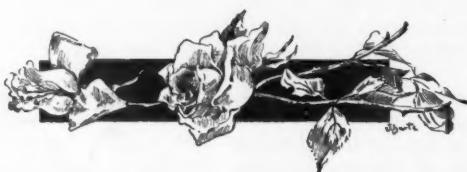
She had never met one like him. Her heart had gone out to him. She had loved him with her whole soul. She had worshiped the ground he had walked upon. If he had known he might have meant her. If he had looked he might have recognized her devotion. The book might have been for her; she would appropriate it to herself anyway; by right of the truth it was hers, for she had loved him best of all.

Yet the love she bore him had not served to save her. The last state of the woman was worse than the first. She loved him, yet she had been weak. She had tried,—O God, how she had tried!—and if she had failed, it had not been his fault. Had he known of her failure it would have grieved him to the very heart, but she had gone away and left no word.

“He should have been mine; he was mine, if love gives a claim!” she cried, stretching out her hands to the cold gray clouds bending low above her head. “If I could have been his it might have been different. He did not know, but the book was for me. There is none other can feel as I. He was life to me, salvation to me!”

Stop! There had not been life enough in her love for him to draw her away from the body of death to which she was bound. Her love had not been strong enough to save her from shame. Whoever else there might be, whoever else might claim the words, she was the unworthiest of them all. The book was not for her. She hesitated even to read it, although to buy it had taken her last penny. She knelt down on the wet grass, her face in her hands, but could form no petition. She could not even think of God, for she thought of him.

YET in the book, all unconsciously it may be, he had solved the problem, and presently one woman of the five read and understood, a peace in her heart that to the others was denied.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### WANTED: ANOTHER WESLEY

IT is interesting to note that in the same summer when is begun the celebration of a world-influencing act of empire, there have also been two very notable personal celebrations, neither being of men connected with governments or exercising power through legislation or warlike conflict. They were of men whose conquests and whose empire were of the spirit. The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wesley, whose avowed followers are numbered by millions and are scattered over the entire globe, was naturally more widely extended than the one-hundredth celebration of the birth of Emerson, the subtle poet, essayist, and lecturer, who formulated no system and founded not the smallest organization. For the very reason, however, that the Emerson celebration was that of a quiet scholar, and not of a popular orator and leader, its significance is peculiar and gratifying; for it shows, to any who need the demonstration, that the physical, the sordid, the external do not entirely dominate these times of rush and strain, of vulgar distractions and unsavory success.

In a recent number (*THE CENTURY* for May, 1903) we endeavored to point out "Our Inheritance in Emerson." The Wesley bicentennial brings home to us here in America certain considerations which are vividly timely. Professor Winchester's able and unprejudiced summary of Wesley's life and influence, in the July and August numbers of *THE CENTURY*, presents a character and career worthy of closer attention than has been given to them by our generation. When one reads of Wesley and the "Methodist" movement of his time, one goes back to the old wonder—what would have happened if Catholicism could have included within itself the spiritual fires of the German Reformation;

what would have happened if Catholic France had kept the Huguenots at home, instead of sending out into all the world such a frightful proportion of its most valuable citizenship; what would have happened if the Church of England had been wise and skilful enough to have itself adopted the great religious reform of the eighteenth century, and used it as a new and tremendous instrument for righteousness?

As to Wesley's character and individual traits, they seem the more interesting, the more fortunate, the better they are understood. Merely as a writer—though without many traits that give charm to literature—he has delighted some of those who care most for verbal expression. Wesley says a thing and lets it vibrate, not in his own added language, but in the mind of the reader. Said Fitzgerald, speaking of Wesley's "Journal": "It is remarkable to read pure, unaffected, undying English, while Addison and Johnson are tainted with a style which all the world imitated."

The seed of Wesley's religious propaganda was his own soul-experience, and that of his associates and followers. Then, as a practical force, was added his sense of the power of combination to effect large results. Both the secret experience and the wise reliance upon combination were matters that came to him through others, and not by means of mere lonely and unaided cogitation; for his truly scholarly spirit eagerly drank in instruction, advice, and inspiration from every quarter. This great schoolmaster was always at school.

Wesley owed the lasting character of his work to his power of energizing combination. To a deep inward experience and conviction add this belief of his in associated effort, a "genius for government" which Macaulay said "was not inferior to that of Richelieu," his logic and power of clear-cut statement, his liberality as to opin-

ion, his coolness, and absence of fanaticism, his longevity, and his unbounded and phenomenal moral and physical energy, and you have a movement which not only changed the English people and deeply affected America in his own time, but which in less than two centuries has achieved a following of something like twenty-five millions of human beings.

A very timely consideration concerning Wesley's career has to do with the effect of his movement upon what may be called the public morals of the English people. A remarkable passage in Professor Winchester's July article describes the wholesome effect of Wesleyanism upon the morals of England in the eighteenth century. He declares that Wesleyanism, by penetrating to the masses at the bottom of society, helped to make impossible any "rabid revolt against all established things, such as disgraced the worst period of the French Revolution." Notice, also, Wesley's influence in abating smuggling, and his denunciation of bribery at elections. It is evident that the religion that Wesley preached purified the state by uplifting the individual, and that it very distinctly included the civic virtues.

Is it not evident that if Wesley were alive to-day, and passing in our country from place to place in his wonderful ministry to the masses, his voice would be heard denouncing the civic corruption appallingly rampant in our communities; in deplored the horrible lynching mania which has swept over so many States of the Union; and in attacking the ignoble view of the marriage relation which seems to be gaining ground among us?

Is it not evident that some sort of widespread ethical revival is needed in this country to-day? Who will be the men and women, what will be the agencies, that shall effect this revival?

#### THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP AND THE FORESTS

THE President's outing in the West has been of public service in calling renewed attention to the extraordinary treasures of natural scenery with which the trans-Mississippi region is endowed, and incidentally to the pressing need of a continuance and extension of the conservative policy regarding the national forests to

which, happily, the government is thoroughly committed by the administrations of Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley, and now by that of President Roosevelt. Most of the forest reservations have been established at the close of the Presidential term, giving rise to the jest that when a retiring President looks over certain weak places in his record he endeavors to propitiate the future by making a lot of forest reservations, as though to enlist Ceres to intercede with Clio for his fame. The pleasantries serve to remind one of the enlightened stand for the public welfare which Mr. Roosevelt's three predecessors took in this matter, and of our consequent debt of honor to them. It also, however, reminds us that the present chief magistrate is not going to await the close of his incumbency to throw the full force of his influence in favor of the new policy (now, be it remembered, less than fifteen years old) by which a stop was put to the ruinous waste of the great national forests.

If current rumor is to be credited, possibly before these lines shall be published another large and much-needed reservation in the northern Sierra will be proclaimed, extending from the Yosemite National Park to Oregon, and thus completing an almost unbroken chain of mountain reservations from Mexico to British Columbia. Californians need not be told of the enormous benefit to them of the conservation of the water-supply which will be secured by this act: they have long been converts to the reservation system. The region in question had already temporarily been withdrawn from settlement—largely fraudulent settlement—before the President's visit to Yosemite, and if it is to be made a permanent reserve, the fortunate decision will doubtless have been due to his personal observation of conditions in the Sierra. If his trip had resulted in no other public benefit, this alone would have justified it.

But it has had also the benefit of an educational effect upon the people as well as upon the President. His exhortations to them to respect the forests and to cherish them and protect them against destructive invasion have given a new impulse to public sentiment, and will hasten the time when, the upper watersheds of all the great streams being protected by "reservations on paper," the administration will take up

the question of a vigorous defense of these tracts against timber thieves and against the sheep-herders who now invade them—for the most part illegally, but sometimes, as in Oregon, through the mistaken leniency of the law. That this is possible by a show of determination to enforce the regulations is clear from the management of the Yosemite National Park under military supervision, the success of which is leading Californians to inquire why the old Yosemite grant should not now be receded to the government and have the benefits of inclusion in the Park which surrounds it.

There was certainly never a more opportune time to consider questions of the preservation and scientific control of the great forests. Their relation to fire and flood has been forcibly brought home to us by the disasters of the early summer. Now is the time to agitate for the Appalachian and White Mountain parks—both sadly needed—and for the project to transfer the care of all the reservations to the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, now under the direction of a trained and public-spirited officer.

The President's trip is also likely to in-

duce more of his countrymen to see the magnificent scenery of the West. He was happy in his choice, among his companions, of two such lovers and interpreters of nature as John Burroughs and John Muir, writers whose preaching of the gospel of outdoor life is one of the sanest influences of our berated times. Mr. Roosevelt's debt of health to the West and his appreciation of its great natural features lend practical force to his wish that his countrymen shall know it better. His regretful statement that the larger proportion of visitors to the Yellowstone are foreigners would probably apply to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as well, if not to the Yosemite. All three of these marvelous regions should be as familiar to our people as Niagara or the White Mountains. "The spoiled child," say the Japanese, "should be made to travel," a prescription which may well be made for the child in danger of being spoiled. It would be fortunate if well-to-do parents in the Eastern States could see the advantage of sending their sons out from the fret and luxury of our complex life into the wholesome calm, simplicity, and unforgettable majesty of these Western wonderlands.

## OPEN LETTERS

### The Minister's Day's Work

NOTWITHSTANDING considerable popular opinion to the contrary, the modern minister is fairly entitled to a place among the world's workers. To be sure, he does not take his dinner-pail every morning and join the procession of factory operatives, nor does he put in an appearance at the counting-room a few minutes past nine of the clock. When Saturday night comes it is difficult to estimate his weekly output in terms of pounds or bales. Nevertheless, the minister works—not the lazy minister, but the average minister. Some work harder than others, some more wisely, but they all work, and as a rule they work as hard as lawyers, physicians, railroad officials, marketmen, or street-sweepers.

Sunday is not the minister's chief working-day; it is his exhibit day, and is not a hard

day to the preacher prepared for it. Then it is that the labors of the six previous days reach their glorious consummation. No minister in good health and with a tolerable measure of faith ever complains about Sunday. It is then that his pulses quicken and his heart thrills with the joy of bringing things to pass. It is true that the average minister has little leisure time on Sunday, but if the weather has been fairly decent, and he has kept himself in good form, and people have been reasonably appreciative and sympathetic, he goes to his slumbers Sunday night no more exhausted than a man ought to be who has anything to do in God's world, and not a bit more weary than he often is on Saturday night or on Wednesday night. His Sunday and the value and attractiveness of his part in it will depend altogether on the steadiness and definiteness of the work the week through.

Let us follow him up, beginning with Monday. That day from time immemorial has been supposed to be his own peculiar property, and the average minister still differentiates somewhat between it and the days that follow. But the pressing demands of modern life have encroached upon this time for rest and relaxation. The ministerial clubs usually meet on Monday, and if a man stays away, he is in danger of being thought ascetic and exclusive. It is the time, too, for the regular session of the executive committees of various missionary and philanthropic boards, and as the average town minister belongs to half a dozen, he must often yield several hours of his precious Monday to careful consideration of appropriations or of delicate questions of administration. Then, there is likely to be in the evening some social or semi-professional function at which he is in duty bound to appear.

So Monday flies by, and the minister is fortunate if he has secured an hour on the golf-links, or a brisk little spin on his wheel, or a frolic with his babies, or a bit of a fishing excursion with his growing boy, or a chance to dip into the novel of the month, or a half-hour's reading from the poets with the mistress of the manse. The truth is, the average minister's Monday does not amount to as much in the way of recreation and personal indulgence as the average business man's Sunday stands for in what it seldom fails to bring him of physical rest, social joys, and selfish pleasure. But granting that Monday is more or less a holiday, how about Tuesday, Wednesday, and on through the week? Now we are ready to measure the nature, the bulk, and the worth of a minister's real work. There are three lines of labor in which a minister is engaged almost constantly from the beginning to the end of his working-year. The first has in view his pulpit, the second his parish, the third the general public. Twenty hours a week is a conservative estimate of the time which the high-minded preacher gives to the preparation of his sermons. It is strenuous labor, too. No man can keep his place long in the modern pulpit who relies on scrap-books and homiletic monthlies for the pabulum of his pulpit discourse. The keen competition of the newspaper, the magazine, the review, the novel, the fresh scientific treatise, forces the minister to delve deep.

It is not easy for the average business man to appreciate the pressure under which the conscientious minister labors because of the unrelaxing demands of his pulpit. Through all the six preceding days Sunday is looming up as a testing-time which he cannot evade or escape. The decent minister loathes repetitions and platitudes. Once and again during the earlier part of the week he wonders at his own presumptuousness when he reflects that in a comparatively few hours a hundred, five

hundred, a thousand people will be coming together to hear him speak for the space of half an hour. He knows, too, that most of that congregation will have heard him scores of times. After all, what has he to say more than he has been saying for the last ten or twenty years—"Be good, do your duty, love God, serve your fellow-men"? If he has not something simple, clear, direct, helpful, to say about the deeper side of a man's personal life, about the forces that build manhood and sustain the children of earth through the sorrows and fears of this mortal life, he does not want to set foot again upon his pulpit stairs. And it is this responsibility for the words of his mouth that impels him to bring to bear on his task for three or four hours each morning every ounce of intellectual and spiritual power which he possesses. He knows that he will have only half an hour in which to hammer a sense of unseen realities into minds burdened with thoughts of temporal things, or, as a great English preacher once put it, only half an hour in which to raise the dead.

A variety of employment certainly makes toil easier, and the minister confesses his good fortune in that his afternoon and evening occupations are usually quite unlike those of the morning. But he is still in the harness; only now it is with the parish and the public that he is immediately concerned. The modern minister regards his people both as his field and as his force. As his field, he takes cognizance of individual needs and family relationships. That carries him out day after day on his round of pastoral calls. There is less, to be sure, in these days than there was a generation ago, of mechanical and perfunctory calling. Wise pastors reserve themselves as far as possible for special cases. But, after all, if a man wants to build up a church,—and most ministers do,—nothing is more effective than a great deal of calling. People return his call by coming to his services, and if he never knows and sees them, they are less disposed to go where he can be found. The newcomer, too, must always be sought out, and five afternoons in the week are too long for even a moderate amount of wisely directed labor of this sort. It is genuine labor, too, sometimes very wearisome, sometimes unproductive, too often unappreciated. But those who still cherish that fine old conception of the ministry as a cure of souls do not shirk personal contact with their flock.

But the church is a minister's force, too, his army to be generalized, his institution to be administered. If he had only to furnish the motive power, his profession would be easier; but in nine cases out of ten he has to attend to the running of the machinery, too. A network of organizations, ranging from the Band of Hope, composed of the tots, up to the Men's

Club and the Women's Missionary Society, seek his counsel and direction. The number of really efficient workers even in a big church is woefully small. So the minister puts his shoulder to the wheel, and concludes that it oftener takes less time and energy to do a given thing than to get some one else to do it.

All the while the public makes constant and frequently just claims upon the minister. The pleasure of his presence and a brief address is sought for the opening of the new hospital for crippled children. The anti-saloon crusade must have his services in connection with one of its most important committees. The Woman's Club covets the hearing of his paper on Browning. He is everybody's man. People who have never ventured inside the doors of the church where he preaches demand that he shall put aside every other engagement and bury their dead. Very often, too, they want a eulogy when the material for it is altogether lacking. "What shall I talk about?" said a minister the other day, in despair over the duty expected of him at the funeral of a man regarding whom it was almost impossible to say one good word. "Shall I talk about the brevity of life, or the longevity of life, or the progress of mankind during the last fifty years?" Thus long afternoons and evenings far into the night are consumed by a multitude of miscellaneous and sometimes irksome duties. The minister does not recount them for the sake of awakening sympathy. They are inevitable elements in the vocation to which he has deliberately given his life. The only justification for citing them is to neutralize the impression that the average minister does less than his share of the world's work.

Apart from the labors that fruit into pulpit ministrations and pastoral and public service, is no accounting to be made of the mental strain and the spiritual travail which are an inalienable part of the ministerial calling? Not only does the minister carry on his heart the sorrows of a great many persons who look to him for succor, but there are hours when the tide of his own faith ebbs. Is a minister's fight with his doubts worth anything to the world? Because he always seems so sure of his hold on the eternal verities, is it to be thought that he is content to pass on to others a merely traditional faith, instead of one that has been wrought out in long hours of painful questioning and wrought at last triumphantly into the very texture of his own life? The effort which a minister makes to keep and broaden, to intensify and make real, his own faith, to adjust it to the growing light of science, is as necessary and as noble a part of his work as anything that he does.

*Howard A. Bridgeman.*

**A Painting by Frederick MacMonnies**

WITH an international reputation as a sculptor, his studio full of orders, an assured future of honors and prosperity, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies had nothing to gain, and much to lose, by transferring his allegiance to the sister art in which he was a novice. Yet from boyhood there had ever been the desire to paint, and from time to time, practising with the brush as a diversion, the handling of pigments had exercised a strong fascination over him.

Two years ago Mr. MacMonnies made a serious essay, exhibiting anonymously at the Salon, and, unknown, reaping most flattering honors; thus, with astonishing celerity, gaining a second reputation not inferior to that which he already enjoyed.

It is no new thing for the practice of both plastic and pictorial art to be united in an artist's power, but the famous instance of Michelangelo's work in the Sistine Chapel, the greatest, most exalted compositions from any sculptor's hand, is typical of the whole achievement. For, as a rule, the sculptor continues to dominate, conveying form and the great qualities essential to clay and marble in a medium which can convey many other qualities and beauties.

It is distinctly as paintings, as assuredly as are those of Velasquez and Rembrandt, that Mr. MacMonnies's portraits are to be classed. The natural bias, the limits, the peculiar merits, that would seem to have been brought unconsciously from the study and occupation of former years are not to be found; it is as though the artist's talent had been born again—the talent of a painter of painters.

The form is rather limited, being distinctly modified by the atmosphere; the color is very brilliant, and is so pure that it seems transparent, glowing, yet with the stability and body of thick stained glass; the resemblance is accentuated by the way one clear, flat tone is placed next another, giving a most vivid effect from a distance.

The rendering of character is startling in its reality. Selecting the sitters who appealed to him, Mr. MacMonnies has presented the dramatic quality of interesting personalities, unusual, attractive, compelling curiosity and attention. Without any psychological or literary aids, we are made to realize the general characteristics, the thoughts, the aims of these people, what they stand for in life. Too often in modern painting the sitter is but a model; here are men and women.

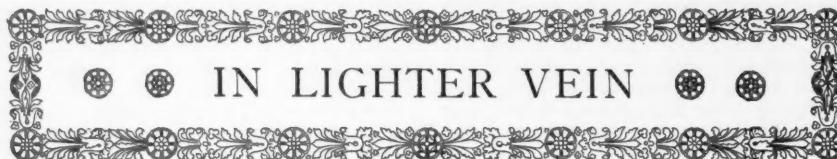
It would never be necessary to explain that Mr. John Flanagan is a sculptor, or that Madame la Comtesse de Trobriand, seated in her ornate drawing-room, décolleté, bejeweled, her white hair curled in fashion, her

well-preserved hand resting on the high cane which supports her aged frame, has been a wholly satisfied supporter of the old régime.

In the portrait of M. Georges Thesmar, which has been selected for our illustration, the coloring is very quiet-toned and restful; the lights that gleam on helmet and breast-plate, the dashes of red in plume and trousers, tell delightfully in the composition. How accentuated is the simple character, the unconscious attitude of a very strong, brave young man! Nothing could be less posed. He is painted just as he stood up in the studio,

as straight as though on guard, a stalwart figure, with a plain, unaffected face. The artist's fair-haired little daughter, with her doll, clings affectionately to his military cloak. The interior has not been slurred over: a window opens behind the officer's head, various members of the family come into the background, as well as a mirror on the wall reflecting the painter at work. And this is done with great dash and breadth; details are touched in without being detailed, and are subordinated to the solidly painted central group.

Pauline King.



#### Wash-day

**O**H, de sunrise, but it 's sweet!  
An' de dew-grass licks my feet  
When I balumpses my bundle on my head,  
An' I sa'nters to de spring  
Whar de risin' bubbles sing  
In de chiny-grove behin' de cattle-shed.  
  
Oh, dey 's lather in soap,  
An' dey 's bubbles in hope;  
But my love he 's in de shed amongs' de calves,  
An' he 'll meet me by de mill  
At de risin' o' de hill—  
'Ca'se he knows I totes my bundle tied in  
halves.

He 's a skimpy little nigger,  
But I would n't have him bigger;  
He 's de figger an' de face o' my desire:  
Jes as sweet an' dry an' spindlin'  
As my pine he splits for kindlin'  
Takes a mighty little thing to light a fire.

When de dusk brings out de edges  
O' de west'ard-growin' hedges,  
An' each gou'd-flower on de stable is a sun,  
F'om de fiel' beyon' my bleachin'  
Comes a cow-song, so beseechin'  
Dat I fools aroun' untel de milkin' 's done.

Clo'es is sweeter once dewed over  
Layin' out upon de clover,  
An' a night-shower nuver does 'em any harm;  
So, at sundown, shadder-figgers  
Of two empty-handed niggers  
Dances, tall, across de medders, arm in arm.

An' we watches 'em an' giggles,  
An' I dodges an' I wriggles,

So de shadder-man can't tech de lady's wais'  
Till he reaches wid a motion  
Dat 's perzac'ly to my notion;  
Den I 'bleeged to let him span it to his tas'e.

Yas, de risin' sun is sweet,  
But de goin' down 's complete;  
On'y trouble is it seems to come too soon;  
But dey 's allus one dark minute  
Wid de tas'e o' heaven in it—  
Jes' a kissin'-space, betwix' de sun an' moon.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

#### A Merry-go-round

G. WHILLIKINS was a writer bold  
Who never lost a chance;  
While good at many sorts of work,  
His best hold was Romance.  
He wrote a lively, stirring thing,  
A tale of love and youth,  
With a dashing maid and a clashing blade,  
But never a word of truth.  
"It 's very good," wrote the publishers,  
"but the public taste at present is  
for character-study."

G. Whillikins then hied him home  
To make another start.  
He studied up psychology;  
He took men's souls apart;  
He learned the naive, the morbid,  
The crazy, quaint, and queer,  
And wrote a book without a plot.  
[Note: Time elapsed—one year.]  
"Why did n't we see this before?" the  
publishers asked. "Political Economy  
is what 's selling just now."



THE DOCTOR: A SUMMER COLD

DOCTOR: What seems to be the trouble?  
PATIENT: I got my feet wet last March, and it has finally developed into a cold in my head.

Once more G. Whillikins set out.  
 With economic lore  
 He soaked his very being full—  
 It oozed from every pore.  
 He proved all poverty a crime,  
 And chose a "workingman"  
 For hero, one who ran a strike  
 Upon a novel plan.  
 "Excellent," was the publishers' verdict,  
 "but not timely. We're doing the  
 homely agricultural now."

G. Whillikins did some thinking,  
 And thought this time he'd wait  
 Until the wheel had made its turn,  
 Instead of chasing Fate.  
 "I'll bide my time," said Whillikins,  
 "Until Romance comes round."  
 But when the cycle reached Romance,  
 It found him underground.  
 But his widow was wide awake, and drew  
 royalties on some fifty thousand copies.

*Tudor Jenks.*

**My Lady Fishes**

WITH reel and rod in hand  
 My lady sits in the prow,  
 Hope beaming on her brow—  
 Yes, I've seen that look on land.

The line gives a sudden swish  
 And a lightning twist to the tip:  
 My lady, with tight-pressed lip,  
 Is beginning to play her fish.

Sometime on shore  
 I've seen that look before.

There are flashes in the sun,  
 There are rushes quick and strong,  
 And the reel sings forth its song  
 While my lady lets him run.  
 On her face  
 There is no trace  
 Of fear  
 For skill or fishing-gear.

Somewhere and -time on shore  
 I've seen that look of confidence before.

At last the line becomes less tight,  
 The rushes now are weak and few.  
 The gamy victim comes to view;  
 He's almost given up the fight:  
 There's a last quick flip;  
 But a sudden dip  
 Of the net, and neat,  
 Lands the fish at my lady's feet.

Somewhere and -time upon the shore  
 I've seen the look of triumph that she  
 wore.

*Frederick Getchell.*

